THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 199, Number 19

NOV. 6, 1926

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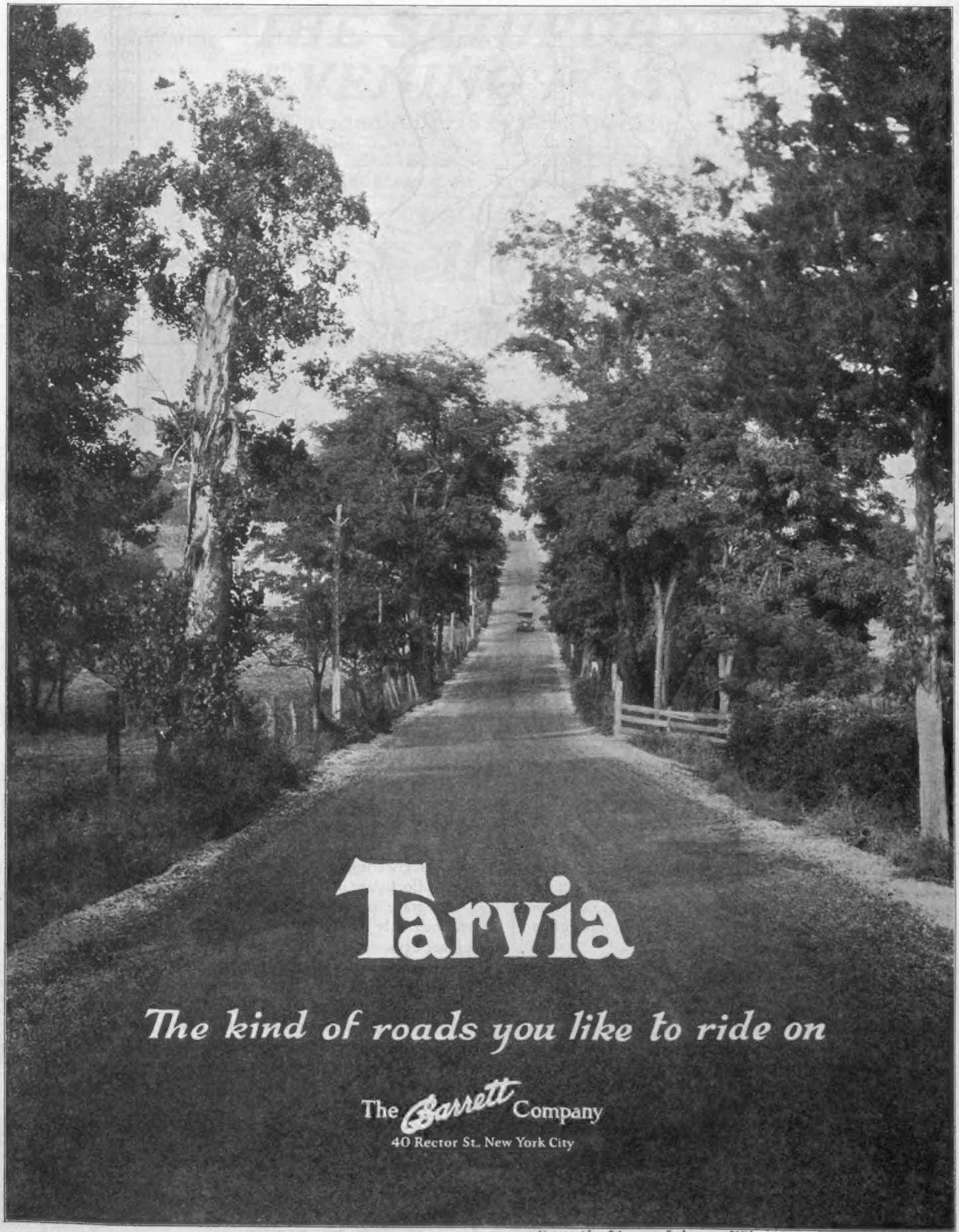

Route No. 24, near Lebanon, Wilson County, Tennessee. Tarvia.

To men who breakfast on nails!

THIS gentleman's before-breakfast temper, resulting from baths with sinker-soap, *used* to give his wife the impression that his favorite breakfast menu would be a rasher of crisp nails and a couple of hard-boiled padlocks on toast.

The temper would develop by stages. No sooner would our optimist exert his first strenuous effort at lather-culture than the shy here-and-there soap would flee his grasp and scuttle to the vast uncharted tub-bottom, defying recapture. Once, twice, thrice!—and the temper would achieve its white-hot, metal-melting stage.

Now notice the change. How beneficent the smile! How charmingly effective the neat little wing arrangement, registering virtue and loving-kindness. Nails and padlocks are no longer on our gentleman's menu—the grace of his company at breakfast is now matched only by the engaging softness of his three-minute eggs.

This magic was achieved by wifely intelligence co-operating with a cake of the rich-lathering, quick-rinsing white soap that floats. Men who have changed to this soap for their morning baths tell us that they never knew before what a jubilant luxury bathing could be. *You can always find Ivory when you want it—at the grocery or in the tub.* Don't let a sinker-soap stand any longer between you and an Ivory bath!

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99 44/100 % PURE · *IT FLOATS*

OUR Department of Feminine Economics recommends especially to wives: A cake of dainty new round-edged Guest Ivory for the saving price of 5 cents. Why not be extravagant, and buy 3 cakes at once!

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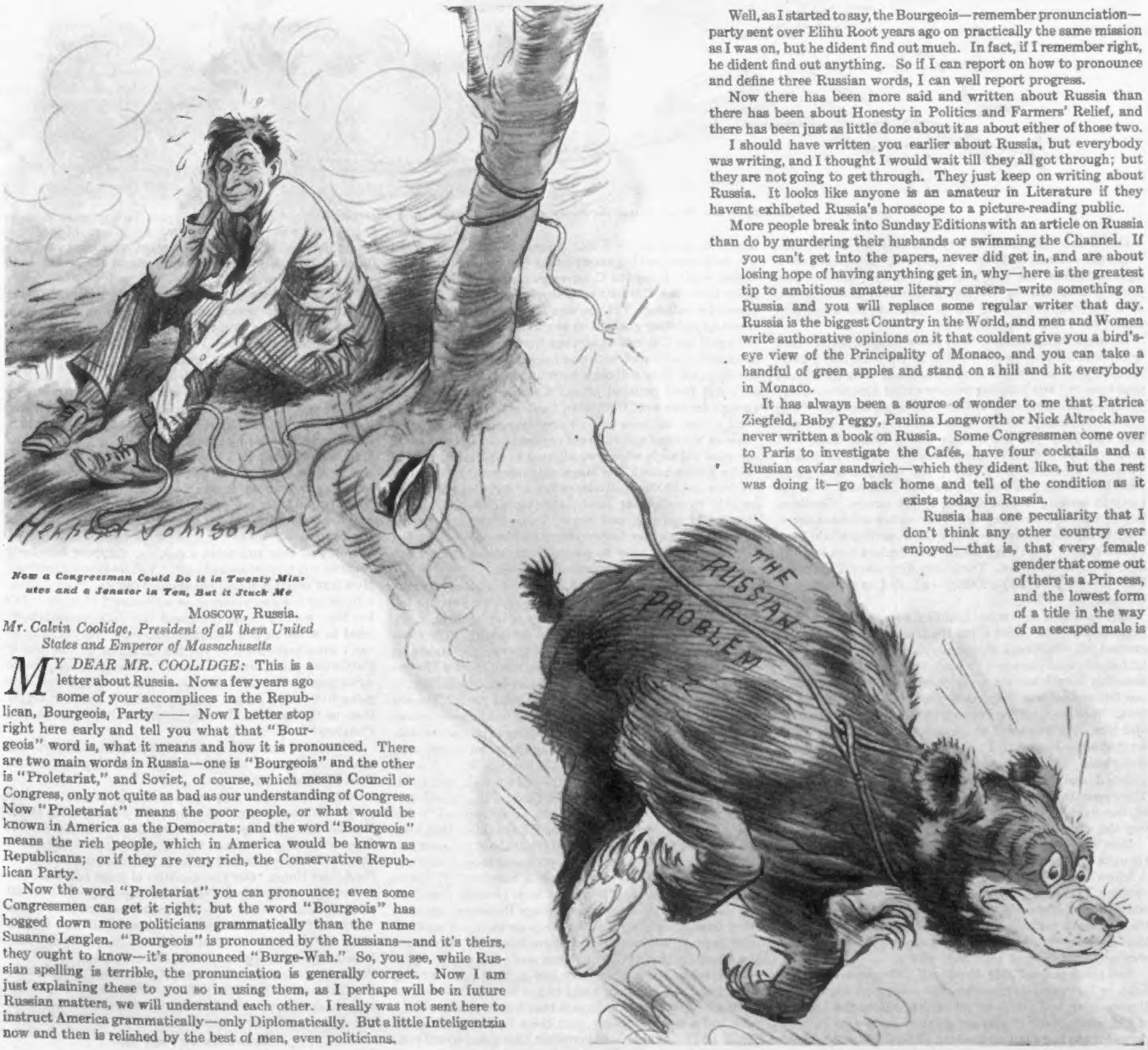
Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON



Now a Congressman Could Do it in Twenty Minutes and a Senator in Ten, But it Stuck Me

Moscow, Russia.

Mr. Calvin Coolidge, President of all them United States and Emperor of Massachusetts

MY DEAR MR. COOLIDGE: This is a letter about Russia. Now a few years ago some of your accomplices in the Republican, Bourgeois, Party —— Now I better stop right here early and tell you what that "Bourgeois" word is, what it means and how it is pronounced. There are two main words in Russia—one is "Bourgeois" and the other is "Proletariat," and Soviet, of course, which means Council or Congress, only not quite as bad as our understanding of Congress. Now "Proletariat" means the poor people, or what would be known in America as the Democrats; and the word "Bourgeois" means the rich people, which in America would be known as Republicans; or if they are very rich, the Conservative Republican Party.

Now the word "Proletariat" you can pronounce; even some Congressmen can get it right; but the word "Bourgeois" has bogged down more politicians grammatically than the name Susanne Lenglen. "Bourgeois" is pronounced by the Russians—and it's theirs, they ought to know—it's pronounced "Burge-Wah." So, you see, while Russian spelling is terrible, the pronunciation is generally correct. Now I am just explaining these to you so in using them, as I perhaps will be in future Russian matters, we will understand each other. I really was not sent here to instruct America grammatically—only Diplomatically. But a little Inteligentzia now and then is relished by the best of men, even politicians.

Well, as I started to say, the Bourgeois—remember pronunciation—party sent over Elihu Root years ago on practically the same mission as I was on, but he dident find out much. In fact, if I remember right, he dident find out anything. So if I can report on how to pronounce and define three Russian words, I can well report progress.

Now there has been more said and written about Russia than there has been about Honesty in Politics and Farmers' Relief, and there has been just as little done about it as about either of those two.

I should have written you earlier about Russia, but everybody was writing, and I thought I would wait till they all got through; but they are not going to get through. They just keep on writing about Russia. It looks like anyone is an amateur in Literature if they havent exhibeted Russia's horoscope to a picture-reading public.

More people break into Sunday Editions with an article on Russia than do by murdering their husbands or swimming the Channel. If you can't get into the papers, never did get in, and are about losing hope of having anything get in, why—here is the greatest tip to ambitious amateur literary careers—write something on Russia and you will replace some regular writer that day. Russia is the biggest Country in the World, and men and Women write authorative opinions on it that couldent give you a bird's-eye view of the Principality of Monaco, and you can take a handful of green apples and stand on a hill and hit everybody in Monaco.

It has always been a source of wonder to me that Patrica Ziegfeld, Baby Peggy, Paulina Longworth or Nick Altrock have never written a book on Russia. Some Congressmen come over to Paris to investigate the Cafés, have four cocktails and a Russian caviar sandwich—which they dident like, but the rest was doing it—go back home and tell of the condition as it exists today in Russia.

Russia has one peculiarity that I don't think any other country ever enjoyed—that is, that every female gender that come out of there is a Princess, and the lowest form of a title in the way of an escaped male is

And They Had Never Pulled the String on Even a Jumping Jack Before

a Duke, and if he escaped very fast he is a Grand Duke. From the amount of Titles out of there, one would gather right away that the sole purpose of the Revolution, proposed and carried out, was not to assist the downtrodden, as is generally supposed, but to promote foreign travel among the Princesses and Dukes.

Escaped statistics show that among males, 72 per cent were Grand Dukes and the other 28 per cent just Dukes. Women were all 100 per cent Princesses. You spend half your time in Paris listening to some exiled American telling you hard-luck stories about former Russian nobility. "The fellow who just opened the Taxi door in front of this American Rat Trap you are now in was a Grand Duke and brother, just two Revolutions removed from the Czar." They are all kin to the Czar. "The Girl you mortgaged your hat too as you come in was the Czarina's principal Lady in waiting"; also related to the family. The buss boy—he is the fellow they use so the waiter will have somebody to lay the blame on—was a Duke, and he would have been Grand if the thing had lasted. In fact you are in a nest of royal relatives. Telephone girls were Princesses, Taxi drivers used to be Dukes—all, as I say, related to the Czar.

Any man with that many kinfolks, no wonder something happened to him. I bet if the truth was found out, he organized his own death personally. If I had some of the kinfolks he was supposed to have had I would have hired assassins to exterminate me very early in life. They tell of one fellow that was very, very near the Czar—perhaps a twin. Well, he is selling Peanuts on the street. We tried to find him, not because I was interested in his case, but I wanted some Peanuts. I have yet to hear of one that was doing well. Yet they bother you for hours, telling you how polished and highly educated and cultured they were. They seem to know what temperature to drink their wine at, but most of them don't know how to make a dollar to buy the wine.

Now if that is all any of them can do, how was it they thought they could run a tremendous country like Russia? A fellow will seek his level, I don't care where you are. If opening Taxi doors in front of Vodka Joints and helping a waiter break dishes is as high as their ability will carry them in eight years, it shows they should have been doing that all the time. All those good years they had in Russia was not due to any of their own efforts.

You know yourself, Mr. President, if the present Republican, or Bourgeois—remember pronunciation—régime was thrown over, and you were all banished from the District of Columbia, none of you are going to open any Taxicab doors for anybody but yourselves. You might not get into anything as big as the White House or Czar's Palace, but you will have one big enough that the help problem will bother you. Even the Congressmen may not be able to plant their own Gardens with Government seed and mail letters for nothing. Yet you won't see any of them have to resort to peddling goobers on anybody's street. They can even pull the Cabinet Chairs out from under that band of accomplices who plot with you once a week; they will hit the floor, but they will come back up out of it with nothing hurt but their political pride. They can always dig up enough for the next Campaign fund.

Of course, at times you-all may wish, like the deposed Russian Noblemen, for the old régime back, and mull over the good old days when you-all used to sit around the old White House hearth and laughingly discuss the League of Nations and Philippine Independance; but you will always be able to seek your level. Revolution, in the way of Democrats uprising and buying enough votes to depose you, might be sorter disconcerting for the time being; but you never would have to worry about where those Flapjacks and Maple sirup was coming from.

Now I may be hard-hearted, but I just couldent seem to work myself up into any great frenzy of tears over the old Dukes and Princesses. They carry a lot of long, high-sounding names, but mighty little sympathy. They can converse in a lot of languages, but they're not strong on making a living in any of them. They have spent a lifetime trying to learn how to dance in a Ballroom, but they have never learned it good enough to get paid for it. The old American is there with the uncouthness, but he never comes in on a pass. His rudeness is unintentional and not studied.

I bet you if I had met a Russian in Paris and he had said, "I was a poor Peasant in Russia before the War; I never had anything in my life; I always had to work very hard; I never in all my life even saw the Czar; I had no culture, either then or now, no refinement, no education; I was just struggling along"—say, I could have taken that kind of a Russian out in Paris and told them about him and collected him a million Francs. People would have gone crazy over him, he would have been such a novelty. Of course there is no such one. If there was he is perhaps President of a Bank in Paris, or else he is perhaps Premier a day or so every once in a while. No, Sir; the poor ability of many of the Russians that come out of there has really been more of a boost for the Revolution than any other one thing.

Well, when I saw they were not going to quit writing about Russia, why, I am going to get busy and write you the most novel thing on Russia that was ever written. I have had a research made, and there has never been an Article on Russia that tells you what I am going to tell you, and there has been more ink wasted on Russia and Prohibition than any other two subjects in the world, both equally unsettleable.

Now here is the novelty and truth of my letter on Russia:

I am the only person that ever wrote on Russia that admits he don't know a thing about it.

And on the other hand, I know just as much about Russia as anybody that ever wrote about it.

Nobody knows anything about Russia.

I have read dozens of books and hundreds of Articles by various people, such as "The Real Russia, by one who spent five years in a Moscow jail"; "My ten years banishment in Siberia, by a real Russian"; "The Heart of Russia"; "Russia as I know it, by a House Detective"; and millions of others. Now how is anybody going to find anything out about Russia by spending five years in a Moscow jail? Or ten years in Siberia wouldent give you any too good a line on the financial or economic future of the Empire.

Now just stop and think a minute. Suppose somebody come to you tomorrow and said, "Tell us about America." Now how could you tell 'em about America, in an Article, a Book, or a dozen volumes, or a thousand volumes? It's too big; nobody could tell about it. Suppose somebody tried to write on The Heart of America. Why, Lord, we can't even keep track of the toe of Maine or the heel of California, much less the heart! Now if nobody could write you a composite Article on America, how are they going to do it on Russia, a country that is so much bigger than us that we would rattle around in it like an idea in Congress?

I have even read all I could find that Lenine and Trotzky said about Russia, and it don't give me any better idea than Mutt and Jeff.

Just get this size and composition of Russia and her people and see how anybody could tell you anything about Russia: It's the largest continuous domain in the World; it covers nearly one-sixth of the total surface of the earth; there is over one hundred different Nationalities live inside the Soviet Union. Get the statistics of these nationalities; it reads like a New York Telephone Directory—70,000,000 great Russians; 3,000,000 Jews in the western part of the Union; 1,000,000 Germans on the Volga; 500,000 Greeks along the northern coast of the Black Sea; Moldavians, Bessarabians, Georgians; 500,000 Armenians; 1,000,000 Persians; Ossentines, Ingushes, Circassians, Abkhasians, Checkenians. Why, there is 5,000,000 Tartars! Boy, what a sauce that is alone! And eighty other races that even the census man hasent got to yet.

(Continued on Page 229)

THE NEW CAPITALISM

By Frank Parker Stockbridge

WHEN the newspapers announced, a few months ago, that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had sold to a syndicate headed by some of the Vanderbilt family the controlling interest in the $40,000,000 Equitable Building at 120 Broadway, New York, a great many newspaper readers rubbed their eyes and read the paragraph over to be sure they had it right. Being assured that it was not an optical illusion, that a labor organization was actually the vender in this important transaction in real estate, the comment of the conservative-minded took the general form of a shocked inquiry as to what the world was coming to.

The inquiry is a pertinent one. The purchase of the majority shares of the Equitable Building by the Brotherhood and their resale at a profit of close to $1,000,000 is but one manifestation, and that not the most important, of a new order of things. It was but one transaction out of many in which labor is today playing the part which has been regarded as the exclusive province of capital, in the minds of those who classify all humanity into the Haves and the Have-nots. These are transactions made possible by labor's advent into the realm of high finance, entry to which has in turn been made possible by the pooling of labor's surplus—savings out of wages after the cost of living has been covered—in labor's own banks, trust companies and investment corporations.

As I write this there are in operation in the United States thirty-seven labor banks, with resources ranging individually from $200,000 to nearly $27,000,000 and aggregating more than $120,000,000. There are eleven investment corporations entirely owned and controlled by organized labor, with aggregate paid-in capital of $34,000,000. Besides that pool of more than $150,000,000, which labor absolutely controls, there are banking resources of more than $100,000,000 in the investment of which labor has a not inconsiderable say. Those figures may be materially changed by the time this is printed, but any change will be to enlarge them. New labor banks are being projected and organized at the rate of dozens a year; I was told in one place of fifty which are expected to be in operation before the end of 1927. The whole movement is less than six years old, most of the institutions less than three. Only a small portion of the organized workers of the United States and Canada are as yet participants in the new capitalism, probably fewer than 10 per cent of the important labor groups included in the membership of the American Federation of Labor, the railroad brotherhoods and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Yet they are already operating in the field of big business with somewhere around $250,000,000 of capital, operating successfully, making money collectively and individually, converting their constituencies into investors, and through their collective investing power sitting at the table with capital in its most concentrated forms and finding capital not only not aloof but genuinely friendly.

This trifling fraction of the nation's wage earners is engaged in every form of investment activity known to capital, from the underwriting of bond issues of big industrial concerns to the promotion and development of Florida subdivisions. The workers are lending money to the employers—lending it in millions. They have started something. The question is: What?

Prof. Thomas Nixon Carver of Harvard calls it an economic revolution. Certainly it is a demonstration that the late Warren S. Stone, Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and father of the movement, was right when he said that "the saving power of the American workingmen is so great that, if they would save and carefully invest their savings, in ten years they could be one of the dominating financial powers of the world."

There is not much nourishment for the agitator and the demagogue, whose stock in trade is the assertion that the rich are getting richer while the poor are getting poorer, in the phenomenon presented by labor's investment activities. That the workers have any surplus whatever to invest is in itself a proof of prosperity. Professor Carver predicts that this surplus will grow until labor in the broad sense will become the chief source of industrial capital, dictating the financing of business as it now, by reason of its preponderant purchasing power, dictates what industry

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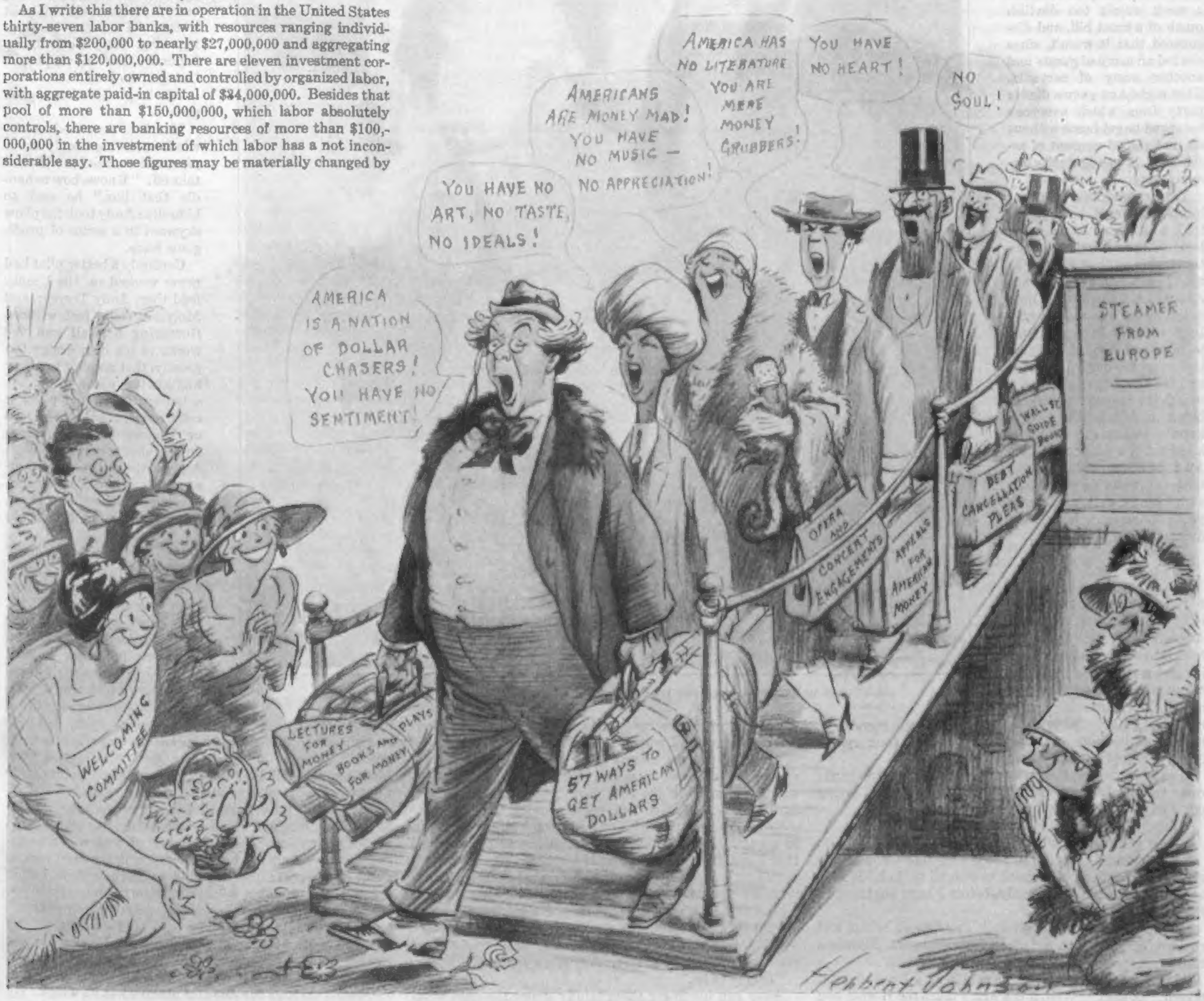
AMERICA IS A NATION OF DOLLAR CHASERS! YOU HAVE NO SENTIMENT!
YOU HAVE NO ART, NO TASTE, NO IDEALS!
AMERICANS ARE MONEY MAD! YOU HAVE NO MUSIC — NO APPRECIATION!
AMERICA HAS NO LITERATURE YOU ARE MERE MONEY GRUBBERS!
YOU HAVE NO HEART!
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57 WAYS TO GET AMERICAN DOLLARS
Herbert Johnson

DOLLAR CHASING

ANN 'N' ANDY

By AUSTIN PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE coming of age of Ann Paton—the Four-Million-Dollar Baby—was a disappointingly tame affair. No one seemed to know exactly what was expected to happen on the momentous occasion of her receiving full custody of the fortune left by her father when she was less than a year old, but nothing at all happened. That was the trouble. The Crest, her big, graciously proportioned house, still gazed down amiably upon Greenbrook and the lake. No suddenly released energy blew it to smithereens.

Ann, the social dynamite of Greenbrook's summer colony, spent most of her birthday afternoon teaching a refractory polo pony to like the game; she had tea at the club, where she demanded of the matrons assembled if one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week wasn't too devilish much of a meat bill, and discovered that it wasn't, since she fed an army of guests and another army of servants. That night Ann gave a dinner party from which everyone managed to get home without an undignified amount of assistance. It was distinctly disappointing.

The next morning one of her hunters faltered at a jump, took a spill and Ann's collar bone snapped. That was something—better than nothing at all. It showed, at least, that Ann was not too heavily burdened by her one-and-twenty. Last summer in a point-to-point race a hoofful of flying turf caught her upon the eye, and for the better part of a month she moved and had her being in fashionable Greenbrook, wearing, quite unashamedly, a common shiner. And the summer before that—ah, well! Ann was Ann; and, from all indications, was going to continue being Ann indefinitely.

Ann Wasn't Watching! She Was Marching, Stiff With Rage, Into the Woods

"Ship's ready."

"Get her turning over. I'll be right out." Andrew Torrey, chief pilot of the M. P. T. Aircraft Corporation, plunged back into higher mathematics, juggled a slide rule for a few minutes and scowled at the result. The sputtering roar of the Umpty Hornet's motor reached his ears and regretfully he shoved his computations into a drawer, took up his flying gear and left the office.

George Morrison, the president of the Umpty company, came to the window and perched upon the sill. "Shoving off, Andy?"

"Yep. I'll be back about seven."

"How goes the turbine?"

"Well enough. But I'd like to get my mitts on a couple of thousand dollars. It's going to cost all of that. It'll be nearer five thousand, probably, before I have anything to show."

He paused upon the gravel walk, drew on his helmet and goggles, climbed into a faded flying jumper. Morrison emitted several blue clouds of pipe smoke.

"Maybe I wouldn't like to get hold of a few thousand myself," he said. "Well, if the Army takes the Hornet and orders a couple of hundred we'll be busy enough."

"The Army," observed Andy, "moves slowly its wonders to perform. I was in it, don't forget."

The Hornet's engine cut loose in a full-throated roar, and a cloud of brown dust, driven by the propeller in great whirls, mounted in the air. Both men listened to it silently, heads a little cocked, eyes far away.

"Anyhow," continued Torrey as the thunder subsided to a purr, "I'd like to get enough money salted down so that I could begin experimental work."

"There's one job that may come up before long," Morrison announced. "It's a movie stunt. They want to get a good shot of a wreck. What do you think?"

"There are a couple of ships on this field I'd love to wreck," responded the younger man feelingly. "That rebuilt Eleven, for example. Any money in it?"

"Ought to be."

Andy ran his finger thoughtfully under the chin strap of his helmet. "I could spin her clean in, wash out the landing gear, turn over in a cartwheel and smack her upside down. That'd be spectacular."

"I'd just as soon you wouldn't kill yourself." Morrison was one of the early men in the game and he had seen too many good pilots come and go to be light-hearted when it came to crashes.

"No fear! Sure, I'll give 'em a wreck!"

"There ought to be a thousand in it for you."

Andy's mind, which had been laboring over the problem of a turbine engine for aeroplanes ever since he had come to the Umpty works, spent the thousand dollars in a fraction of a second. It all went to build the turbine.

"Lead me to it! I'd crack that cursed Eleven up just for the fun of it. I'd just as soon fly the kitchen sink as that crate." He glanced at his wrist watch. "I'd better be barging along. Keep the fire burning under those movie people, George. So long."

"So long. Give 'em a good show."

Morrison remained at the window, puffing deeply at his pipe, and watched the Hornet take off. "Knows how to handle that bus," he said to himself as Andy took the plane skyward in a series of prodigious leaps.

Certainly a better pilot had never worked on the Umpty field than Andy Torrey; and Morrison could feel, without flattering himself and the works of his own design too greatly, that no pilot had ever had a better plane to fly. As a two-seater combat plane it could not be equaled in Europe or America for speed, climb and maneuverability. With Andy at the controls and Benson, his mechanic, at the machine guns in the after cockpit, there wasn't much that could touch it.

He had chosen Andy for the job of chief pilot after Tomilson, who had been the T of the corporate title, M. P. T., was killed by flying into a mountainside in a fog. From their first interview he had liked Andy immensely—his sober face, which was a little too lean for conventional handsomeness, his cool, grayish-green eyes and his straight, unemotional mouth seemed to be parts of a composite picture of a thoroughly good pilot. Not that Morrison selected his pilots on their bench points. He went to a good deal of trouble in looking up Andy's record.

Andy began his aeronautical career at the age of fifteen by building a glider which he smashed after several successful excursions. The chief result of that was a newspaper story about the boy aeronaut which served him as a sort of passport into flying circles. In those days, before the war, flying was a wildcat venture. Andy dispensed with home life, which was none too agreeable, as his mother and father—his father had been a minister—were dead and he lived with his uncle, and attached himself to Art Blinker, one of the first pilots to do a loop in America. Art was killed at Denver when the flimsy plane he had tormented through the skies for months lost its wings. By that time Andy was piloting. From the aeronautical junk

piled in Art's barn in Ohio he managed to fit out a plane. Mrs. Blinker helped him financially and took a share of the proceeds when he made a tour of Middle Western county fairs as Andy Torrey, the Daredevil Boy Pilot.

Ambition was stirring within him and he entered college, where he got some of the basic knowledge of engineering. But war, with benevolent governments providing all the aeroplanes that a pilot in his wildest dreams of fortune could want, was too strong a lure. He enlisted in Canada, went to England and, to his disgust, was assigned to instruction duty. Eventually, after a brief but brilliant two months at the front, he was transferred to the American Army, with the rank of captain, at the age of twenty. He remained in the service for two years after the war and then returned to college, still intent upon engineering.

But the flying bug had bitten too deeply; he turned out an aeronautical engineer, and, as Andy himself put it, "considerably more aeronautical than engineer." The blast of the propeller, the scratch of stay wires cutting through the air, the throbbing song of a motor were too much a part of life to be put aside, and Andy, with a prayer in his heart, applied for the job of chief Umpty pilot.

It was his work to test and demonstrate all the planes turned out by the Umpty factory, to fly Umpties wherever and whenever people needed planes, to give flight instruction, supervise the hangars and all repair work, carry spare parts and a mechanic to Umpties in distress, act as a salesman of Umpties and to be George Morrison's assistant engineer. The former assistant, Patterson—the original P of M. P. T.—had fallen ill and resigned long before Andy joined the company. Aside from those duties he was free to work upon his own invention, the aero-turbine, and to act as test pilot for independent designers.

With his mind full of the complexities of the aero-turbine, Andy automatically selected Greenbrook from the huge green map of the world beneath him and swung the Hornet into the track inclosure of the fairgrounds. They taxied up before the empty grand stand. Andy stood up and stretched long arms and legs. Benson, the mechanic, occupying the rear seat, pushed back goggles and gave the grounds a slowly appraising glance. His mouth twisted in disapproval.

"Don't look like much of a fair to me, captain," he remarked. "What's the idea of us being here?"

"It's a charity shindig." He slipped to the ground and peeled off his jumper. "Quite a social event. Horse show, dog show, racing and such stuff. Influential people. Some politicians. Morrison wants to show off the Hornet. Stand by the bus. I'll hunt up the bird who's running the show."

From the scattering of people approaching the plane he saw Mike Furley emerge at a jog trot. Mike, another mechanic, had been sent by train with their equipment.

"Hello, Mike. Everything all set?"

"Yep. I think you go on after the second race. I'll be loading the guns. You're going to shove off tonight, aren't you?"

"Just as soon as we're through. Where's the office?"

"Under the grand stand. But the works isn't there. He's over to the kennels. Name's Kramer."

It Was the Best Escape She Knew From Guests—Change Into Riding Clothes and Canter Into a World That Was Entirely Her Own

"Yes. I've got a letter to him." He fished in his pockets. "See you later."

He was still fishing abstractedly for the letter as he approached the gate near the judges' stand.

"Are you going to take up passengers?" asked a girl's voice.

Andy stopped. She was a slight girl, dark, dressed for riding, and she was perched at her ease on the fence, crop dangling from one hand. She was pretty; but, more important than that, her face had a beguiling, humorous expression. Her rather broad mouth curved up in a crescent-shaped smile, the ends of her lips reaching toward the two peaks of dark hair that curved down before her ears. Her eyes, when she smiled, had a way of half closing and shining brightly behind a screen of heavy lashes. Andy smiled too.

"I'm afraid I won't have time."

Part of her smile disappeared, as though a light had been dimmed.

"Why?" he asked. "Did you want to go up?"

"Very much!" she answered earnestly. "I never have been."

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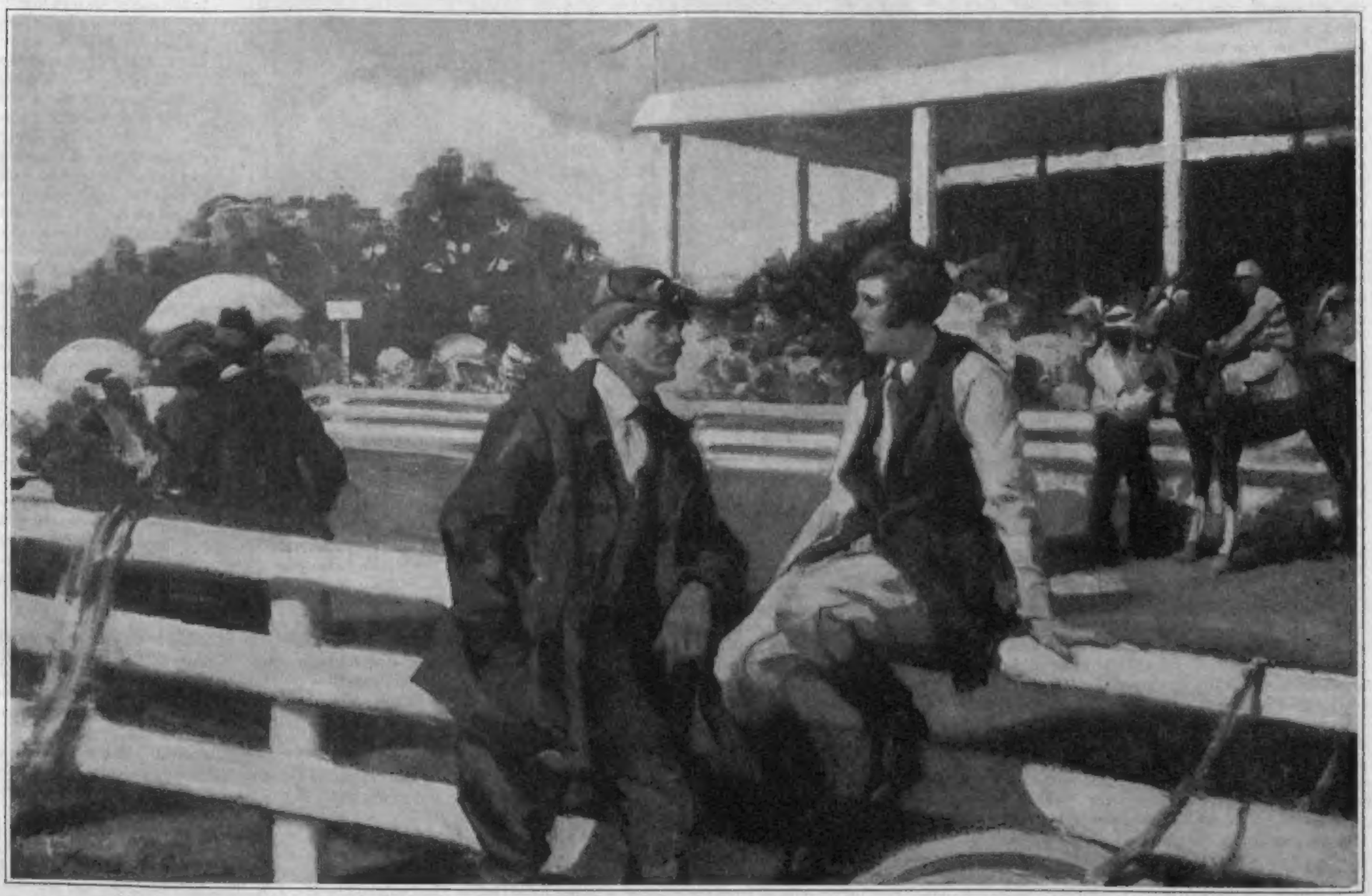


"They're Giving Me the Interval Between the Second and Third Races, Extending It for Me," We Explained. "I'll Have Just Time Enough for My Stunts and That's All. Perhaps Some Other Time"

Beyond a Reasonable Doubt

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT WAS not a week after her marriage to Homer Wilkes that Allie Sorensen—that had been her maiden name—caught a glimpse of Captain George Foster in Waldron's grocery. Her heart stood still. He was standing out among the sugar barrels with a pipe in his gloomy mouth. He had seen her, she was certain, yet he had made not the faintest movement of recognition.

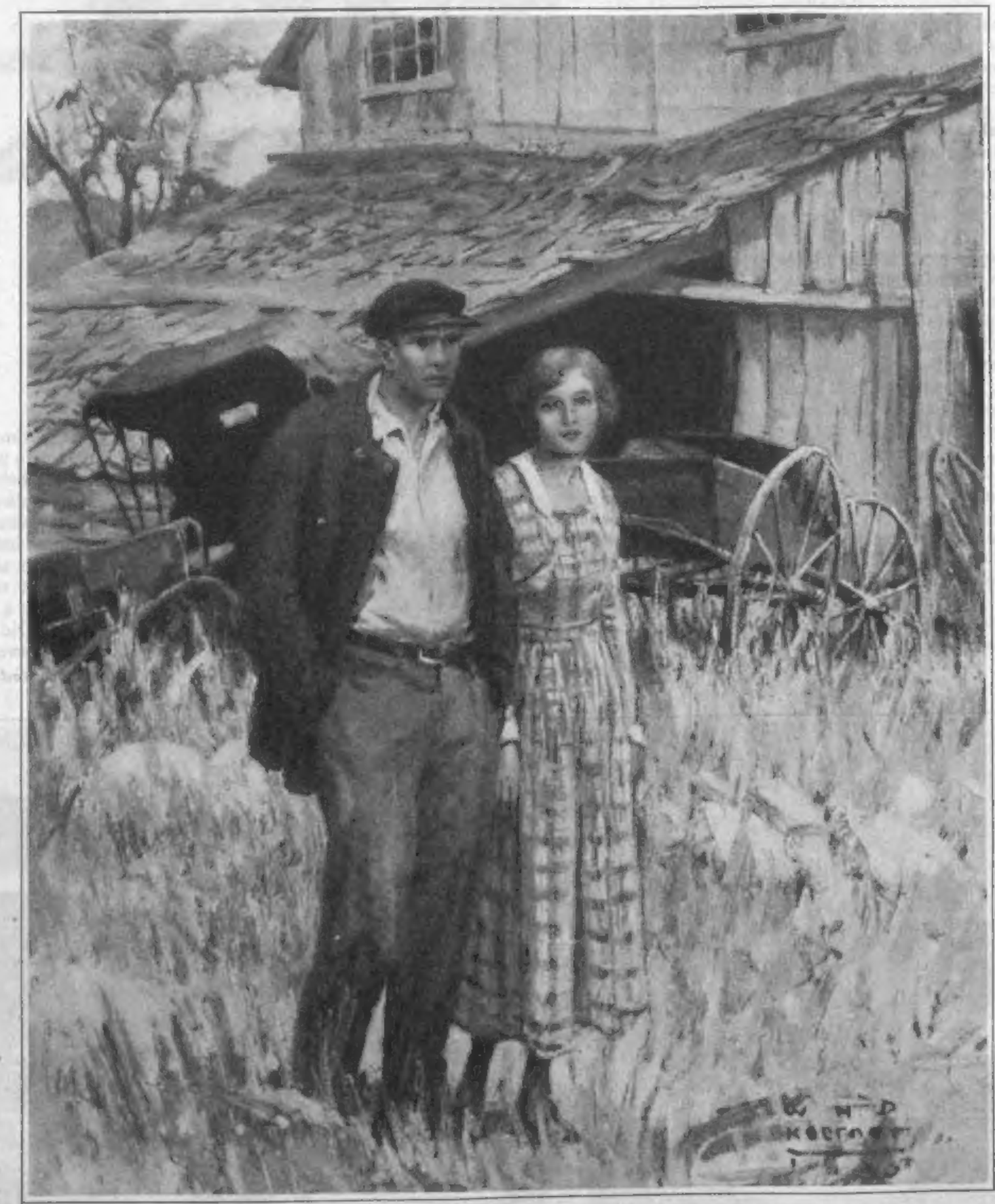
"How about these?" Homer Wilkes was saying to her, holding out a big yellow grapefruit in either freckled hand.

"They ought to do," she said rapidly.

"Lady says they will do," Homer Wilkes laughed. He swept a lock of his red hair out of his eyes with the back of his hand, picked up his other purchases, piling them against him without allowing her to take a single one, and held the door back with his heel while his wife passed through. Her cornflower-blue eyes were suddenly fixed on vacancy.

George had come at last, when it was too late; but even now he wouldn't recognize her. She went over, for the thousandth time, the series of mischances that had got her into this predicament. First her senseless quarrel with Captain Foster in that coast village ninety miles or more to the eastward. She had repented of her share in that, and had come here to the Inlet, thinking that he would be sure to turn up sooner or later at his native place. And he had not turned up till now, when she found herself married to another man and committed to a destiny which George Foster least of all men was likely to share.

Walking by her husband's side, she reviewed the facts which had brought this bitter twist into her life. It had been unladylike, she knew, to abase herself so far as to pursue a man who had broken with her, even though the reasons for that had been silly and without warrant in the facts. But she had paid a heavy penalty for her temerity. She had started in to wait on table at Tom Fisher's grill; but then the men in the kitchen had started rowing over her. One of them, an Italian, had stuck a perfectly good cook in the arm; and Tom Fisher had been forced to dispense with Allie Sorensen's services, though nobody could be found who would say that she was more than indirectly implicated. No doubt the yellow hair and those contemplative eyes had been at fault.



"Might as Well Loaf One Place as Another, He Said. It's Hard for a Seagoing Man to Know What to Do, Once He Sets Foot on Land"

Some days later Homer Wilkes, coming in from handlining in a power dory, ran across her in a fog. She had lost an oar and was trying to scull a leaky dory through an ugly little cross chop. She had been on the way to drown herself, but once fairly on the water, she hadn't been able to make the case look desperate enough. Homer had found a way to tuck her under Melviny's wing—Melviny Hodges, that was; and thereafter for a time she stood, weekdays, behind the counter in Melviny's dry-goods store. On Sundays she ventured out to church. Homer Wilkes made it a point to come and sit behind her; and Melviny whispered that he hadn't been there to her knowledge since the days when they hired him to screw back the pews to the floor after they laid the new carpet. But Allie couldn't feel that the man was really imminent.

"I guess you could do worse than encourage him," Melviny tittered.

"When I encourage another man I'll be older than I am now," Allie Sorensen replied.

"You're not so young now that you can trifle with the prospect," Melviny menaced her. And Allie confessed, with a strange little turn of her head, that she had found a gray hair at her temple that morning and had plucked it out.

"You think you can pluck old age out by the roots," Melviny said, her old head shaking. "For every hair you pluck out there's two more like it comes in its place, they tell me."

Homer Wilkes was often under her eye. She and Melviny were living in the Huddle then, on the water side, and had a back window, high up, that looked out on the slip where the seine boats loaded with tinker mackerel glided in. At the scream of the winch she would look out, but recoiled far enough from the window so as not to be visible herself. The big red-headed man, plastered with fish scales from head to heel, would be giving orders in his deep voice; and sometimes his great laugh would echo and reëcho in that narrow space.

He was personable, she admitted; he had his qualities; but then he was one of the bad Wilkeses. Every town of the Inlet's population—about fifteen hundred, and dropping by the last census—has a bad family; and to that family all town thieving and malicious mischief are attributed. The Wilkeses were the Inlet's bad family.

When, in the days before the marriage, Minnie Jewett threatened to lose her head over Homer Wilkes, her mother had reminded her that she would be marrying into a thoroughly bad lot. With the single exception of Homer, they were light-fingered, they took whatever they could lay their hands on, they were sickly loafers, and every mother's son of them headed for the state's prison. They would tell a lie, every last one of them, when the truth would serve them better; they had skulking, hang-dog looks, and nobody was likely to forget that Homer Wilkes' grandfather had been convicted of assault with intent to kill one of his own brothers. The carving knife employed on that occasion was still in daily use at the Wilkes table, some artistic gossipers maintained.

Homer Wilkes was, it was true, the odd one; the family traits were not seen in him; and he had left home as soon as he grew strong enough to thrash his father. But still he had imbibed those false notions which had been his father's downfall; that philosophy which saw no good in abstract principles, in systems like religion and the law. It was like waving a red rag at a bull to talk law in Homer Wilkes' presence; yet as far as known his one breach of it had been the selling of short lobsters.

Allie Sorensen, though affecting total lack of interest in the man, still found ways of watching him from a distance. He was anchor man on the local bowling team; and on Saturday nights she could look through the windows of the bowling-alley shack and see him hurling those black balls down the alley at terrific speed. The pin boy would just be able to get his legs out of the way when the crash came.

"See the way them babies folded?" she heard an awed spectator murmur once. That was the way anything would go clattering down that opposed Homer Wilkes, she inferred; men, women, the law, religion. He got what he wanted. He was almost a law unto himself, and still his invincible good nature never forsook him.

A cry went up, "He's on a wreck. The man is on a wreck." That was because two candle pins were still standing on opposite sides of the alley when two balls had been thrown.

"Let's see what we can salvage then," Homer roared, and nipped one of them.

It was this buoyance, and his ability to handle men, that had gained him Mr. J. K. Thaxter's backing; and that had been responsible for giving him the contract for the big fill at Hooper's Corner. It involved dumping a world of gravel

into a mud flat; his enemies, men who had made unsuccessful bids for the contract, now said that the place had no bottom. As fast as Homer Wilkes dumped his gravel it would disappear in the ooze, they affirmed. The place was nothing but a vast jelly. There would be traces of Homer Wilkes' road found in China if he persisted long enough.

"Anything that has a top has got a bottom," he roared in answer to that. He was standing on the porch of Mrs. Jewett's house—Minnie wasn't visible; and a less obtuse man than Homer would have known the reason why—and Mrs. Jewett drawled:

"So has an accordion, but it can draw out some."

"I guess I can face the music if it does draw out," Homer shouted.

That was the last Allie had seen of him until the fatal evening of Melviny's downfall. There were different versions of that; even Allie didn't entirely know the rights of it; but some of the facts were beyond dispute. The runner Platt, whom Allie detested for the liberties he took, had got wind of the fact that Melviny was sandbagging people into buying in a slack season by offering goods at less than cost. She had got credit for a big bill of goods; and now it was said that she was getting Will Golloup to cart stuff out of the store in the middle of the night and cache it, meaning to go into bankruptcy, with advantage to herself.

Suddenly, on a Saturday night just after closing time, Homer Wilkes had opened the door and walked in on her unannounced. He was taking too much for granted now, she thought; but it seemed his one concern now was for Melviny. "Where's the old lady?" he said harshly.

"Gone to bed," Allie replied.

"Platt is coming with the sheriff," he whispered. "Have her out here, and let's see what's best to do."

But old Melviny had taken to her bed, swearing she was dying; and when Homer Wilkes forced his way in there, putting the outraged Allie out of his way, the sick woman bounced out of bed in a frenzy. She was wrapped from head to foot in bolts of colored silks, and she shrieked and prayed and besought Homer Wilkes to save her from the penitentiary.

"I had to do something, with the added expense of that girl on the premises," she moaned.

And Homer Wilkes had undertaken to settle everything, everything at once; the sheriff, Allie's destiny —— She couldn't remember his words, but they had somehow swept her off her feet. In the rush of his passion, she had been a drowned woman. Melviny had been good to her; it might be that if she didn't accede to this impetuous proposal Homer Wilkes would abandon them to their own resources.

"You do what you think best," she murmured.

She didn't know what he had done exactly; because when Platt arrived with the sheriff he thrust her back into the bedroom with Melviny and went out to deal with those men alone. There were rumors that Homer Wilkes had had to put in every cent he had in the world to fight that runner off, where he was all but down Melviny's throat; but Allie hadn't heard these. She had a last thought of Captain George Foster; but that man was evidently at a hopeless remove from her

She had found herself Homer Wilkes' wife, keeping house for him in the little story-and-a-half house he had hired; and with the disgraced Melviny for kitchen help.

And now Captain George Foster had returned at length. She had known for a week that he was here, and even that he meant to settle down and leave the sea for good, since somebody had said in her hearing that the captain had been drawn for jury service and had made no protest. But this was the first time she had actually seen him.

"You look as if you had seen a ghost," Homer Wilkes said when they were putting their packages on the kitchen table. She had split the sugar bag and was trailing her long fingers through the white grains, with her heart in her throat.

"It's just—the weather," she said. "I'm always susceptible to these sudden changes. The wind's easterly again. It's coming in that east window."

"Take more than a little wind to blow you away," he laughed.

Allie lit a lamp by the sink, and another swinging from a wall bracket. What must Homer Wilkes think secretly of her behavior, she wondered. She was what another man would call a difficult wife, there was no discounting that; but Homer never alluded to her moodiness. He drew crafty pictures of the fun they would have when they were rich; when their ship came in, he was fond of saying. He overlooked her coldness; for a rough man he was strangely tactful. He didn't pester her with his attentions.

But she could never tell what he was thinking on a given subject. Who could say what such a man would think, for that matter? He was an atheist, an infidel. He doubted the other world; he had an appetite against it, he frankly said. Forever was an awful mouthful. Until death do us part was just about as much as most couples could swing to. His ringing laugh was a kind of subtle challenge.

"I suppose you will be getting up in time to go to church in the morning," he said, sitting down to light his pipe.

"Yes."

"Want me along?"

"Not unless you can behave yourself better than you did last Sunday, no."

Ah, he was in disgrace still. Last Sunday he had secretly conducted an operation against the little girl sitting in the seat in front of him, Martha Fisher, the prison warden's daughter. Secretly, in such wise that nobody but Martha saw him—for he was one of these sly rascals who know how to choose their time by methods which defy analysis—he had waggled his ears.

The little girl agitated her brown locks, and looked resolutely ahead. Her tiny hat, varnished and shaped like a flowerpot turned upside down, was all that was visible over the oak back of the pew.

The minister was praying. Her shoulders moved. If the humorist exerted an ounce, a featherweight more of his peculiar pressure, she was lost. She ought not to look back again. By every principle on which ladylike repression was founded, she ought not. She did look back—Homer moved his ears in a flash, timing the exhibition to a hair, as a frog smears a fly. Instantly his face was grave, his eyes on the preacher, his delectable ears quiescent.

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She Had Lost an Oar and Was Trying to Scull a Leaky Dory Through an Ugly Little Cross Chop

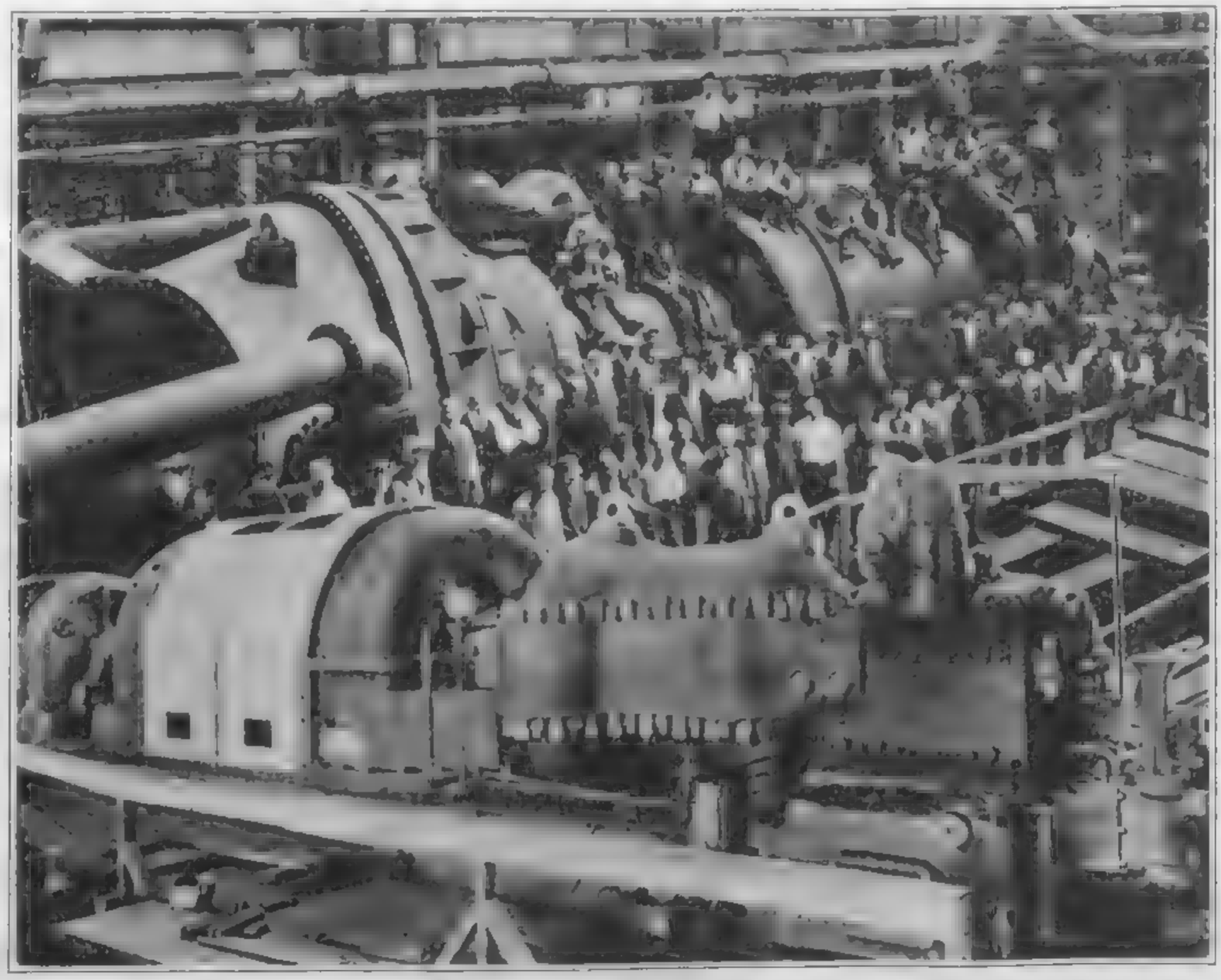
Nine Slaves for Each Citizen

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

IN THIS country we are now, as everybody knows, living in a very drab era, commonly called the age of the machine, and it has done something dreadful to our souls. Precisely what it has done is not very clearly explained; it is just one of those things that everybody knows and, therefore, doesn't have to be explained. As nearly as I can make out, however, the specific indictment that remains after much sifting of generalities is that machines seem to have found this country an excellent breeding ground and are proving more fecund than neighboring mankind, with the result that we poor mortals have been quietly conquered; we now spend most of our time hanging onto flywheels, dodging pistons and lubricating bearings. Briefly we are enslaved. Meanwhile our souls shrivel up like autumn leaves and drift silently, sadly into the ash pit. They don't even moan on the way.

Now it doesn't require much newspaper training to know that that story would be first-page stuff if one could confirm it, so I picked out several of the biggest machines in the world and fared forth to interview them and their victims.

At the time my investigation was undertaken, which was several weeks ago, the biggest machine in the world lived down at the foot of Fourteenth Street, Manhattan, on the bank of the East River, but as these lines are written the biggest machine in the world is over in Brooklyn and probably before publication there will be still larger machines elsewhere, all of which confirms at least one part of the report—colossal machines are multiplying rapidly. Virtually all these behemoths are of the breed known as steam turbine. They are strikingly lacking in beauty; their activities touch more than half the population of this country directly and the rest not very indirectly, so they seemed likely prospects for confirmation of the aforementioned theory.



The Lights of Chicago—Two Commonwealth Edison Units, a 60,000-Kilowatt Cross Compound High-and-Low-Pressure Turbine and, in Foreground, a 17,000-Kilowatt High-Pressure Turbine

A Monster With Man-Given Life

THE heart of this machine age is the steam turbine, for literally thousands of mechanical devices depend upon it and may properly be said to have been spawned by it. The one down at the foot of Fourteenth Street eats 60,000 pounds of coal an hour. Not 60,000 pounds a day. No. Sixty thousand pounds an hour! It is fifty feet high and a great deal more than fifty feet long and it weighs more than 1,000,000 pounds. Its visible retinue of servants is impressive, without counting all the absentees who dig and transport that hourly diet of thirty tons of coal. Anyone who has mastered the necessary point of view could spot this thing at first glance as a slave owner; obviously, then, the next step was to get the testimony of its victims.

Their attitude toward the machine, however, is baffling. They actually pet it and brag about it. "Eighty thousand horse power," they warble, and into their eyes comes a peculiar glow that strangely resembles pride. Over and under and around this monster these tiny little humans strut, for they say that before they came it was a dead thing and that if they were to go away it would again be dead. It is still less than a year old, so they will tell of Tom and Nick and Bill and Ed who brought it there in little pieces of fifty to 200 tons each, lowering them into place by the touch of a hand on throttles. Quite plainly it is their theory that they run this machine and not that it runs them. As for it owning anybody, they reply that it belongs to the New York Edison Company and was built in Schenectady, New York.

What, then, of the owners of these machines? Are they not dollar-chasing materialists caught in the web of their own cupidity and forced to go on and on buying or building more and more of these monsters, making them forever larger and larger, perhaps to no great purpose? What do they think of their monsters? Or do they think of them at all? Is there any romance or adventure in this business? Any imagination? We used to capture the raw material for illumination, at sea in whaling ships, which was a rather exciting business and finally found a place in literature and art. So far as I know, steam turbines have inspired no deathless poems, novels or pictures; but then perhaps whaling ships didn't, either, at first. To cover the ground adequately it would be necessary to interview some of these so-called owners and find out whether they really are owners or just slaves.

In Detroit, Michigan, I found a man named Alex Dow who has for many years been the executive head of a company owning and operating steam turbines. About twenty years ago the company had one turbine, now it has a flock of them. There has been ample time, I should say, for these implements of utility to crush the poetry out of those who associate with them, but they persist in exhibiting the same peculiarly affectionate attitude toward steam turbines that was once characteristic of sailors toward their clipper ships and frigates. When a second generating plant was added in 1914 to the original one, Mr. Dow and the army of men under his command decided, for purely sentimental reasons, to kindle the new fire under its boilers with coals brought from the older furnace. Again in 1922 this was done, when a third plant went into service, and the ceremony was repeated in 1924 when the fourth turbine was added. "It has been the custom of our company," says the company's official publication, "to pay a certain reverence to the original fire started under the boilers: to preserve its continuity in the different generating plants. Is it a survival, obscure, unconscious, from ancient days when fire was the symbol of the sun . . . when the fortunes of state or family were associated with the ever-burning fire in temple or hearth, and men in their journeyings into new places carried living coals from the local shrine to start their fires afresh? Who knows?" Well, I don't; but, at any rate, the imagination of men who have any such attitude as that toward furnace fires can neither be said to have died nor to have been divorced from their business. Quite plainly they find their means of earning a living extremely interesting.

Ceremony

AS A MATTER of fact, there is so much sentiment associated with these new vestal fires that one is rarely kindled nowadays without ceremony. For example, on December 10, 1925, a very large steam-turbine generating plant went into service at Cincinnati, Ohio, and Owen D. Young, who might reasonably be expected, because of his business connections, to be influenced somewhat by the point of view of the makers of turbines, was summoned from New York to be the speaker of the occasion.

His own words are the best evidence of the impression this new machine age makes upon him.

"The great power station opened today," he said, "will produce energy equivalent to the work of 9,000,000 men. There is a population of 1,000,000 in the service area of the Columbia Gas & Electric Company. This means, on the average, that nine additional slaves have this day been dedicated to the service of each man, woman and child in this community. In Athens each free citizen had but four.

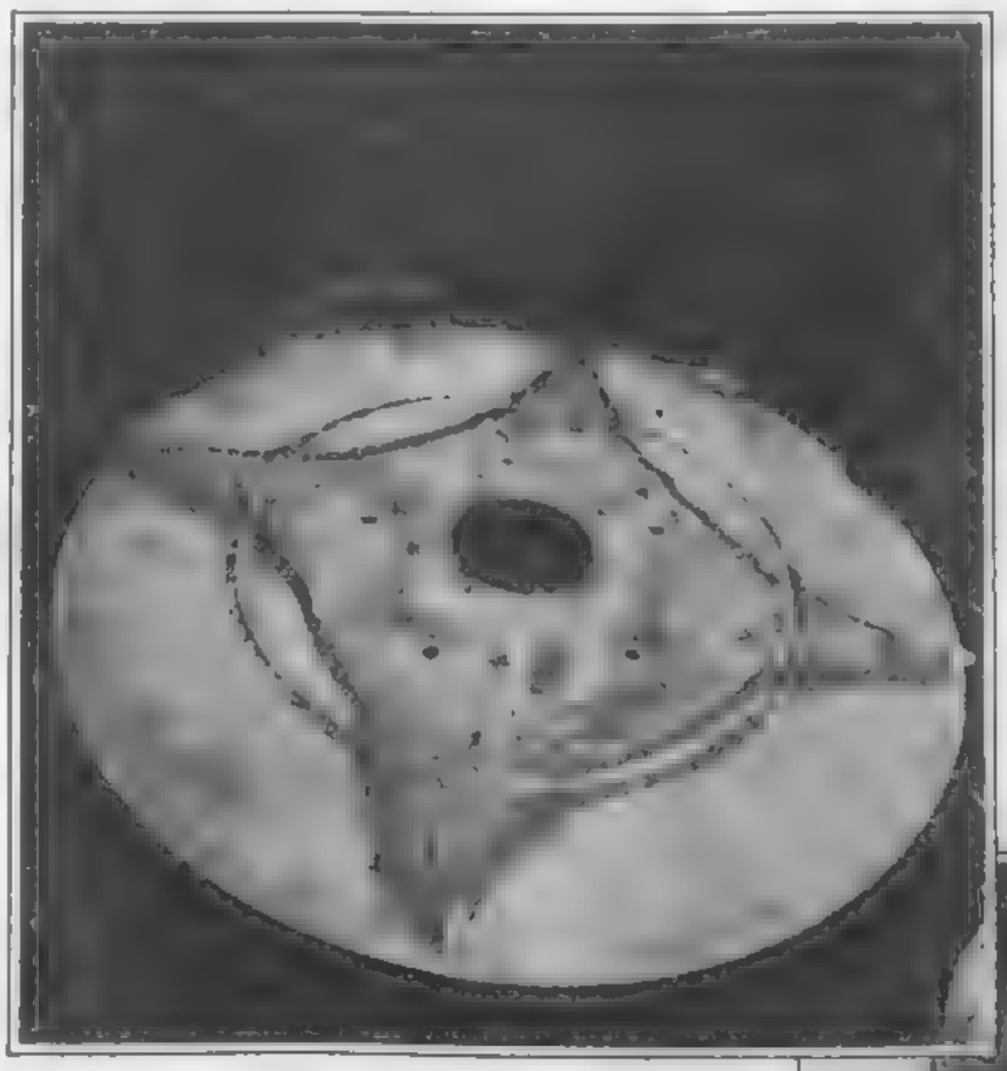
"This is the way America must solve her problem of maintaining higher wages than any other country in the world and at the same time keeping her goods competitive in foreign markets. We must put more energy back of the worker, in order that he may be a director of power rather than a generator of it. In this way he can increase his production, and with increased production he may not only maintain but increase his wage. At the same time the cost of the product may be diminished, and our goods may meet effectively in the foreign market the production of other countries where lower wages and lower living standards prevail. I congratulate the producers of goods in this

community, whether they be employers or workers, on having in their service 9,000,000 more inanimate slaves

"I want to see this art not only run the giant industries of the cities, but I want it also to be so humble and true in its social service that we shall banish from the farmers' homes the drudgery which in the earlier days killed their wives.

"We have come here to dedicate a power plant—an instrument of utility. Is it only that? Perhaps it is a temple."

Oddly enough, the first steam turbine of which there is any record actually was used in a temple. Heron of ancient Alexandria had a quaint sort of teakettle arrangement with a fire under it and a paddle wheel over it. The steam turned the paddle wheel, which in turn caused the temple doors to open and close very mysteriously. In addition, the paddle wheel assisted the gods in moving their heads, so that their worshipers were greatly impressed.



The possibilities of steam power seem to have been discovered over and over again in the course of history, only to be later forgotten. Why, I don't know, unless, perhaps, the motives behind these discoveries were not sufficiently valid, for it is only during comparatively recent times that one steam engine has led straightway to another and a better one. Back of all this striving for improvement there seems to be not only the driving force of imagination and search for knowledge but a desire also to serve an ever-increasing number of men and women. And what is that but the spirit of democratic idealism invading and coloring industry, if not, indeed, directing its course? This new spirit is inescapable, no matter whether one turns his inquiry toward the shop, the laboratory, the owners of machines, or the men who operate them.

A Machine-Made Freedom

REGARDLESS of whether these men are able to say it in so many words or not, their purpose, obviously, is to fashion mechanical slaves so that men and women can do more work with their heads and less with their elbows and backs. They see this development of the machine age as a great, romantic adventure leading on to possibilities for more beauty and comfort in the life of the average person. To them it represents a revolution compared with which Marxian Socialism or Russian Bolshevism would be puny and futile, a mere dance in the wind. Let's get right down to a specific case and view for a moment through the eyes of an engineer the revolution of the machine which is now in progress. The engineer I have in mind had just completed work on a small implement designed for use in a wood-working shop. The major portion of his task was to attach to this implement a little electric motor that a small boy could wrap up in his cap.

"Now," said the man, pointing to his completed work, "anyone who competes with that machine by hand is working for about five cents an hour."

That remark furnishes a complete definition of what the ancient slogan, Freedom, means to these men. From their point of view a landowner with a vast domain who depended upon oxen for power and sharp sticks for plows would still be a slave, no matter how inviolable his possessions or his person. They accept the ancient axiom that work must be done if man is to live, but at this point they slip a joker in the deck. Briefly it is this: If the work is done it doesn't make any difference whether a man sweats over the task or a machine does it easily, we shall still live. But to the individual producer who lifts the burden from his back to his wits, it makes a great deal of difference. He will have more to eat and more to wear, more leisure, a better house and greater opportunities. If all these things avail him nothing in terms of happiness then the whole course of human aspirations over quite a number of centuries has been wrong.

The creators of the machine age do not believe it has been wrong. As believers in the common people, the masses, the proletariat, or whatever one is pleased to call the public, these men need bow to no visionary or idealist who ever lived. They go as far as any of them—poet, prophet, or political reformer—in their faith that when mechanical slaves replace human drudgery the general welfare of mankind must inevitably be advanced. The economic and industrial fabric they weave is less protected against public dislike than any other that has ever existed. If it had to be guarded by armed men it could not exist at all. Uncounted miles of cables, pipes, tunnels and steel rails are essential to its operation, and these are guarded by public understanding of their usefulness.

The Washingtons and Jeffersons, Franklins and Hamiltons of this gigantic revolution are well aware of what they are doing to ancient traditions and ways of living. No flood tide sweeps them blindly on toward they know not what. Day by day and year by year the course is charted. If authoritative estimates are correct, the time has already come when the variations between the standards of living in two different countries closely approximate the difference between the amounts of mechanical power they use. Some day in the not far distant future, say the prophets of this machine revolution, the ratio between primary-power and standards of living will be predicted with almost as great accuracy as are ocean tides.

To the men who are engaged in promoting it this revolution is thrilling. It has heroes of whom the crowds in motion-picture palaces seldom hear, but in their own world they are colossal figures before whom great men bow low. It has a vast and treasured literature, made up for the most part of little books and monographs and pamphlets, each of which goes all over the world and yet seldom attains a circulation of more than 2000 copies. There are also imposing monuments to both living and dead heroes who have struggled for this cause, but you will find most of them in or near workshops, seldom along boulevards or in public parks or cemeteries.

Not long ago I saw such a monument; it is a grim thing of steel and in shape suggests an enormous bottle; it stands on a stone base in front of a workshop and is designated A Monument to Courage. If you ask about it the workmen thereabouts will mention Bill Emmett. In their world he is as well known as Douglas Fairbanks is on Main Street or Broadway. He played a conspicuous part in the construction of the first 5000-horse-power steam turbine turned out by that shop. In its day it was an experiment; if failure had attended that effort the result would have been comparable to the loss of a key position in a decisive battle, but the carefully made plans worked; the turbine was a success, and now it stands before the shop as a monument to its builders. Incidentally Bill Emmett is very much alive and still on the job. In the scientific world one doesn't have to die in order to win a monument.

Knowledge is Horse Power

I THINK it would be safe to venture the surmise that at least half of those in workshops and laboratories commemorate the victories of living men. There is a very simple reason for this—mechanical and scientific achievements are tangible, exact and not to be destroyed by mere opinion. A statesman might win fame as a republican and later turn monarchist; a soldier might be the outstanding hero of one or more battles and later go over to the other side; a philosopher could desert his disciples and repudiate the theories that drew them to him. But it would make no difference what the inventors of the vacuum tube, the carburetor, or electric generators or transformers later said about them. They work. The job once done has immortality. The author can be a Republican, Democrat or Socialist, as his fancy dictates, without affecting in the slightest whatever he has snatched from the vast realm of the unknown and harnessed for the service of mankind.

The Heart of Cheap Power—Steam Turbine Wheels Under the Sand-Electrical Test That Solved the Explosion Riddle

However, since men are not given to erecting monuments for the commemoration of victories lacking in dramatic appeal, it is safe to surmise that somewhere in the course of its development the steam turbine must have impressed them as the symbol of a struggle against heavy odds toward a goal worth reaching, and that is precisely the case.

The story of the turbine has in it the elements of the best detective yarns, it savors of Jules Verne, and it is a vital point in the great revolution. Into it thousands of men have poured their labors and their skill. When these were not sufficient, genius itself was enlisted and commissioned to explore the unknown reaches of pure science in the hope of bringing back a precious fact or two that might, and eventually did, turn the tide. One corporation alone has spent $30,000,000 just in developing the steam turbine, charting the path ahead, making the machine larger, safer, easier to control, or more economical in its consumption of fuel. And still the work goes on, for this is a great war, not against any person or commonwealth, but for the liberation of elbows and the enfranchisement of brains. In this warfare an ancient aphorism has been

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THE GENERAL'S AIDE

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

TWO men emerged from the woods, bearing a third on a stretcher between them. They crossed the muddy road, shaping their course for an ambulance that stood there, its motor rumbling and a faint ribbon of cigarette smoke from the seat showing that the driver was in his place and ready to proceed. Another man was at the rear of the ambulance, closing and locking the tail gate and pulling down the rear curtain.

"Awright, Wally," called this man, "that fixes us."

"Git in," said the driver, "an' we'll fade outta here."

The two men with the stretcher quickened their pace.

"Hey," said the leading stretcher bearer. He did not call, but spoke the word, using a minimum of effort. Men who have to carry stretchers full of wounded for twenty-four or more hours at a shift are chary of their strength.

"Hey what?" asked the man at the rear of the ambulance.

"We got a passenger for yuh," replied the stretcher bearer.

The man at the rear of the ambulance turned. He was short, thickset, and slightly inclined to bow outward in the leg. His hair was red, and his face, burned by continual exposure to sun, rain, and wind above the canvas windshield of an ambulance, matched his hair in color.

Hence he was called Rooge, which is Franco-American for Red. "He ain't goin' this trip," said Rooge, surveying the man on the stretcher. "We ain't got no room."

"He's the only guy that's left," said the bearer, "an' the nurse says we should bring him out an' tell you fellers to take him."

"How we gonna take him?" demanded Rooge. "Put him on the roof or tie a rope round his neck an' hang him on the outside like a spare tire? Ain't yuh got no savvy? They's room for four in one o' these, two up an' two down, an' when them four is in, there ain't room for a coot to wiggle. Where yuh gonna put five?"

The driver leaned from the seat and looked back at the group by the rear end. "What's all this sewage?" he demanded.

"They got a guy here to go out," replied Rooge. "an' they claim we gotta take him."

"Well, don't stand argufyin' with 'em," snapped the driver. "There's only 'commodation for four, an' that settles it. Git in an' let's go."

"He's hit bad," said the stretcher bearer. "He'll pull a croak if he don't get out quick."

"Yeh, an' if he does anyway, the boys at the Evacuation buries him 'stead o' you."

"Well," said the bearer, "we gotta lot o' work to do takin' down tents an' the like o' that. This here hospital has got to move up about ten mile, an' we ain't got no time to look after no guy that's gettin' ready to croak. Ain't yuh got a man in there you can pull out an' come back an' git another trip?"

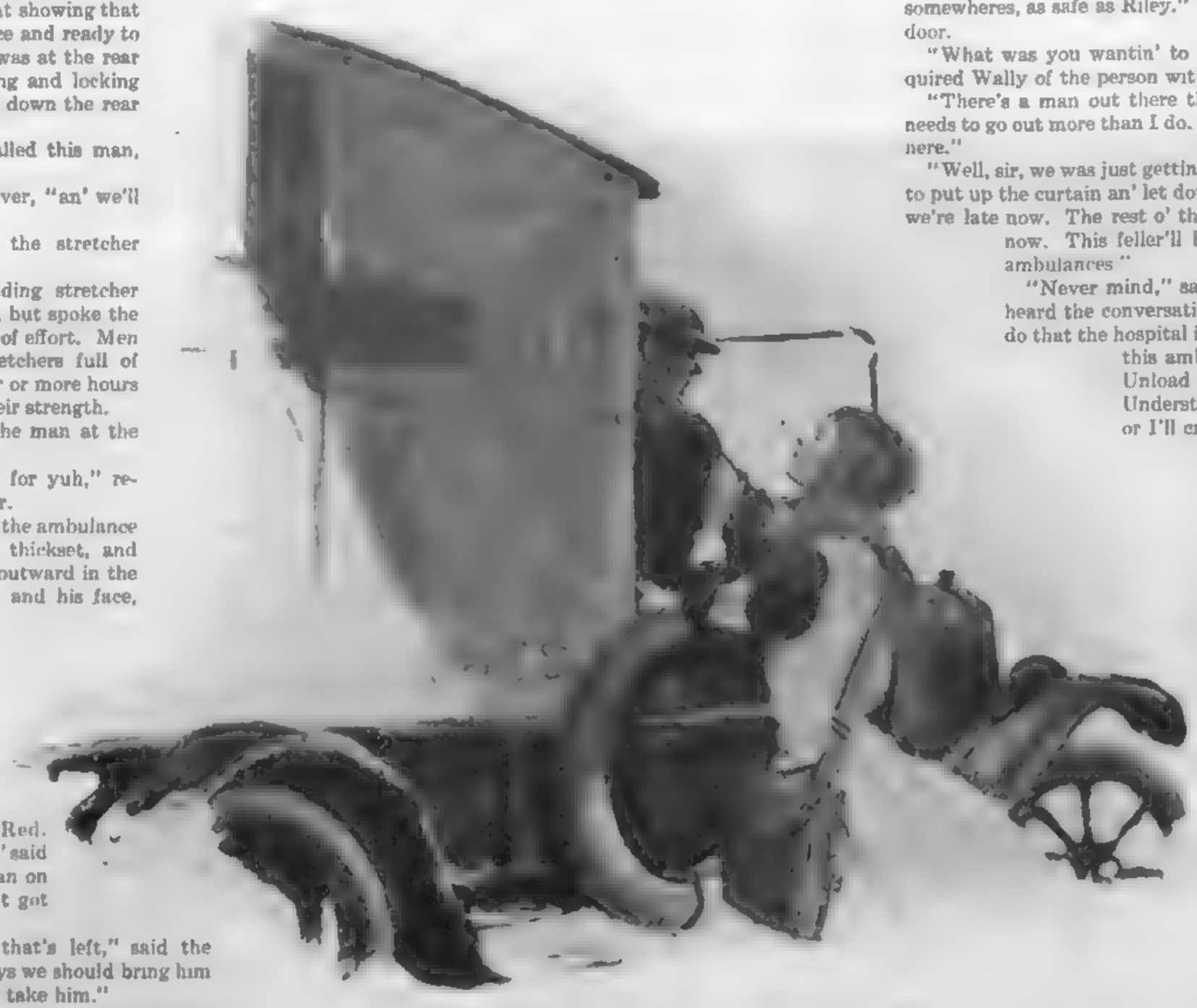
"No," said the driver with asperity; "because this is our last trip. We was ordered to come up here an' clean out this hospital o' wounded men, an' if you birds ain't got no more sense than to admit guys after your hospital's got orders to move, you c'n look out for 'em yourself. Git on, Rooge, or I'll go without yuh."

There was a sudden beating on the side of the ambulance. Thump, thump, thump, like the knocking on a door.

"Somebody wants to speak to yuh," remarked the stretcher bearer.

Rooge favored him with a look of disdain, and walking to the little door in the side of the ambulance behind the driver's seat, he opened it.

"What d'yuh want?" he demanded roughly.



"Tell Me," Panted the Nurse. "You're Comin' Back for Him, Aren't You?"

Those who watched noticed that Rooge then coughed in an embarrassed manner, and that his face grew a shade redder than it had been before. "Er—did you knock, sir?" continued Rooge.

"Yes," said a weak, yet chilly voice, "I did. Take me out of this ambulance."

"We ain't got time, sir," faltered Rooge. "We're on our way right now."

Here, Wally, the driver, who had been listening, made the motor roar. "Yuh see, sir?" asked Rooge.

"Take me out of here!" snapped the man in the ambulance. "You can understand a direct order, can't you? Roll up that curtain and unload me or take the consequences!"

Rooge turned and looked helplessly at the two stretcher bearers. Their behavior was singular. They had lowered the stretcher to the ground and had remained beside it in a crouching position, but as soon as they heard the voice from the interior of the ambulance they slipped off their shoulder slings and seemed about to flee.

"No, you don't!" cried Rooge. "Hey, Wally, these birds are tryin' to beat it an' leave this stiff on our hands!"

The driver promptly leaped over the canvas curtain, and he and Rooge pursued the bearers. The first one fled too rapidly, but the second one they seized and brought back. The man in the ambulance clamored.

"What's eatin' him?" asked Wally in an undertone.

"He craves unloadin'," said Rooge. "What do you two birds think you're gettin' away with, beatin' it off an' leavin' that guy in the mud? Then you could say we chucked him outta the ambulance, huh?"

"Naw," said the bearer, "but we know that there shavey that's yellin'. We been tryin' to get shut of him all morning. He's hit bad, an' no one wants he should croak on our hands, count he's addykong to some general. Don't unload him, just shut the door an' drive like hell."

"Yeh, that's good advice," remarked Wally, "only when we get to where we're goin', it's us that unloads this shavey an' maybe explains to Judge Duffy how come we don't obey a direct order. An' you birds away up in the Argonne somewheres, as safe as Riley." He walked up to the open door.

"What was you wantin' to be unloaded for, sir?" inquired Wally of the person within.

"There's a man out there that's badly wounded. He needs to go out more than I do. Unload me and put him in here."

"Well, sir, we was just gettin' ready to go an' we'd have to put up the curtain an' let down the tail gate an' all, an' we're late now. The rest o' the convoy is miles away by now. This feller'll be all right; there's other ambulances"

"Never mind," said the man within. "I've heard the conversation. I know as well as you do that the hospital is moving forward and that this ambulance is on its last trip. Unload me, or I'll have you tried. Understand? Put up that curtain or I'll crawl out this door!"

"Yessir," said Wally. "Rooge, open her up an' take out the lootenant."

Rooge and the remaining stretcher bearer then unbuttoned and raised the curtain, let down the tail gate, and to the accompaniment of squealing hooks, dragged out one of the bottom stretchers. They laid this in the road and looked at it sadly. Thereon, clothed in what had been an expensive uniform, was a young man wearing the insignia of a second lieutenant of cavalry, United States Army. One shoulder of the blouse had been cut away, together with the accompanying sleeve, revealing a mass of white bandage. The high blouse collar was still hooked about the officer's neck, however, and above its edge peeped an eighth of an inch of white collar. The marveling soldiers noticed that the Sam Browne belt was still in place, that the remaining sleeve was nicely creased down the center, and that the tumbled blanket revealed a boot and spur, which, muddy as it was, had been highly polished within the past twenty-four hours.

"Well, load up the other one," said Wally finally. "There's some of us got work to do an' we gotta be about it."

"Wait a minute," said the lone stretcher bearer, "'til my pardner comes back."

"What for?" cried Wally. "Ain't I got a orderly I been givin' a motor tour o' France to for the last year or so? Ain't he able to lift one end of a stretcher? Come on, Rooge, exercise your back muscles an' leave your jaw get a little rest. Bear up on your end o' the stretcher an' let's make smoke down this road."

Rooge inhaled a lungful of air to make fitting reply, but at that instant he observed the stretcher bearer step a little to the side and beckon vigorously. Wally at once stepped in that direction and Rooge, postponing what he had to say for the moment, stepped likewise.

"Where yuh got it?" inquired Wally, licking his lips thirstily. "Give us it quick, cause we're losin' time here."

"Listen," began the stretcher bearer in a hoarse whisper. "This here gilt-edge lootenant is aide to the Old Man o' the Mountain. He comes up here huntin' for a good boche dugout to have a P. C. or seekin' some outfit to devour an' turn in for untidy appearance, an' the boche socked him. He was two mile from the front line, but they musta seen him in all that brass and shoe leather an' he got one right at his feet. Zoom! Well, jus' kiddin' like, I suppose, they told him he didn't have no kind of a wound. So he thinks he ain't hurted none an' he won't go out if there's any enlisted men waitin' to go. We been loadin' an'

unloadin' him all mornin'. We thought he was gone long ago. He musta got Pete an' Hennesy to pull him outta the last wagon he was in."

"Maybe he's got a wife he don't want to go back to an' he's tryin' to commit suicide," suggested Rooge.

"Was you beckonin' to us," demanded Wally, "to give us a little shot or just a lot o' conversation? We got lots o' wounded to lug an' there's more customers bein' made for us every minute. If a guy don't want a ride with us, there's them that does. Time, tide, an' this here butcher cart waits for no shavetail. C'm on, Rooge, we go."

He turned on his heel, and followed by Rooge, walked to the stretcher on which lay the wounded enlisted man. Him they picked up and shoved into the ambulance with a resounding thump. Wally then mounted to his seat, while Rooge once more arranged tail gate and curtain for the trip out. He heard people coming down the path from the hospital, and turning, discovered that the other stretcher bearer had returned, accompanied by a companion. Rooge immediately busied himself with the curtain. He heard the two bearers pick up the lieutenant's stretcher and go squudging off up the muddy path with it. He heard feet coming across the road in his direction, and then a voice spoke:

"What made you unload that officer?"

Rooge looked up. A nurse stood there, looking at him with very evident vexation. She wore hobnails, putties, and probably the rest of the uniform of a soldier, but over this she had a nurse's uniform of coarse gray cotton, caked with chocolate-colored mud halfway up the skirt. She had on an untidy red sweater, badly in need of darning, and a muffler was wound round her neck and over her head, leaving only her face visible. On a street, or in a hospital at home, perhaps, a man might not give her a great deal of thought after a first glance. Her skin was fresh and clear, her eyes gray, and her features a reflection of the wholesome spirit behind them; but of fifty American girls, forty-nine would have given the same impression. Here, however, was not home, but the Argonne on a cold autumn morning.

Rooge gulped over his words. This was the first American girl to whom he had spoken in two years. He had seen others—nurses, telephone operators, Sallies, and what not—but they had never spoken to him; they had never come up and breathed on him and looked right into his eyes.

"What did you take him out for? Answer me!" insisted the nurse.

"Lady," gulped Rooge, "er—miss—er—ma'am! H'm. Lady, he's a officer, an' we gotta do what he says or it'll cost us two-thirds of a month's pay for a lotta months."

"But he's badly wounded!"

"Well, lady, that don't make no difference. He's a lieutenant, an' we ain't but bucks."

"Oh! Oh!" moaned the nurse, wringing her hands. "Now he'll die on us, and what can we do?"

"Don't feel bad," said Rooge, thinking to comfort her. "Them shaveys is expendable. If one or two is missin' here an' there they don't make yuh account for 'em!"

"Listen," said the nurse suddenly. "Can't you ——"

The motor of the ambulance began to roar and the wheels to turn. Rooge started to run toward the front of the ambulance. "I gotta go now, lady," said he diffidently. "This here Wally might make me hang on the back step an' ride standin' up all the way to Sewey, like he did the other day when I was makin' a cigarette an' didn't hear him holler."

The nurse, however, accompanied him, but she ran along the other side of the ambulance, so that when Rooge came to his seat he found the nurse on the other side, clinging to Wally's arm over the spare tire.

"Tell me," panted the nurse. "You're comin' back for him, aren't you?"

"Nope," said Rooge, feeling bolder, now that Wally was between him and the nurse. "This is the last trip for us. We're goin' over to the other side to Foor de Paree next."

"But you can't leave this man here in the woods all alone!" cried the nurse. "The hospital is moving up and he won't have anyone to look after him."

"Can't yuh stop a truck or somethin'?" asked Wally weakly.

"He should 'a' thought o' that before he got so brash about orderin' us to unload him," remarked Rooge.

"We can't stop trucks," said the nurse. "Suppose none come through here. This isn't a main road anyway."

Rooge hereupon nudged Wally forcefully in the ribs to intimate to him that it was time to move on, but the nurse was on Wally's side and she had hold of his arm with one hand and his wrist with the other. The hand that held his wrist was soft and cool, very cool, indeed, but not so cool that it should have made him shiver the way he did.

"I ain't got the authority, ma'am," stammered Wally. "This here ambulance don't belong to me. I gotta take it where I get orders to. Maybe I could tell some o' the fellars ——"

"C'm on," said Rooge; "c'm on. The motor's runnin' all the time an' we're wastin' gas here. We'd come back for him an' maybe get tried, an' then he'd be dead or maybe took out by somebody else before we was here."

"Listen to me," said the nurse earnestly. "This officer is aide to General Middleton. He's badly hit. He was brought in here this morning early by someone with a side car, and now we can't get him out. He won't go if he thinks he's taking an enlisted man's place. That's all right, but we haven't got time to fool with him. The hospital is moving up about ten kilometers and we're supposed to be out of here by noon. We'd be all right and all cleaned up except for him. What are we going to do? All the ambulances will be rerouted and we'll be left with this lieutenant on our hands. We can't leave him here in the woods to die. Can't you come back and get him?"

"Ow!" replied Wally. He bent over with a rueful countenance to rub his bruised shin.

(Continued on Page 132)

"I Knew You'd Come Back," She Said Cheerily. "We've Gathered Up a Few More for You Too"

THE GRIGSBY FORMULA

"I am Mr. A. A. Grigsby and I Would Like to See Somebody About Establishing an Account, or I Think You Call It"

By Robert S. Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

BY RIGHTS I should of passed up this guy Grigsby to somebody else that first day he blew into the office. Like in most Stock Exchange firms, an order clerk in Reilly & Wilson's ain't personally supposed to look after customers, only to handle their orders, and shoot them reports and quotes, and give them some kind of excuse that sounds good whenever they kick—which is ninety-nine times out of ninety-nine. So what I should of done with Grigsby was stick a lily in his hand and turn him over to one of these fish that calls themselves customers' men, after wishing him a clear day for the funeral and hoping he would look natural.

But it happens I didn't. It was only a couple of days after Reilly & Wilson had give me a boost in salary and put me in full charge of the order room, including the private wires, and maybe on account of that I was feeling cheesty Anyhow, when I found out this Grigsby wasn't just a tight-wad investor or an odd-lot piker, I got the snappy idea I would hang onto him for myself, and grab off the credit for what business he would do. The idea worked all right, too; and more would of come out of it, only woman's wiles, and so forth, finally broke up the ball game.

I was all set to go out to lunch this day when I seen the Grigsby egg push in through the door marked Customers and look around the room like he expected somebody would sandbag him. He had a sort of puckered face, with big goggles and a sharp beak, and his chest kind of grew in instead of out. You would of thought he didn't eat much, only you would of been wrong. That was how it was with Grigsby. If you expected to win on him you had first off to make a good guess and then play it to lose.

After he looked the place over for a minute or two he reached past me and poked Old Man Cook on the arm. Cook didn't have his hat on, and Grigsby must of thought he was somebody working for the house. Instead of that, old Cook is a hard-boiled crab that's been parking himself around our tickers every day since I been with the firm, and keeping me guessing where he finds all the money he loses. He would get the unanimous vote for Mr. America in any grouch contest he might go into, and I'll give odds his kicking average ain't been under a thousand any year since the panic of '73.

"Well, what do you want?" says Old Man Cook when he seen he didn't know this bird that was nudging him; and I heard the lad with the goggles say:

"Good morning, sir. I am Mr. A. A. Grigsby and I would like to see somebody about establishing an account, as I think you call it."

"Is that so?" says Cook. "Why?"

Grigsby blinked at him, kind of surprised, and finally he says, "Well, I intend to speculate in the stock market, sir."

"Oh, do you?" says Cook. "Why?"

Goggles took a second or two to think that over, and then he said, "I have a certain reason, sir."

"Maybe I could guess it if I tried hard," says the old crab, "but why don't you use your money to nominate a senator with? You could get rid of it nearly as fast that way."

"You Mean You Got a System?" I Asked Him

Grigsby used up a little time on that one, too, before he come back at Cook with, "I am not interested in politics at all. I expect to give my attention to movements in securities."

"Oh, well, then," says Cook, "if you have already sentenced yourself to play this game, I guess I can fix it so as nobody around here will try and stop you. This room is inhabited mostly by goats, but a donkey or two in it won't make any difference." Then he called out to me, "Larry, here's a man with a common complaint and needs treatment." So I went up and asked Grigsby could I do anything for him.

"Are you in a position of authority here, sir?" he says to me, very solemn.

"More or less," I told him. "It depends."

"Depends on what, sir?" he asks.

"On a number of things, sir," I said. "What was the subject of what you wanted to know about, sir?" He was so stiff with his words I thought I would be the same with him.

"Let me introduce myself," he says, and hands out a letter. It was from the Mechanics' Bank in a place called Shoalsville, saying Mr. A. Augustus Grigsby is every way ace high with them, and they are glad of a chance to tell the world he is.

"Fine," I told him. "What can we do for you?"

"This will serve for margin, as you call it," he says, and passes me a check. It was a cashier's check on the Wall Street National, and it was for five thousand.

"Finer still," I said; and right there was where I got the idea this party was going to be my customer and nobody else's. It wasn't the biggest account in the world, but it wasn't so little neither, and I thought I would like to see what I could do with it. So I called off my date with lunch and got Grigsby all fixed up with signatures and things, and while that was going on I was listening to him telling me all about Grigsby.

By the time he got through I was wise to at least two things. One was that this

"Wait!" I Yelled, and I Run Back and Fished Out the Order He Wrote. "That Says Buy, Don't It?" I Says, and Stuck It Up in Front of His Goggles

Grigsby didn't know how to laugh, or not even why it ought to be done. The other was that he was the real, original, white-haired boy of the well-known nut family. You meet plenty of them in the stock business, but this one was a ninety horse power plus, and then plus in addition to that.

By what he told me, it seemed Grigsby's old man had left him a lumberyard outfit up in this Shoalsville place, and he had been running it for his business ever since he come out of college. It was a good business, he said, but it didn't feel congenial to him, and the profits didn't pile in fast enough to let him spread out to something else he liked better. This other thing was to raise scientific pigs and eggs and cauliflowers and everything. Grigsby said he was going to make that his life's serious work, and he wanted to get started on it right away.

But he needed something like fifty thousand cash money to begin it right, and instead of selling out the lumberyard he decided it would be quicker and easier to run down to New York and flick the coin out of the stock market. As I said, he didn't have what you might call a sense of humor. He told me he had left a good man to run the lumber business while he was away, so now he had that off his mind, and didn't have nothing at all to do except to trim the market a couple of times a day and think up new styles for next season's meat and green groceries.

"It's a great idea," I told him when he got that far. "What are you going to do for a starter? I hear this Bethlehem Steel is likely to be good in the next day or so, and you might do worse than take on a little of that."

"Oh," he says, "I shall be guided entirely by the principles I have worked out for myself."

From that, of course, I knew the worst. "You mean you got a system?" I asked him.

"You might call it that," he says, "although it actually is a formula." And then he told me how he had been studying up on the stock market for as much as three months and had doped it all out so now he could make up a curve that would show just what was coming off in any stock at all.

I would of understood it better if he had used more American words when he was telling it, but it seemed he had found out a stock in the market was the same as a bullet you had fired out of a rifle. Somehow you counted up the weight it carried and its speed at the start, and after it got going you used log'rithms or something. That would tell you just where it would stop going up and begin coming down, and what form it would show any time, either going or coming, in the mud or on a fast track, win, lose or draw.

"It is really very simple," says Grigsby. "I have applied scientific principles and practices to the problem of determining the course of security prices. I have worked out a formula and proved it. The rest is only a matter of mathematics."

"Anybody can easy see what you mean," I said. "How did you get onto it?"

"With a mind trained in science," he says, "it was no trouble at all to discover the principles of price movements on the Stock Exchange."

"That's great work," I told him. "It ought to be a good system if it wins."

"I have tested it," he says. "The records of twenty stocks in the last two years show the formula was always right."

"What more could you want?" I said, and I let it go at that. You don't get anywheres arguing with a chart player as long as he's got a dollar left; and besides, I didn't know this one well enough yet to do anything but agree with him.

It's good business always to agree with customers anyhow, particularly the more cuckoo ones. But Grigsby probably would of gone on telling me more about his dope system, only just then Margie Deever floated in to bring him the cashier's credit memo for his check.

"Mr. Grigsby?" warbles Margie, very sweet, giving him the old high eyebrows and holding back the slip like she didn't know if he was the one ought to get it. I grabbed it away from her and give it to him.

"Receipt for your check," I says, but he was focusing on Margie and already looking a little red.

But Grigsby Didn't Pay Any Attention

"Oh, yes, of course," he says. "Thank you very much."

And the jane cuties him with "Oh, not at all, I'm sure, Mr. Grigsby," and exits girlishly.

"Who was that young lady?" Grigsby wants to know, and keeps looking at the door after she went out.

"That wasn't no young lady; that was a stenographer," I says, but it was a flop. Someways Grigsby put me in mind of Coolidge.

"Is she employed here every day?" he asks. "What is her name?"

"Miss Deever," I told him. "If you call her Margie for short she's liable to get peevish."

"I should think she would," he says. "She is very beautiful, isn't she?"

"They all get that way nowadays," I said. "Go out on Broadway any lunchtime and see for yourself."

"I wouldn't care to do that," says Grigsby. "Does Miss Deever live here in the city?"

"How would I know?" I says. "I'm married."

He had a little trouble with that, but finally he got it translated his own way. "Oh, I see," he says. "Naturally, it would be your wife who would know where the young lady lives, wouldn't it? I hope you will ask her and let me know."

You can understand that the more I thought about Grigsby after he went out, the more I could see he would soon be buying the Metropolitan Museum off of somebody if he was let run loose. It was a pipe that some gabby boy would pick him up and show him how to use his science dope to get control of the Standard Oil or something, and then the first thing I would know he would be paying commissions and losing his money in some other office than ours.

So I figured I would have to keep my hands on him somehow, and that brought me to thinking about how he had needed more air all of a sudden that afternoon as soon as he got the flash at our classy little queen of the keyboard. It looked like I might get some good out of that someway, and I went out to see if Margie was still there and watching the clock.

"Little one," I said to her, "anytime you need it, I'll give it out to the public that you worked fast on that lumberjack today. You got the first fall in less than thirty seconds by the watch."

"I haven't any idea what you're talking about," says Margie. "What did he say?"

"He thought he remembered you at first," I told her. "He thought you was his old nurse."

"You're such a scream," she says, "and I can see now why you ain't on the stage. So many people would die laughing at you that the police would close up the show."

"Grigsby wouldn't be one of them," I said. "He ain't laughed since he found out his old folks only left him a million dollars."

"Are you kidding?" she says.

"He's increased it since. But why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. I'm just full of idle curiosity."

"Listen, princess," I said, "except for his looks, this Grigsby has got only one drawback, which is that his name is Augustus. Of course that's a little bit of tough luck, but otherwise

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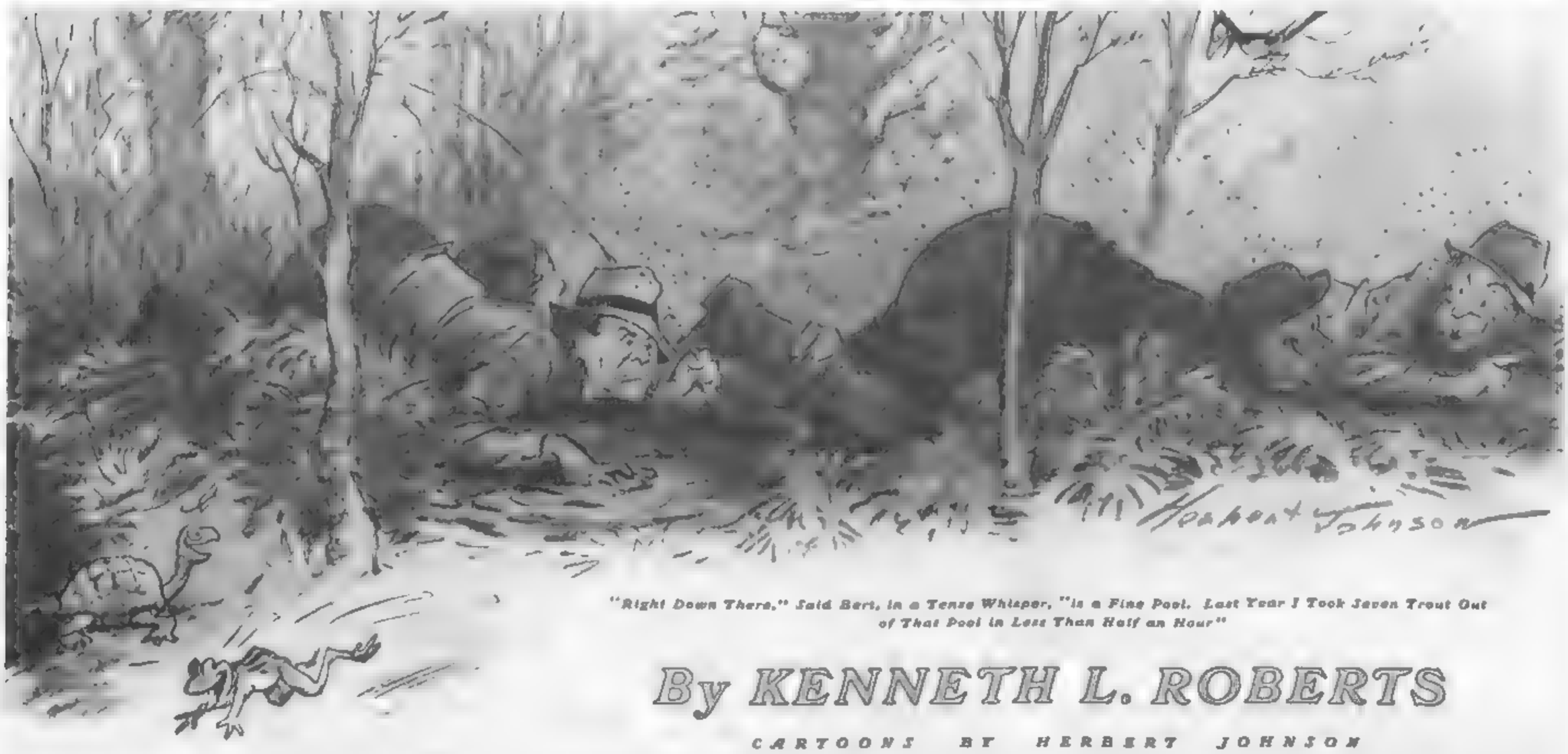
"I Can See Now Why You Ain't on the Stage. So Many People Would Die Laughing at You That the Police Would Close Up the Show"

The Trail of the Lonesome Trout



"Right Down There," Said Bert, in a Tense Whisper, "is a Fine Pool. Last Year I Took Seven Trout Out of That Pool in Less Than Half an Hour"

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

IT IS probable that fishermen, as a class, are the kindest-hearted persons in the world. They will gladly share their favorite fishing grounds and their fisherman's luck, which is usually bad, with any person who has won their confidence and affection. The more they like a person, the readier they are to share their bad luck with him, and all of them have plenty of it to share.

Fishing, and trout fishing in particular, is strangely reminiscent of Florida and California climate, in that it is seldom what its adherents wish and expect it to be at any given time. Three weeks ago these things—according to the persons who are in a position to know a great deal about them—may have reached the very apex of perfection. Next month, of course, they may be depended on to be without parallel or blemish. But at the given moment they are almost never correct.

The weather, in California and Florida is almost invariably the hottest or the coldest or the wettest or the driest weather that has been observed by any resident at any time anywhere. Similarly, fish of all sorts in all parts of the country, when fished for, behave in a manner never before observed by the most expert and experienced fish specialists of the neighborhood. Every year they get more and more that way. In the old days a fisherman went out and caught fish. Today he goes out and catches little except apologies for the unusual manner in which the fish are behaving.

If personal observation counts for anything, American fish of all breeds, races and nationalities—with the possible exception of the Japanese double-fan-tailed goldfish—are becoming so morbidly shy that the shrinking sea anemone and the delicate sensitive plant are as tough-hided and impervious by comparison as a piece of hollow tile.

Some Ready-Made Excuses for No Fish

MODERN fish, for example—as everybody knows who has been taken on a fishing trip by a friend—are violently and usually unpleasantly affected by the wind, the sun, the ripples on the water, the heat, the cold, the rain, the high water, the low water, the humidity, the dryness or the color of the fisherman's shirt. If the water is slightly discolored by recent rains, they are inclined to reject all bait with the utmost enthusiasm. If the water is crystal clear, then their keen eyes detect the knots in the catgut leader to which the hook is attached and cause them to ignore the bait with passionate contempt. Sometimes it seems to the exasperated fisherman as though the fish were stubbornly determined to withhold their approval from the fairest works of God and man.

No authoritative steps have ever been taken to ascertain the reasons for the constantly growing capriciousness and neuroticism of American fish. Consequently the blame may readily be placed, if desired, on prohibition, or the spiritual unrest that resulted from the war, or the ever-increasing tumult and speed of the jazz and motor age, or what have you.

Such steps would doubtless be of great value to civilization—as valuable, possibly, as the steps that are frequently taken by self-sacrificing scientists in commodious steamers and yachts to investigate the causes of nearsightedness in the viviparous blenny or the prevalence of the itch among the flounder family. It is probable, however, that they will never be taken because of the delusion obtaining among fishermen that whenever they have bad luck it is always infinitely worse than any bad luck they have ever had before or ever will have again.

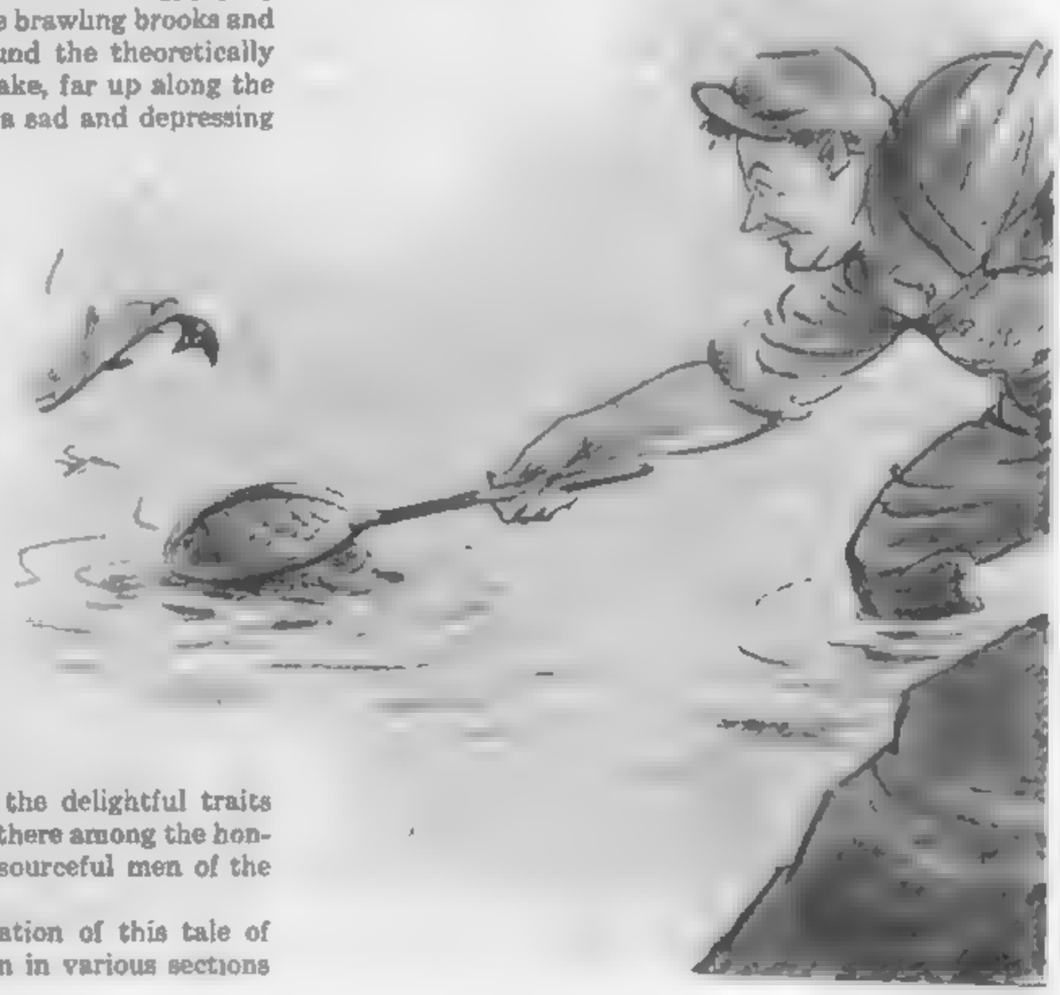
The Faith of True Fishermen

SOME time ago, in an incautious moment, I set forth through the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a terse and veracious narrative concerning the adventures of four optimistic trout hunters who went a-gypsying among the meads and the leas and the brawling brooks and the great North Woods that surround the theoretically fish-filled waters of Canoodlekook Lake, far up along the Canadian border. All in all, it was a sad and depressing tale of high adventure—high, it might be remarked, in the sense that game becomes high when it is hung by the hind legs in a woodshed for three or six weeks in order to gratify an epicure's slightly warped idea of toothsomeness.

It was a tale of fish that wouldn't bite and of black flies and midges that would; of mattresses stuffed with corn husks, old tin cans and worn-out automobile parts; of shower baths that wouldn't shower and sterling big-hearted guides who forgot the bait and failed to remember to pick up the fish baskets, and couldn't guide themselves or anyone else to spots where fish could be caught, and otherwise displayed the delightful traits that are occasionally encountered up there among the honest, keen-eyed, sure-footed, silent, resourceful men of the great North Woods.

Immediately following the publication of this tale of high adventure an army of fishermen in various sections of the United States and Canada indignantly took pen in hand to protest against this defamation of their favorite pastime. There were protests from Maine, Florida and California, from Michigan, Arizona and Texas, from New Brunswick and British Columbia, and from sundry intermediate points. The tenor of the communications was that one only needed to place himself in the hands of the protesters in order to catch all the fish in the world, plus six. One could see from the letters and telegrams that the senders knew no more about bad luck than they did about political parties on the lost continent of Atlantis, concerning which nobody knows anything at all.

Being more or less of an optimist by nature, and being reluctant to dismiss these protests with a cold and heartless laugh, I took steps to investigate a few of them. Being, furthermore, a New Englander by birth and training, as well as a believer



in the encouragement of home industries, I naturally inclined toward investigating the protests that necessitated the smallest expenditures for train fares and what not. Prominent among the protests had been a verbal protest from my house-building friend—Raymond Grant, of Kennebunk—who recently attained a certain amount of prominence, not to say notoriety, in New England by aiding and abetting Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, the one-handed putting champion of the Pacific Coast, in placing a blue roof on my Kennebunk Beach residence.

Raymond had evidently been brooding over my attack on the noble sport of trout fishing for some time, and his indignation reached the bursting point one beautiful May morning while perched at the top of a ladder with a mouthful of shingle nails.

"Wah wubble wuh wuh wuh wuh wubble wuh wuh wub," said Raymond, glaring down at me darkly. When pressed to be more explicit, he ejected the shingle nails from his mouth and said heatedly, "I say, the trouble with you is you don't know where to go. My gorry, there's as good fishing twenty minutes from here as you'd want to find. My wife went out one afternoon last year and caught eleven in less'n an hour. Bill Stanley, he ketches 'em whenever he wants to. Some day when you want to ketch a good mess, we'll take and g'wup there and ketch 'em."

The upshot of this outburst was that Raymond got down off the roof and went home to get his fishing tackle, taking with him his coworker, Mr. Roger Hill, whose carpentering services were urgently required in three different places that afternoon. Since he could be in only one of the places, it seemed better to him and to Raymond that he should disappoint everyone in order to demonstrate the fishing resources of the neighborhood.

Nice Places for Fish

I CALLED for them at their homes a little later, and on the way I encountered Mr. Charles Cole, one of our most prominent experts on partridges and wild life in general. Thinking to balance his fish lore against Raymond's, I questioned him searchingly concerning the best places to fish for trout.

"Oh, there's plenty of places to fish around here," replied Charley genially; "lots of pretty nice places—as nice places to fish as anybody'd want to see. Oh, yes! Sure! But s'far's I know, there ain't any fish in 'em. Heh-heh-heh-heh!"

Raymond, however, was more sanguine. "Now," said he briskly, "we'll take and g'wup to Alewive Brook and fish that—some fellers took a two-pound trout out of there a couple of weeks ago; and then we'll g'wover to Knight's Brook and fish that, and then we'll swing around past Whichers' and fish Perkins' Brook down as far as the bridge."

These things were done as planned. The banks of Alewive Brook were heavily overgrown with willows, arrow grass, thistles, skunk cabbage and a particularly virile form of grass that seemed to have been created for the special purposes of catching tenaciously in the tips of fishing rods and thrusting itself loosely into the eyes, ears and underwear of angry fishermen whenever they paused to free their fishing-rod tips.

First Find the Brook

SOMETHING was wrong with Alewive Brook, in the opinion of Raymond and Roger, for the most diligent and careful fishing failed to uncover any fish. Raymond thought the scarcity of fish was due to the fact that the wind was in the north, while Roger was inclined to blame it on the faintly reddish color of the water. Neither of them seemed inclined to attach any importance to the worn, trampled and moth-eaten spots along the banks of the brook, where vast numbers of citizens had obviously taken their stands for the purpose of luring the wily trout from their chosen haunts. Both of them agreed, however, that neither they nor anybody else had ever experienced such evil luck in Alewive Brook.

Consequently the party progressed to Knight's Brook, which ran for great distances beneath ancient decayed logs and tree trunks, so that it was a simple matter to keep slipping between the logs and falling down with great enthusiasm. Better luck was had in this brook, where Roger caught one small eel and a trout measuring the merest whisker over six inches in length. Great care had to be taken of this trout. It had to be moistened constantly to prevent the selvage on its tail end from drying. The slightest amount of drying would have resulted in the shrinkage of the trout to a lesser length than six inches, and would almost inevitably have embroiled us with the game warden. In spite of this good luck, the brook was harshly maligned by Raymond and Roger, who placed the blame for the paucity of trout on the low water or something.

The party then dragged itself wearily but hopefully to the automobile, sped onward five or six miles, parked the automobile by the roadside, walked half a mile over a sandy waste that entered the shoes in large quantities, and descended to a marshy tract so heavily overgrown with alders that progress through them could be made only by turning one's back on them, stooping slightly and wriggling one's self sternly into them.

It Was Also Mr. Williams' Contention That If a Person Can't Catch Trout, He Either Doesn't Know Where to Go or He Can't Catch Them Anywhere

The fact that the brook had lost itself in the alders and the swampy ground led to frequent altercations between Raymond and Roger.

"Where's the brook?" demanded the first fisherman at intervals.

"Well, it ought to be right here," the second fisherman stated helplessly, drawing a bottle of citronella from his pocket and dislodging the mosquitoes from his person long enough to smear himself with the pungent oil.

"Well, it ain't!" the first declared, sinking to his knees in the swamp and struggling to regain his footing.

"Wasn't that it you fell into?" the other inquired anxiously.

"No, it wan't," the first stated. "It was a puddle."

The party then labored on through the alders, panting and groaning with sufficient violence to frighten all trout within earshot out of several years' growth.

"She's growing wetter," stated the first fisherman, after falling down heavily and burying his nose, hands, rod and reel in the mud.

(Continued on Page 194)

"Heh-Heh-Heh!" Said the General. "Get Out of the Way and I'll Catch Another!"

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

Rome Begins—By F. Britten Austin

Hushed Now Were Those Taunts and Insults. Once More the Goddess Was Manifest Among Them

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

"Beware the Vengeance of the Gods to Whom Ambassadors are Sacred! Sacred are the Ambassadors! Back! Back! Or I Smite!"

RHEA, the sacred Virgin, walked austerely beautiful in the procession ascending to the great earthwork place of refuge on the hill known immemorially as the Mons Palatinus. At the head of that procession, her father, the *rex*, a crown of golden oak leaves on his brow, his face reddened with vermilion even as was reddened the image of mighty Jove, stood spear in hand in the chariot which was his exclusive prerogative—an archaic survival from a forgotten migratory past when horse-taming warriors had not yet learned to ride as cavalry. Following the solemnly slow progress of that vehicle walked the Flamen Dialis—the semimagician high priest of this primitive community—wearing, as he must wear, the Jupiter-sacred woolen cap surmounted by an oaken spike, his hair and beard growing long and untrimmed, his garments carefully free from any knot, lest, sympathetically, his powers should thus be curtailed or hindered in their action for the common weal.

Behind him—clad in white woolen robes so voluminous that a part of them could be and was thrown over the head like a hood, girdled with the rope that bound them in magically effective symbol to the celibate service of Vesta, goddess of the hearth flame and most ancient of divinities—two of the three sacred Virgins—not yet was their number six, for not yet had infant Rome commenced to absorb conquered tribes—Rhea and shy little Flavia advanced side by side on the rough track. And behind them stumbled the third—her hood flung back in ignominy from her dark hair, divested of her rope girdle, her white robe torn and deliberately soiled, her hands bound at her back—she who was the cause of this procession; Gaia, who, reckless of the public calamity, had broken her vows.

From the waiting throngs of bearded herdsmen, from the women and children who with them had issued from the circular wattled huts, came curses and vituperations. The normal awesome sanctity of the Vestal Virgins, so extreme that the condemned criminal accidentally meeting one of them could not thereafter be slain, had temporarily been destroyed by that guilt. The goddess, whom throughout all the centuries of Rome no man dared to represent by any kind of image, no longer flamed upon her dedicated hearth. The sacred fire had ritually been extinguished, as had been extinguished—amid lamentations from the women—the house fire in every hut. The outraged divinity had been prudently and tactfully exiled from the village, lest in well-justified wrath she should avenge herself blindly, in wholesale fashion, for the as yet unexpiated crime. As the inhabitants swarmed up the hillside track in rear of that solemn little procession they exulted vindictively over the death which yesterday had been meted out to Gaia's sacrilegious lover.

And now Gaia herself was about to die. Rhea could hear behind her the little convulsive gasps of sickened fear, the little, pitiful, hopeless moans, from her who had been the merriest of that triple sacred sisterhood. The poignancy of that human pathos penetrated Rhea's heart, even though, in cold religious rectitude, she strove to exclude the pity it was a crime to admit; very young to die was Gaia. In her own untroubled chastity of soul, saturated with ancestral beliefs and practices deriving from far beyond the horizon of her personal life, the frailty of that sister Vestal was at once beyond comprehension and beyond pardon. Austerely conscious, with a naïve sincerity, of the sacredness she incarnated was Rhea, the youngest and most beautiful daughter of the *rex*. Never would she be led home a bride, under the uplifted spear of a newly authoritative bridegroom; never would she know the bliss of motherhood; never to her, as to other maids, would be whispered love vows in shadows cast by the moon. She accepted with a subtle ecstasy that exclusion from the vulgar happinesses of a humanity on a lower plane than herself. Untouchably sacred must be those selected virgins to whose pure guardianship were committed not only the all-important divine communal hearth fire but also the carefully well-filled symbolical store cupboard of the state.

Had not the Flamen Dialis, after the pronouncement of the solemn inviolable vows, addressed her, as he addressed each new Vestal, as "*amata*"—henceforth the set-aside beloved of the goddess, to whom no mortal man might presume? Old stories there were, indeed—she had heard them at her mother's knee—of Vestal Virgins who had been loved by Mars, the terrible war god, still retaining some of his primitive characteristics as a god of springtide growth, and therefore an appropriate mate for Vesta, goddess of fertility as well as of the household hearth. Such unions were plainly sanctioned, were almost to be expected; for the priestesses of Vesta were, as anciently were the sacred servants of every god, in some sort a vehicle for the deity to whom they were dedicated, and far-off half-legendary kings had been born from them. Often, alone together when the village had relapsed into the silence of night, Rhea, Flavia and Gaia had whispered to each other, half afraid, half yearningly, of the possibility of the great god coming to them as they lay asleep beside the sacred fire. But Gaia's lover had been young Fabius, the patrician, he who so boldly led bands of his *clientes* to raid the cattle of the Sabini on the adjacent hill, where Mars was worshiped under the title of Quirinus. Nothing but death for both could expiate that abhorrent sacrilege which endangered the very existence of the community. Nor had Gaia protested. No protest was possible. She had but wept piteously.

The procession passed round the sacred clear space outside the earthwork—Rhea's grandfather himself had traced its site with the bronze plow drawn by the ritual bullock and the cow—entered through the single gate-the square citadel long remembered as *Roma Quadrata*. In the center was the *templum*, merely the crudely carved vermilion-smeared oaken image of the great god Jupiter, a bedraggled captive eagle—an embodiment of the god—chained to the post. In front of it was the altar on which sacrifices were offered by the *rex*, himself an incarnation of Jupiter, assisted by the Flamen Dialis, who duplicated, though with lesser sanctity, his sacerdotal rôle. Otherwise, the great space was empty. Only in time of unfortunate war might the people flock to dwell within the stronghold—the *arx*, as it was called—which safeguarded the buried symbols magically assuring their political entity.

The *rex* drove his team to the side of the image of the god, sat himself down on the chariot stool—that curule seat which was hereafter to be the ritual throne of the kings, consuls and emperors of Rome. The Flamen Dialis took up his position at the other side of the god, the sacred Virgins adjacent to him. Out in the open Gaia stood pinioned, white-faced, pathetically large-eyed, rigid with anticipatory terror. Spearmen of the *rex* guarded her—not yet had the Etruscan fashion of lictors, with the ax tied in the bundle of rods, been introduced by kings of alien blood. Around the space the tribesmen massed themselves; the *patricii*, members of clan-chief families who had participated generations back in that now almost legendary sacred-springtide emigration from the overcrowded parent community of Alba Longa, mirroring itself in the Alban Lake high up in the horizon hills; and the *plebs*, the multitude of common men who had attached themselves to their leadership.

Rhea surveyed that assembly, *patricii* and *plebs* alike, with disdainful eyes. Presently, when the expiatory act was terminated, there would be a renewal of their Vestal sanctity, and the insulting shouts, the now-licensed irreverent taunts, would cease. Once more men would shrink back in awe from a contact that would be synonymous with sacrilege and death; once more she and her companions would be venerated as the quasi-divine guardians of the all-important sacred flame. Now, however, the tribesmen availed themselves to the full—it was almost ritual that they should do so—of their temporary freedom to scream vituperations.

In all that throng that pointed and jeered there was only one small group which stood in seemly silence, their quiet behavior conspicuous by the contrast. It was a group of men garbed in foreign dress, standing respectfully behind a young warrior, superb in a great crested helmet of bronze, a gilt cuirass blazing upon his chest, who was evidently a chief. Rhea recognized them. They were an

embassy from that strange and comparatively highly civilized people dwelling north of the Tiber—that still enigmatic people whom we know as Etruscans, but who called themselves Raseni, the settled descendants of pirate raiders from Lydia in far-off Asia Minor. Yesterday had they arrived, and not until the flame of Vesta burned once more upon the hearth of the community would her father, the *rex*, venture to negotiate with them

There was a sudden silence. The expiation ceremony had begun. The Flamen Dialis was intoning an invocation to that indwelling specific spirit of their primitive city whose mysterious secret name—was it Valentia or Angerona?—throughout the history of Rome, might never be pronounced, lest enemy magicians should possess themselves of it and pervert it to her ruin. In front of the oaken image men were digging a grave with pick and spade—the grave into which Gaia would descend alive. Unthinkable was it that sacred blood should be shed; the defaulting Virgin could but be returned to that primevally ancient earth goddess, vaguely confused with a long-buried Great Mother of the infancy of humanity, whose most important functions of fire making and fertility were specialized in their comparative civilization as *Mater Vesta*. Thus, technically, the Vestal was not slain, and might therefore be buried—as no corpse might be buried—within the walls; with the advantage that henceforth her spirit would haunt them in additional guardianship. Quite practical in their intentions were all the myriad subtleties of primitive religious practice.

Deathly white and trembling violently, Gaia stood between the spearmen of the *rex*. Her wide-open eyes stared fixedly at the diggers, as though she were in a dream, as though she could not believe in the pitiless reality of their purpose. The Flamen Dialis continued to invoke divinities. The grave was finished; the diggers stood aside from it resting on their tools. Majestically the *rex* descended from his chariot. Draped in his woolen robe, the spear in his right hand, he stood before the image of Jupiter, the father god, hailing him to witness and confirm that *patria potestas* of the king—that illimitable life-and-death power of a Roman father over his children—to which alone the Vestal Virgins, immune from every other law, were subject.

Rhea stood side by side with Flavia, listening to the sonorous words of the doom pronounced, "according to the custom of our ancestors," by that imposingly stern, bearded warrior king whose *imperium* was absolute. The younger maid—Flavia was not yet quite seventeen—gasped hysterically, trying to stifle the irresistible sobs that were not allowed to her; appallingly impious would have been grief at this act which purified the whole community of the guilt with which it had been contaminated.

Rhea stood rigid, gripped by the cold-blooded horror of this punishment, which awaited her and Flavia also should they be faithless to their vows, trying not to remember the myriad little human intimacies which, in their long years of sacred service together, had knitted her life with Gaia's in a more than human sisterhood, conscientiously forcing herself to remember only the appalling enormity of that crime for which there was no pardon; which her own shocked sacred purity could not even extenuate.

In a shuddering fascination she found herself staring at the victim, already virtually severed from the community of human life, staring and wondering at the sensations unimaginably awful behind that dead-white countenance which strained forward, the jaw chattering, in a last agony of yet briefly retained existence. The *rex* turned from the image of the god, raised his spear. From the multitude came a great acquiescent shout: "*More majorum!*" In a sudden overwhelming, almost physical, revulsion Rhea averted her eyes from the doomed girl even as the executioners approached her. She saw, desperately, only vivid blue sky as, pressing her lips tightly together, she heard the wild despairing shriek—the succession of shrieks that were suddenly half smothered, and then suddenly ceased.

The dreadful deed was done. In place of Gaia, vanished beneath the stamped-down earth, a new Vestal—since each of the three primitive tribal divisions of the earliest Roman people must have its representative at the communal hearth—had been chosen by the Flamen Dialis. The little white-garbed maid—she was not yet ten years of age, as immutable sacred custom decreed—had been exhorted by him in solemn adjuration, had with childishly quavering voice pronounced her vows of perpetual innocence, had been ritually addressed as "*amata*"—the beloved of the goddess. Rhea and Flavia had received her with the ritual kiss, the sentimental Flavia now weeping unrestrainedly while she did so.

And then, once more, the sacred fire had been rekindled in the prescribed manner. As the senior of the Sacred Virgins—for nearly ten years now had she served the goddess—it was Rhea who knelt to hold upon the ground the little plank of soft lucky wood in which a small hole had already been prepared. Within that hole the Flamen Dialis, to the accompaniment of mystic invocations, rapidly twirled a rod of harder wood until the plank smoked and burst into flame, even as, incomputable ages earlier, men had first learned the trick of making fire. That kindled plank had been put into a bronze sieve, and its first feeble flames fed with the oak chips which were, sacredly, Jupiter himself.

Amid the enthusiastic joy of the multitude Rhea rose to her feet, lifted that bronze sieve high above her head, so that all might see the smoke curling from it. Then, still holding it high, she commenced to walk around the assembly, the procession forming itself anew behind her. Hushed now were those taunts and insults. Once more the goddess was manifest among them. Once more the Vestals were inexpressibly sacred. A murmur of veneration went in a wave of subdued sound round the square, coincident with their passage; and men, women and children abased themselves like corn going down before the wind, as Rhea, with head thrown back and white arms raised in support of the smoking sieve, preceded, beautiful as a goddess herself, her two companions chanting the litany of Vesta. Wherever her eyes swept over that multitude they met only suddenly averted faces; children and women and men, even the fiercest of the bearded warriors, raising their hands and turning their heads in the awed gesture of refused vision; for none might, at close quarters, directly gaze upon her now especially intense sacredness as the bearer of the goddess herself.

She approached the little group which was the Etruscan embassy, saw, dazzlingly reflecting the sunshine from the vivid blue sky, the great bronze helmet, the gilt cuirass, of that superb young man who was their chief; son, so rumor had it, of a king who dwelt to the northward in an immense stone house, amid an incredible luxury of fantastic riches.

The sun flash from that great crested helmet deep over his face went straight in her eyes, almost blinded her for a moment, as he turned his head toward her. He refused—she perceived it with a shock of incredulous indignation—that respectful gesture of the head and hand which was universal around him, stood insolently erect, staring straight at her.

She saw—she could not help but see—his dark-eyed, thin-nosed, clean-shaven countenance, handsome as that of a god; saw it with a queer little spasm of superstition, for of divine race also were, notoriously, the chieftains of that alien, hostile people, skilled above all peoples in strange magics. Young he was, tall, and athletically well built, splendidly audacious as, from the flashing magnificence of his accouterments, he contemplated her deliberately. Even with such arrogance—the thought darted into her outraged amazement—might dare to stand the invulnerable god of war himself. With an effort she took her momentarily fascinated eyes from his face, heard, as she did so, his insolent voice come at her, piquant with a strange accent, but speaking her own tongue.

"Ho, Virgin!" he cried. "Fair thou art! If thou wilt dare the fate of thy sister Vestal—behold, here is thy lover!"

She passed on in silence; suddenly seeing nothing in that shock which was as though the divine lightning had sped through her; the leveled ground seemed uneven to her tread; almost she let fall the sacred sieve, now warm with the smoking presence of the goddess. Instantly behind her there was uproar

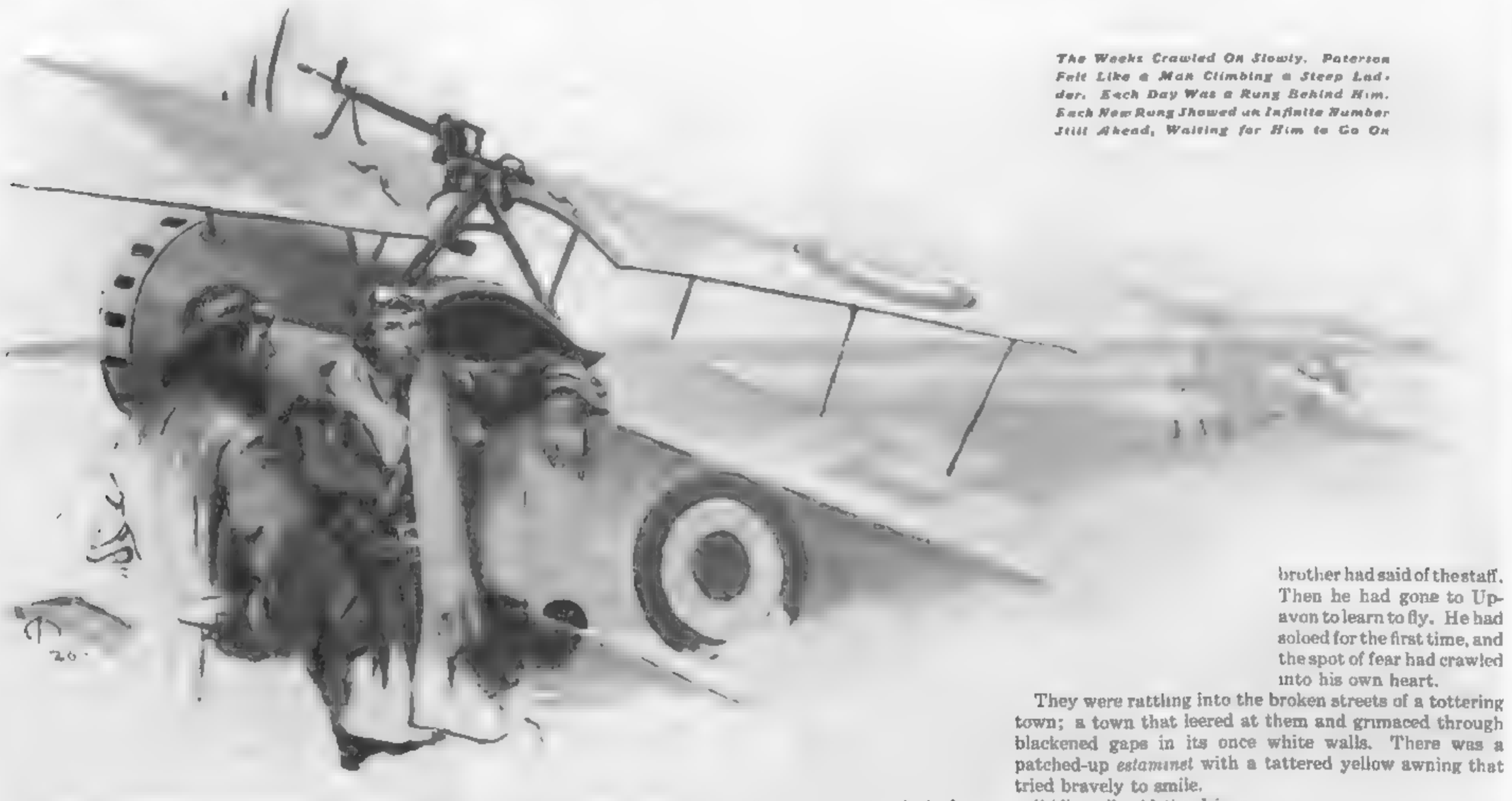
(Continued on Page 174

Surely Greater Warrior Never Lived! Nobly Did He Incarnate the God of Rome

FEAR

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING



The Weeks Crawled On Slowly. Paterson Felt Like a Man Climbing a Steep Ladder. Each Day Was a Rung Behind Him. Each New Rung Showed an Infinite Number Still Ahead, Waiting for Him to Go On

IT WAS a little spot, that fear, but it had ached in his heart for months—ever since his first solo flight at Upavon Airdrome. It had come suddenly one morning like the clean, pink hole of a steel jacketed bullet—a wound to be ashamed of—a wound to fight against—a wound that never quite healed. Always it was there to throb and to pinch like the first faint gnawing of cancer. It came with him to the theater and rankled his mind: "Enjoy this—it may be your last play." It crept into his throat at meals sometimes, and took away the poor savor that was left to the foods of wartime.

The fear of the men who fly. Sometimes he pictured it as an imp—an imp that sat eternally on his top plane and questioned him on the strength of rudder wires, pointed to imaginary flaws in struts, suggested that the petrol was low in the tank, that the engine would die on the next climbing turn.

It was with him now as the tender that was to take him up to his squadron jolted and bounced its way across the *pavé* on the outskirts of Amiens. The squadron was the last place he had to go to. All the months that were gone had led up to this. These were the wars at last. This was the place he would cop it, if he was to cop it at all.

He shrugged. Anyway, he had had his four days in London and his ten days idling at Pilot's Pool before the squadron sent for him. He braced one shoulder against the rattling seat and reached in his tunic pocket for a cigarette. Mechanically he offered one to the driver. The man took it with a grubby finger.

"Thankee, sor-r."

He nodded and lighted both cigarettes with the smudge of his pocket lighter. Anyway, he was not flying up to 44. That was one fight saved. Funny, that fear—how it came and went like the throb of a nerve in an open tooth. Sometimes the spot was large, and filled his whole being; then again it would shrink to a dull ache, just enough to take the edge from the beauty of the sunrise and the sparkle from the wine of the moon.

There had been a time when it had jumped in every fiber of his soul. He had been a cadet officer then, with only twelve solo hours in the air, under the old rough-and-tumble system of learning to fly. Spinning at that time was an unsolved mystery to him, a ghastly mystery that had meant quick death in a welter of blood, flecked with splinters. Fred McCloud had gone that way, and Johnny Archamboult. For weeks afterward, Johnny's screams had rung in his ears like a stab of pain, until the mere smell of petrol and fabric dope made the fear crawl into his throat and strangle him. Somehow he had kept on with the rest, under the merciless scourge that lashed one on to fly—and the worse fear of seeing cold scorn in the eyes of the men who taught the lore of thin cloud miles.

The tender twisted and dodged along the hard mud ribbon that ran like a badly healed cicatrix across the pock-scarred face of the fields. Gnarled and bleak, they were fields that had held the weight of blood-crazed men—still held them in unmarked graves, where they had fallen the year before under the steel flail. He had heard stories from his older brother about those fields—the laughing brother who had gone away one day and returned months later without his laugh, only to go away again, not to come back. He had seen pictures in the magazines —— But somehow no one had caught their utter bleakness as he saw it now.

The riven boles of two obscene trees crouched and argued about it on the lead-gray horizon, tossing their splintered arms and shrieking, he fancied, like quarreling old women in the lesser streets of a village. Close to the roadway, there was a torn shoe and a tin hat flattened like a crushed derby. Poor relics that even salvage could see no further use in. Farther off, a splintered caisson pointed three spokes of a shattered wheel to the sky, like a mutilated hand thrown out in agony. He was seeing it for himself now.

No one could smile at the cleanness of his uniform again and say, "Wait till you get out. When I was in France ——" He was out himself now. In a day or so he would go over the line with loaded guns. His instructors at the training 'drome—thin-jawed men with soiled ribbons under their wings—had done no more, and some of them had done less. The thought braced him somewhat. They had seemed so different—so impossible to imitate—those men. Their war had always been a different one from his; a war peopled with vague, fearless men like Rhodes-Moorehouse and Albert Ball and Bishop, the Canadian; men who flew without a thought for themselves.

It occurred to him with a start that theirs was the same war as his now. Twenty-five miles ahead of him, buried somewhere in rat runs, between Bapaume and Cambrai, it went on and on, waiting for him to come—waiting to claw and maim and snuff him out when he did come. It had seemed so far away from him in England. When he was at ground school he had seen it as a place where one did glorious things—he was young, pitifully young—a place that one came back from with ribbons under one's wings, with nice clean scratches decently bandaged. And he had been slightly offended at his brother's attitude—at the things his brother had said of the staff. Then he had gone to Upavon to learn to fly. He had soloed for the first time, and the spot of fear had crawled into his own heart.

They were rattling into the broken streets of a tottering town; a town that leered at them and grimaced through blackened gaps in its once white walls. There was a patched-up *estaminet* with a tattered yellow awning that tried bravely to smile.

"Albert," said the driver.

The new pilot nodded. Some sapper officers were loitering in the doorway of the café. Their uniforms were faded to a rusty brown and reenforced with leather at the cuffs and elbows. Their buttons were leather, too, to save polishing, and their badges were a dull bronze. He looked down at his white Bedford-cord breeches and the spotless skirts of his fur-collared British warm—privileges of the flying corps that men envied. Baths, clean clothing and better food. The P. B. I.'s idea of heaven. They called flyers lucky for their privileges and cursed them a little bit for their dry beds and the wines they had in their messes, miles behind the line.

The new pilot wondered if they knew what it meant to be alone in the stabbing cold with no one to talk to, no one to help you, nothing between you and the ground save a thin, trembling fabric of cloth and wire and twenty thousand feet of emptiness. That was his fear—emptiness—nothingness—solitude. Those men under the awning could die in company. Not so himself—alone, screaming into the cloud voids, with no one to hear, no one to help, staring with glazed eyes and foam-flecked lips at the emptiness into which one hurtled to death miles below. The price one paid for a bath! He remembered seeing Grahame-White fly at Southport before the war. People had called him an intrepid aviator. The new pilot laughed harshly inside his throat and stared out across the bare fields.

The car topped a slight rise and turned sharply to the left. The driver pointed his grubby finger. "They be comin' in from affernoon patrol," he said. "Yonder is airdrome."

There were three flat canvas hangars painted a dull brown, and a straggling line of rusty tin huts facing them from across the narrow landing space—like a deserted mining village, shabby and unkempt. As he watched, he saw the last machine of the afternoon patrol bank at a hundred and fifty feet and side-slip down for its landing. In his heart he could hear the metal scream of wind in the flying wires. A puff of black smoke squirted out in a torn stream, as the pilot blipped on his engine for one more second before he came into the wind and landed. By the time the tender rolled up to the dilapidated squadron office, the machine had taxied into the row of hangars and the pilot was out, fumbling for a cigarette with his ungloved hands. A thin acrid smell of petrol and carbonized castor oil still hung in the quiet air between the shabby huts. Snow in large wet flakes commenced to fall slowly, steadily.

The new pilot climbed down from the tender, tossed his shoulder haversack beside his kit bag and pushed open the door of the squadron office. The adjutant was sitting on his desk top, smoking and talking to someone in a black leather flying coat and helmet—someone with an oil-streaked face and fingers still blue and clumsy from the cold

"Paterson, sir, G. K., second lieutenant, reporting in from Pilot's Pool for duty with the 44th."

The adjutant raised a careless finger in acknowledgment. "Oh, yes. How do? Bring your log books?"

"Yes, sir."

"Chuck 'em down. D'ye mind?"

Paterson laid them upon the desk top, still standing to attention. The adjutant smiled. "Break off," he said. "We're careless here. This isn't cadet school."

The new pilot smiled and relaxed. "Very good, sir."

"That's better," said the adjutant; "makes me feel more comfortable. Just give me a note of yourself now." He reached for a slip of paper. "G. K. Paterson, Two Lt. Next of kin?" Paterson gave his father's name. "Age?"

"Eighteen and four-twelfths"

"Good!" said the adjutant. "You'll find an empty cubicle in B Block—that's the middle line of huts. You're lucky. Roof only leaks in three places. I'll have your duffel trekked over shortly."

The man in the flying coat blew upon his numbed fingers and smiled. "I'm Hoyt," he said. "Skipper of C Flight. I'm going to take you now, before A gets after you." He turned to the adjutant. "That's all right, isn't it, Charlie? Tell 'em I intimidated you." He grinned.

The adjutant shrugged. "Righto!"

"Come on," said Hoyt. "I'm in your hut block. I'll show you your hole."

They went out into the snow flurry. Mechanics were fussing in little knots around the five tiny machines that had just landed, lining them up, refilling them and trundling them into the brown musty hangars.

"Le Rhône Camels," said Hoyt "We've just been over around Cambrai taking a look-see."

Inside one of the hangars, as they passed, Paterson saw something that drew a thin, wet gauze across his eyeballs. On a rough bench just beside the open flap sat a man with his eyes closed and his lips drawn tightly into a straight bluish line. His flying coat was rolled up behind his head for a pillow, and his tunic had been unbuttoned and cut away from his left shoulder. The white of his flesh showed weirdly in the gloom, like the belly of a dead fish. Just below the shoulder, the white was crumpled and reddened as if a clawed paw had been drawn across it. One man was holding his other hand, while another probed and cleaned and dabbed with little puffs of snowy cotton that turned quickly to pink and then to a deep brown.

Hoyt shrugged. "Lucky man. That's Mallory. He was Number Four this afternoon. We never saw a thing. Just happened. Funny." And he smiled. "That's why I was so keen to get you. Can't tell how long it will be before Mallory gets around again, and I've got one vacancy in the flight already." He shrugged. "You'll see a lot of that here—get used to it. It doesn't mean a thing as long as you get back alive."

Paterson looked at him sharply. He wanted to ask him how many didn't get back alive. He wanted to know what had caused the other vacancy in the flight. But people didn't ask those things. People merely nodded casually and went on.

"I suppose not," he said. They tramped on across the airdrome.

"Here we are," said Hoyt. He kicked open the hut door and groped down the dark passageway, with Paterson after him. Presently he pushed back another door and yanked at a tattered window curtain.

The new pilot saw a tiny room, with two washstands, a cot, a folding chair and a cracked mirror. In a corner were his kit bag and haversack. He pulled out his own cot and chair and set them up; meanwhile Hoyt threw himself down on the other cot and let his cigarette smoke dribble straight upward into the gloom of the pine-raftered roof. Presently he spoke.

"This is a queer war," he said; "full of queer things, and the queerest of these is charity." He laughed in the darkness, and the tip of his cigarette became suddenly pink as he drew the smoke into his lungs. "What was your school?"

"Winchester," said Paterson.

"Right," said Hoyt. "Remember your first day? This is it over again. They've fed you up on poobah at your training 'drome and down at the Pool. They always do. It's part of the system. Just take it for what it is worth and forget the rest. If you want to know anything, come to me and I'll tell you as well as I can. I've been here three months. When I came, I came just as you did today, pucka green and afraid to the marrow—afraid of uncertainty. You get over that shortly.

"Our job is a funny one, and we're not here for ourselves, and we're not here to be heroes or to get in the newspapers The V. C.'s are few and far between." He raised himself upon his elbow. "I'm not preaching self-abasement and a greater loyalty to a cause that is right, mind you. I don't know anything about causes or who started the war or why, and I don't care. I'm preaching C Flight and the lives of five men

"You saw Mallory over at the hangar. It was teamwork that put him there in his own M. O.'s hands. Not much perhaps"—the cigarette described a quick arc in the darkness—"just a slight closing in of the formation—a wave of somebody's hand—somebody else dropping back and climbing above him to protect his tail from any stray Huns that might've waylaid him on the way home. That's what I mean. 'Esprit de corps' is a cold, hard phrase. Call it what you like. It's the greatest lesson you learn. Never give up a man." Hoyt laughed. "They call me an old woman. Perhaps I am. Take it or leave it.

"Slick up a bit and come into my hutch while I scrape off the outer layer of silt. Dinner in half a tick and I'm as filthy as a pig." He vaulted up from the cot and punched his cigarette out against the sole of his boot. At the door he paused for a moment

"Ever have wind up?" he asked casually.

Paterson stiffened against the question and the small spot of fear danced within him. "No," he said firmly Hoyt shrugged. "Lucky man" And he went out into the passageway.

At dinner he met the rest of the squadron and the other men in C Flight. Mallory, very pale, with his arm slung in a soft pad of bandages, sat beside him. They were coming for him later to take him down to the base hospital. Phelps-Barrington sat on the other side of Mallory, mourning the fact that the wound was not his, that he might get the inevitable leave to follow. Phelps-Barrington took Paterson's hand with a shrug and asked how Marguerite was in Amiens. "What? You didn't meet Marguerite on your way through? 'Struth!" MacClintock sat across the table beside Hoyt—MacClintock, too young to grow a mustache, but with a deep burr that smelled of the heather in the Highlands and huge pink knees under his Seaforth kilts, muscled like the corded roots of an oak. The other man in the flight, Trent, was down with mild flu. He was due back in a week or so from hospital.

There was a wild argument on about the dawn patrol the next morning. Paterson listened to the fragments of talk that flew like saber cuts across the glasses:

"He's in a red tripe. I don't give a damn for Intelligence. Saw him this morning myself. Same machine Mac and I had that brush with down at Péronne."

"The next time they'll get an idea for us to strafe a road clear to Cologne for them. What are we—street cleaners?"

"So I let go a covey of Coopers and turned for home. They had it spotted for a battery over at 119 Squadron. I saw the pictures. Right pictures, but wrong map squares as usual. That crowd can't tell a battery from a Chinese labor-corps inclosure. I'd rather be a staff officer than a two-seater pilot"

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Suddenly, Out of the Corner of His Eye, He Saw P-B Shove His Nose Full Down and Throw Himself Into a Straight Dive for the Decoy Bus

GOLD'S WHERE YOU FIND IT

Dog Teams and Airplanes Were Often Side by Side in Last Year's Rush to Red Lake, Ontario

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

THE good ship Prospector, painted in bright gold colors to further enhance its name, was churning enthusiastically at a ten-mile-an-hour speed along the broad waters of Lac Seul in Northwestern Ontario, bound from the boom mining camp of Pine Ridge to the equally boom-inspired town of Hudson and civilization. In the passengers' quarters, where were crowded some fifteen men, a stolid cook stumbled over the legs and feet which seemed to protrude from every direction, and in revenge, now and then caused a disruption of the entire party, as he opened the lids of the long benches which served as seats that he might extract therefrom the necessities of a meal. Thereby he evoked loud protests of feigned indignation from the human cargo, delighted at any excuse to while away a few moments out of eleven hours of monotony—that is, from all the cargo save two.

Back From the Bush

THEY had not spoken a word all day, from the embarkment at dawn on through the long dragging hours which had ensued along the 120 miles of waterway journey. Not a word to anyone; two gray-haired, thin-featured men who looked about them with starved eyes, who read omnivorously every scrap of ancient magazine or newspaper which came their way, who eavesdropped on all conversations, pretending meanwhile to be anything but listening; yet two men who spoke not, even in spite of the piteous eyes of them, saying that which the lips could not utter—the joy of human companionship, the surfeiting of a desire for their kind, dazed, now that they were again among humans, with newspapers and magazines from which they might learn what that vague thing, the world, had been doing all the time they had been away.

"Queer pair," I said to the sparkling-eyed little Cornishman at my side. Cap Martin, follower of half a hundred gold rushes, from Colorado to Australia and back again, grinned genially.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I've been that way myself—bushed, you know."

"Bushed?"

Prospectors Outfitting at a Hudson's Bay Post

Loading Their Sleds for Last Winter's Rush to Red Lake

At this, another seeker of gold moved nearer. "Not crazy," he suggested in a low voice. "Just dumb. Now that they're out here, they don't know anything to talk about. They've probably been in a bush a long time. Nothing to see but bush. Nothing to talk about but the bush. Ever been in the bush for a year or so at a stretch?"

I confessed that I hadn't. But Cap Martin shuffled closer. "Say," he announced, to the tucking of a pinch of snuff under a lip, "it's funny how it gets you. At first you talk to beat all get out—talk about everything; how you're going to find the greatest vein of gold ore in the world, how still everything is in the bush and what you'll do if the bush takes fire—that's always good for a lot of conversation. Then there are the flies to cuss, and the rain. But after while, you don't talk so much, and you just slap at the flies instead of cussing 'em. By and by you don't talk at all. Finally it gets so bad that when you come back to civilization you've forgotten how to find things to make talk; that part of your brain just seems to've stopped working, and you're like those two old boys over there. They're sure bushed, ain't they?"

"They sure are," chuckled the other prospector, then shrugged his shoulders. "Me," he exclaimed, "laughing at them, while I'm still carrying this if anything should happen in the bush!"

A Prospector's Friend

HE PULLED a bottle from his pocket, once garishly adorned with red letters and bold-faced admonitions. The label was nearly black now from constant carrying. The letters were blurred from perspiration and rain, still faintly, however, carrying their warning:

PRUSSIC ACID
POISON!

The prospector held it in contemplation. "A mighty good friend to have in the bush," he said at last. "If you're alone, and something happens, you at least know you can shut down on the suffering."

After that, he changed the subject. Men who search for gold like to keep before them the lure of 'the thing which sends them into the wilds, and not what might happen during the journey. The prospector's life, no matter in what region he may work, is not an easy one. In the new gold fields of Canada, now being explored, it is even more difficult than ordinarily.

One often is prone to judge all prospectors by the half-crazed, easily deluded creature which one finds, the

hang-over of a deserted mining camp, aged, ill fed, worse clothed and still ranting in his cracked voice that "them hills is still full of gold, pardner." Therefore all prospectors must be like these. But it is not true; another generation has come since these men found gold; a different generation from that more leisurely one which existed in the past.

True, there are still prospectors who follow the will-o'-the-wisp, enduring every hardship, for the simple reason that to them it is an easy form of life—a camp in the bush, three months of livelihood on a grubstake and the report of failure is the ruse of more than one. But the main body is composed of a type entirely distinct, especially in a land where even a camp in a bush for a month or three months is enough of a hardship in itself, and where prospecting for precious metals demands, among other things, that a man be willing to risk his life.

Yet to a certain type and group of men, that is what gives the life its zest. The lure of far places, the defeating of natural obstacles which seem to rise on every side. Some men climb mountains for excitement, some race automobiles, knowing that there may be a spill in any lap; some like airplanes and some like to be prospectors. The average prospector has no foolish ideas about his chances of riches. Of course, there is always the hope, but the candid gold hunter will tell you that one man out of 200 stands a chance of striking it rich in a lifetime. Thus they pursue their course in the Northern bush, some to win and many to lose, even to the greater stake. Now and then a wanderer of the bush halts in his slow journey through the tangled wilds, and releasing the terrific weight on his back, brings forth his spade that he may cover with earth the miserable little heap of bones that once had been a man.

A Dearth of Prospectors

STRANGELY enough, however, the fact that now and then a man dies in the bush is not by any means the reason that there is now an acute shortage of prospectors in those vast areas of Quebec, of Ontario and Manitoba where lie gold, silver and copper fields of unknown riches In fact, the hardships of the bush are the last thing that a gold seeker really thinks about. That part seems to be an instinctive knowledge, to be combated as a part of this great game of hide and seek.

The real cause of the shortage lies in the fact that riches in the form of minerals are the most impatient form of wealth existent. Other things may wait, but not gold.

"I've got to go back to the Port Arthur district some of these days," said a prospector to me as we sat upon the rough-hewed steps of a log-slabbed café in the copper-gold camp of Rouyn, Quebec, one day. "I think maybe I might've missed something over there. You see, I've got a partner and he'd been over in Manitoba. Well, this district around Beardmore, just east of Port Arthur, is right along the railroad. I'd found some pretty good-looking stuff there, and was just thinking about staking out a claim, when along came my partner on a freight train and began waving to me

"'Come on!' he yelled. 'Make a run for it and catch this train! Grab your pack sack! We're going to stop for water about a quarter mile down. You can make it if you hurry.'

"'What's the rush?' I yelled back

"'Big strike down the line about 100 miles. Bigger'n anything we've run into yet. Come on!'

"So I ditched my claim and pretty near broke my back carrying that pack sack down the track on a dogtrot to catch that train. Well, when we got over there, we staked some ground and were getting ready to do our assessment work, when word came along of this Rouyn excitement. So we just let things slide at the old place and came over here. That's the way it goes."

A Prospector With His Pack

As it ever has gone when gold has called. There is an old saying among miners and prospectors that silver lies in a vein, but gold's where you find it—meaning, of course, that there is no set rule which can be followed for the discovery of that metal, and it is impatient once even its possible whereabouts have been discovered. Canadian geologists have indicated that practically all the north country of Ontario, Manitoba and Quebec is a potential gold field, where, in the Pre-Cambrian rock of the formative period of the earth, anything in the ore line may be possible. Therefore it must be looked over right now, right this minute; there can be no delay—and there are not enough prospectors to do it.

Pre-Cambrian Rock

THIS statement is made without even an accurate idea of just how many men now are seeking gold in Canada. Some put the figure at 5000, others at double that number. There is no absolutely accurate means of estimate, for though the prospector must have a license before he can stake ground, there are many who prefer to find their gold first and get their license later But even were there 10,000 or 20,000, it would not be possible thoroughly to scour the Pre-Cambrian rock of the new north in a space of even a few years. For one thing, the time in which a man may prospect during a year is short. For another, the Province of Ontario alone, strange though it may seem from its eastern location, contains by 50,000,000 acres more unoccupied land than can be found in all of Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho, Colorado and Montana combined. Yet we who call ourselves well informed have a habit of referring to those states as the great open spaces!

From this it might be inferred that one can go into practically any part of 500,000 square miles of territory in the gold regions of the North and find pay ore. That is far from the fact. It is a simple matter to be misleading in any kind of recital of the ore-bearing possibilities of a country, especially if that country be new and unprospected, which is the case with about 90 per cent of the land which may in the future yield riches.

It is true that a great part of this country is underlain with Pre-Cambrian rock which happened along with the formation of the world; true also that from the Pre-Cambrian rock can come wealth in various forms—it seems to have been a sort of melting pot for all sorts of minerals. But it is also true that a great part of the Pre-Cambrian isn't mineral-bearing at all, contenting itself

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A Money Mart in Pine Ridge, Ontario

The Town Bakery of Pine Ridge, Ontario

Above—Cap Martin, Follower of Half a Hundred Gold Rushes, Returning to Civilization by Packet Boat, After a Prospecting Tour Which Began in the Winter of 1925-26

THE EFTEST WAY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THERE is a world of wise talk in Chet McAusland. He is a man by any ordinary standard past the fullness of life; yet few lives are as full as his of sane thought and sensible pleasure, and a philosophic refusal to be concerned with the useless utilities of living. He has moved through the world with his eyes open, contemplating, appraising and remembering. I know few men whose convictions are so solidly founded upon actuality. He believes the things he sees or hears or surely knows; toward all else is incredulous, or even controversially inclined. When his conclusions are unsound it is because his understanding does not embrace all aspects of the matter; or it is because of a curious trait of his: The lack of any sense of time as a flowing stream, the inability to remember that yesterday must be considered gone, today a matter altogether new.

For this habit of his mind allowance must be made, a discount must be charged. One learns that if Chet says a thing is true he but means that it was, on one occasion which he witnessed, true; it is hard to convince him that the times may change. For example: Once upon a time I appeared at the farm on the hill above Fraternity with a canoe strapped to the top of my car. With it we could explore hidden streams and marshy waters in the late September quest for duck. He misdoubted the wisdom of trusting ourselves to this canoe; gave his reason plain.

"There was an Indian once up at the pond," he assured me bodingly, "and his canoe tipped over not five rod from shore, and he got tangled in the grass and drowned right there. A good swimmer too. When they found him the grass had cut right into his arms and legs, he'd fought it so. That's what a canoe will do to you."

I pointed out that this was years ago.

"Well, I paddled a birch-bark canoe once, on the river over at Frankfort, when I was a boy," he insisted. "And it ducked right out from under me and I near drowned."

This, too, I urged, was ancient matter; nor relevant, since the canoe here upon my car was of prosaic wood and canvas, built for wear and for stability.

"Well," he conceded at last, "an old man told me once whenever you go out in a canoe just take a line and fasten yourself to it. Just a light line from the gunwale to your belt; and then if you tip out you've got that to hang onto. The wind nor the current can't carry it away before you come up."

We agreed upon this compromise and later experience made him to some small extent tolerate our use of the craft, then tolerance waned, became enthusiasm, and one night when we were paddling toward the car with a black duck tucked in the bow he said over his shoulder:

"You know, with this canoe I can take you where you can get the best trout you ever saw. Next spring."

We nosed beneath low-hanging alders, threaded a narrow channel where meadow grass overhung on either side; the sky was crimson, the day draining into the west.

"Where?" I asked softly, for the evening was still.

"You remember that cover down under the ridge where I showed you the grave of the Revolutionary soldier, when your father was with us last fall." He knew I did; waited for no assent. "There's a marsh below there that the brook runs through, and a pond—Moose Pond, they call it. A cow moose bogged there once and couldn't get out. All quaking bog it is, and a man can't cross only when it's froze up tight. But there's a spring hole in the brook. We can put the canoe in at the bridge and go down through, maybe two miles, right to it."

Three black ducks, whistling downstream, towered to pass above our heads, their pinions beating; they slipped

Uncle Joe Drove Up in His Buggy Behind His Slow Old Farm Horse; and a Three-Year-Old Setter Dog Sat on the Seat Beside Him

past and were gone like a thought, too swift for catching. A muskrat slapped the water in the reach ahead of us, diving to safety there. "Trout in the spring hole?" I asked.

"My cousin, Ned McAusland, went in there with a skiff," Chet told me. "He fished less'n two hours and he took out the finest string of trout ever carried into Union Village. Twenty-two of them, and the smallest one weighed over a pound. And we can go there next spring any day at all."

Even though I knew his failing my blood faintly tingled. Yet—"When was that?" I asked, and he replied straightforwardly:

"It was in May; maybe the middle—no, more toward the end of May. I don't know but it was the first week in June, but I think it was toward the end of May, 1874 ——"

Thus it is not wise to build upon Chet's statements until you have pinned a date to them. He took me once to fish the Fiscal Meadow; told of the glories of the trout there; walked me into the ground; left me, a limp, chafed and quivering rag of a man, in a tangle of swamp growth, while he pushed tirelessly on; came back to confess that the brook was changed. And when I asked, he said that it was twenty years since last he fished these waters.

I am wiser now; I ask him: "When?" And, even if the dates be satisfactory, I do not always accept his wisdom without question. There is a world of wise talk in Chet, but you must winnow it for yourself, for some of it is not so wise.

In the matter, for instance, about to be set down, there will be many an opinion; there will be many to disagree with him, few who will openly agree. The tale is in its essence reprehensible; it must be presented with apologies; if it has a moral, each man may determine for himself. But there is, perhaps, somewhere a certain glamour in the matter; a certain glory; the glow and drumbeat of a courage, cool and quiet, of the sort called valorous.

On the whole, no doubt, a highly immoral tale, daring to suggest that sober and ascetic virtue may be, after all, but the weakness of a coward.

This introduction is devious and wandering and with no point at all, but many of Chet's tales are of this fashion. Sometimes, to assemble the whole matter, it is necessary to cast to and fro, selecting a passage here, a word there, an anecdote at noontime beside the brook, a dissertation at evening across the table; to gather all the rays of light that may illumine the affair, and focus them, from their divergent sources, upon the current page. The fact that Chet lacks a sense of time has no real bearing on the story to be told, except that for Chet, though the thing extended over years, it stands as a single and related whole. Time is perhaps a unity of less importance than may be supposed. Or perhaps time is not a matter of minutes and hours and days, but of lives, of cycles, of empires and of ages without end. If that which we do at sixteen may determine that which we do at sixty, then perhaps there is no such thing as time at all; perhaps eternity is now.

However—having exposed the hollowness of the word, it can do no harm to use it—it is time to speak of Uncle Joe Deal.

One of the bonds between me and Chet is that we both have a sneaking liking for dogs. Whenever we forgather there are dogs about our heels, and whenever we talk together we speak of dogs, and whenever we talk about dogs soon or late Chet is sure to speak of Old Job—Old Job that was Old Tantrybogus. That tale has been written heretofore, and this was written there:

A Rockland man came one October for the woodcock shooting. He and Chet found sport together and found—each in the other—a friend. The Rockland man had fetched with him a she dog of marvelous craft and from her next litter he sent a pup to Chet. In honor of the giver Chet called the dog Job.

The giver was Uncle Joe Deal, but when Chet named him to me at the time I paid no great heed; heard his name as Job instead of Joe. The name Job for the dog developed, it appeared, as a matter of euphony. The giver was Uncle Joe Deal.

Later, at odd times, I found that this man came more and more into Chet's talks with me. I knew they had been friends; but I came to know at length that for years they hunted together every fall, fished together in the brooks in spring and summer, even once went sea-bird shooting on the ledges at the mouth of the bay. While Old Job was alive and Chet lived as a bachelor on the farm above the village, Uncle Joe Deal used to like to come and spend a day or two with him. If the season fitted, they hunted or they fished; if not, they but sat and talked together, finding that rich pleasure only to be found in such grave and warm communion. And little by little there was built up in the background of my thoughts a picture of this Uncle Joe Deal.

He was older than Chet. Dead, I knew, some years agone, and an old man before he died. Chet always spoke of him as old, yet it appeared casually one day that he was not, in years, much older than Chet himself. He was, for instance, a boy of fifteen when he enlisted in the war of the 60's, and Chet at that time was near ten. And once I asked Chet why he always spoke of Uncle Joe as old, and Chet said doubtfully:

"Well, he'd lived hard."

I had, by glimpses, some indication of the hardness of this living. Uncle Joe was a widower when Chet first came to know him, and it appeared that he was a drinking man. Chet told me, with some hilarity, of a certain day. Uncle Joe had come to gun for woodcock; they covered, during the afternoon, a wooded pasture, and when it was time to end for the day they stopped to see the farmer upon whose land they were, and to have a drink with him.

"Uncle Joe had a flask," Chet explained, "and he asked for a tin dipper, and he poured in about an inch of liquor in the bottom. White it was, like water, but it weren't gin. Whisky, he called it. It looked like not more than one good drink he poured in, and then he put water in it and filled the dipper half up. A quart dipper it was.

"Then I had a drink, and Dave—he owned the farm—he had one, and Uncle Joe had one, and there was about half of it left, and I didn't want more, nor Uncle Joe, and Dave drunk it.

"And five minutes after, he was asleep, and he didn't wake up til morning. That was powerful stuff, whatever it was."

"Whisky?" I repeated.

"Uncle Joe called it whisky," he agreed reflectively.

Chet himself is not a drinking man. "I used to," he sometimes says. "Before I come to the farm, when I was cutting granite in East Harbor, I used to spend my evenings in the old Pilgrim House bar. But I don't hardly touch it any more." So I wondered a little how he and Uncle Joe spent their long evenings at the farm.

"Well, he'd have a little," Chet conceded, "and sometimes I'd take a drink with him."

But Uncle Joe, he told me, was a steady and persistent drinker. "Only it never seemed to make any difference in him," he explained. "He was a big man—big as you and bigger—and he'd get a little red, and maybe a little slower in the way he talked, but that was all. We'd sit here by the stove ——"

Chet was his own cook and housekeeper in those days. "I used to fry up a batch of doughnuts," he told me, "and some biscuits. And I made my own butter. And there was salt pork and potatoes. We lived high, I tell you."

And Uncle Joe would tell long tales, and their talk would wander through the coverts, gunning over the ground they had gunned that day or the day before or the year before, while Uncle Joe sat sipping at his fiery white potation.

"Some nights we'd play cribbage," Chet explained. Uncle Joe was a card player. He loved every game of chance, and he taught Chet the science of the board and pegs. "We kept count," Chet assured me. "Weren't ever either one of us more'n two or three games ahead of the other very long."

"It's a game that evens up," I agreed, and added rashly, "Little or no skill to it. Stake a novice against an expert in a five-game match and the odds are even, nothing more."

Chet fired at that; he discoursed upon the game; he explained its finer points to me. Uncle Joe was for the time forgotten in the hot zest and flavor of this argument. We turned at last to the board itself to settle the moot point, and Chet won four games out of five and was as immensely pleased as I was all chagrin.

"Uncle Joe was a first-rate hand at it," he told me tolerantly, "but I got to be as good as he was in the end."

But there was that night no further talk of Uncle Joe. The hour drew on; it was time to be abed.

Yet at other times and seasons I heard more of the man—how one day he killed nine woodcocks and a partridge and never missed a shot.

"There were three of us gunning that day," Chet explained, "and he'd stand way out to one side, sixty yards off, and he never shot at a bird unless we'd shot and missed. And then he'd swing and drop them. Had an old ten-gauge gun, and he'd kill a ways that would astonish you."

Or he would quote to me, when I had eagerly banged twice at a bird which was no least whit discomposed thereby, the advice of Uncle Joe.

"You shoot too quick," Chet would say. "Uncle Joe taught me; he'd say, over and over: 'Thing to do, bring your gun up, get your aim, then count slow, one, two, three, shoot.' And he'd get 'em near every time."

He told me, more than once, the tale of Uncle Joe's breach with his neighbor, a man who may go unnamed. With this man Uncle Joe sometimes gunned.

"And this fellow," Chet explained, "he had a way, when they both shot about the same time, of going over and picking up the bird and putting it in his pocket. Finally Uncle Joe got mad. So one day they were standing right together and the dog had a point, and a woodcock jumped, and they both threw down on him and neither one of them pulled, and the bird flew away. And they looked at each other, and the other man he says: 'Why didn't you shoot?' And Uncle Joe said: 'Jim, I'll tell you something: The next bird I shoot at I'm going to kill.'

"And he did," Chet assured me, "and never gunned with the man again." He hastened to add: "But Uncle Joe was never one to claim a bird. Only you knew if he shot he hit it. He loved gunning, the old man did."

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"Ain't That a Picture, Now?" Uncle Joe Cried. Chet Filled His Pipe and Said Almost Regretfully, "He's Got to Fly Off in the Open"

SALVAGE

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

THROUGHOUT the elaborate processes of luncheon in the Palm Room of the Seneca Hotel, Arthur Gregg enjoyed that consciousness of superiority with which the ant observes the grasshopper. The shine of his veteran blue serge, the unprofessional polish of his half-soled shoes, even the minute and feathery fringes that edged his cuffs, afforded him, instead of uneasiness, a stern and virtuous self-satisfaction only heightened by the contrast presented by his host and the scene of his entertainment.

J. Hobart Morton, debonairly point-device and jauntily at home among the exotic phrases of the menu, inspired in Arthur Gregg merely a compassionate disapproval which deepened as the purpose of his hospitality became apparent. Mr. Morton led up to his proposals with diplomatic indirection, to which Arthur Gregg paid no outward notice. His stubborn failure to respond to hint and innuendo made it necessary, at last, for Morton to be bluntly explicit.

"Look here, Art"—Morton leaned forward with an effect of impulsive frankness—"I've been thinking you ought to have a bigger slice of this deal of ours, and I could use some ready cash right now, as it happens."

In Reply to Lelia's Inquiry as to the State of Things in General, He Spoke With Almost Reverent Fervor. "Fine," He Said. "Just Fi——"

He smiled brilliantly, as if to imply that the confession was somehow creditable. Arthur Gregg's hand trembled a little, but his sense of superior intelligence and virtue took fresh hold upon him. He was tempted, for an instant, to trade shrewdly on Morton's weakness, but his better nature overruled the ungenerous impulse. After all, Morton had been awfully white to remember their school-day friendship. He could have financed the deal in a hundred likelier places; if it hadn't been for his gay, open-handed generosity he'd have been able to finance it himself.

"You ought to hang on to it, Hobe," he expostulated. "It's only a matter of days, now, before the decision's announced, and the minute the news breaks, those options will be worth a pile of money."

"I know." Morton nodded penitently. "If I had your kind of hard sense, Art, I'd be living right on the corner of Easy Street and Cinch Avenue by this time." He shook his head sorrowfully and brightened again to his normal gayety. "But if I could hold onto money the way you do I wouldn't have needed anybody else in this deal with me and you wouldn't be sitting soft and pretty."

"That's just what I'm telling you," said Arthur Gregg. "Every time you toss a nickel to the birds right now you're really spending a couple of dollars. This luncheon is costing you a hundred nickels and maybe a lot more. You don't have to sell me any more of your interest in those options, Hobe. Just quit throwing money away for a week or two and ——"

"That's the trouble." Morton wagged his head disconsolately. "I wish I'd listened to you long ago, Art, but it's too late now for good advice to get me anything. I've got to raise two thousand before the banks close or I'll lose everything I've got." He leaned closer. "Look here. You gave me three thousand for a quarter interest in this deal. I'll give you another quarter for two thousand more. That's how much I need it."

Again Arthur Gregg faced an ignoble temptation. The minute the joint committee made public its decision to locate the Union Station on the canal-basin site the options that Hobart Morton held on adjacent property would be worth ten times what they had cost, perhaps twenty times as much. Morton was offering him a thousand per cent interest for what amounted to a ten-day loan. Gregg found it necessary to moisten his lips before they could be constrained to refusal.

"I won't do it, Hobe. You've been too white to me. I won't take advantage of you by ——"

J. Hobart Morton's amiability wore suddenly thin. His brows narrowed and his voice rasped harshly.

"That's my funeral! I tell you I've got to raise two thousand before three or ——"

"All right. I'll lend it to you." Arthur Gregg swallowed. "We'll stop in at the bank and get it. You can pay me the interest I'll lose, but I won't take another cent."

He met Morton's astonished stare with fixed determination, presented a stubbornly deaf ear to his protests.

"Come on." He pushed back his chair. "Let's tend to it right away. It's almost two o'clock."

"Wait till I pay my check," said Morton. He drew out a thin, flat fold of new bills and separated a yellow ten. Arthur Gregg's sidelong glance at the tray on which the waiter presented the change informed him that Morton, even in his extremity, believed in tipping on the lordly scale. He went out, frowning at the memory of that wasted dollar. It was the thought of it that persuaded him, a little later, to give way before J. Hobart Morton's obdurate insistence and accept, in lieu of a note, a memorandum of agreement by which Arthur Gregg became the possessor of a full half interest in those Canal Street options.

"I won't have it any other way, Art, and that's all there is to it," Morton declared. "If you don't take my terms I'll let things slide."

"All right." Arthur Gregg surrendered. "But you can buy this back from me any time you want to for just what it cost me. Don't forget that. I mean it."

He handed over the sheaf of bills and watched it slide into Hobart Morton's pocket. A sudden comprehensive recollection gave him a cinematographic view of the processes by which pennies and dimes and quarters had patiently been welded into those yellow-backed notes; all the mean, miserly little shifts and economies they represented rose up as if to reproach that careless gesture that thrust them into a pocket so manifestly easy of egress.

"Wait a second, Hobe. I don't want to preach at you, but honestly, if you'd just stop to think where that money came from—I mean if you'd just realize why it is that I'm fixed so I can help you out, you'd ——"

"Oh, absolutely, old top." J. Hobart Morton spoke with even more than his wonted breeze. "I know I've played myself for a sucker. You don't need to rub it in."

He moved to the door with an effect of haste which Arthur Gregg found natural enough. They'd been slow about giving up the money at the savings bank and it wanted only a scant half hour of three. Morton's bank was a good half mile from the dingy office in the Watson Block, and even his shining runabout could be held up in the downtown traffic. Nevertheless, the eagerness of the movement was remotely disquieting, and something in Morton's face, as he turned in the doorway to wave his hand, dimly troubled Arthur Gregg's spirit. As always, Morton's smile was infectious and disarming, but on this occasion it held a quality which Gregg had learned to recognize in the glances of other men. It was almost exactly like the grin with which, for instance, Lansing Gifford surveyed the shiny serge and the half-soled shoes. It was the look that inevitably greeted canny thrift which made no

compromise with appearances; there was amusement in it and, notwithstanding the two thousand dollars in Morton's pocket, a plain hint of condescension, even of contempt.

For a moment after the door closed, Arthur Gregg faced vague, unworthy doubts. The signed agreement on his desk reproached him for them; they dissolved and faded as he read the wavering lines of type script that transferred to him another quarter interest in those options.

Morton could have walked out with that money on his unsecured note; instead, he had obstinately insisted on sacrificing a sure and imminent profit of many times the sum involved. There couldn't be any question, after that, about his friendliness, any more than there was room for doubt about the certainty and swiftness of the profit. Methodically Arthur Gregg plodded through the argument. Morton unquestionably knew what the joint committee said and did inside their council chamber; he'd proved that beyond any possibility of dispute before Arthur Gregg had even considered putting money at hazard on his information. He had bought the options with his own money before approaching Gregg; only his incorrigible extravagance had made it necessary for him to admit a partner.

Arthur Gregg locked the agreement in a drawer of his venerable roll-top desk, dismissing the last faint shadow of his absurd, contemptible suspicion. From another drawer, concealed in the space above the inkwell, he drew out a square of cardboard to which a clipping from the picture section of the Sunday Courier had been gummed.

Before the smiling friendliness of the girl in the sepia halftone the resolute angularity of his face slowly relaxed, tightened again to even sterner purpose. He drew in a long breath. When he and Hobart Morton had cashed their winnings on this deal, it wouldn't be so ridiculous for Arthur Gregg to lift his eyes to Leila Drew. There would remain a gulf, of course, all but impassable; but a gulf narrower by the span of forty thousand dollars, anyway, perhaps fifty, or even more.

He replaced the portrait reverently, locked the drawer and desk, fixed in the ground glass of the door a yellowed card declaring that he would return at five and, squaring his shoulders in the shiny serge, set forth upon his delayed round of visits

The rebuffs in which his earlier calls resulted made less than their usual impression on his spirit. There was even a certain acid pleasure in being tartly dismissed by some whippersnapper of a clerk, swollen with his petty authority, all unaware that Arthur Gregg was other than he seemed. His mood lifted as he neared the shabby brick block on River Street where old George Watson stubbornly maintained his frugal office; here, at least, there would be no pomp and frippery of display, no haughty office boy to demand a card and to declare that Mr. So-and-So was in conference and might not be disturbed.

George Watson, for all his millions in Binchester realty, had no more patience with such extravagance than Arthur Gregg himself. The knowledge that in a sense they were kindred spirits quickened Gregg's step on the dark stairway and lent confidence to his tap on the office door. It dwindled, however, at the surly bark that bade him enter, and all but vanished as he faced George Watson's peremptory, beetling glower across the littered papers on the battered walnut desk.

No office boy, however haughtily efficient, could have guarded Watson's time against unwarranted trespass as effectively as the challenge of his eye. Under its hostile glare Arthur Gregg's determination melted; he became defensive, almost apologetic. The swollen, untidy figure in the shabby old office jacket, instead of putting him at ease, made him illogically conscious of his own glistening seams and frayed linen.

"You told me to come back today," he said. "I've got the figures on those policies and ——"

"S'mother time," said Watson. "Busy. 'Sall."

Arthur Gregg managed to resist the invisible force that urged him backward as the shaggy head lowered above the littered blotter.

"But some of those policies are expiring this week," he persisted feebly. "You told me ——"

"'Sall," said Watson. "S'mother time, tol'ja."

Arthur Gregg discovered that he was in the frowzy gloom of the hall. For a moment he stood staring blankly at a door which seemingly had opened and closed of its own accord.

He'd had a right to count on a chance at Watson's business this year. Watson had as good as promised him that much, had actually dangled it before him during their last haggle over the lease of Gregg's office in the venerable building for which Watson found time to act as his own renting agent. He'd complimented Gregg on the good sense he showed in choosing those thrifty quarters, and the tone in which he spoke of Gifford Lansing's removal to the new Exchange Building had certainly implied that Lansing & Brewer wouldn't keep on handling his insurance.

His smarting sense of injustice did not interfere, however, with Arthur Gregg's dogged pursuance of his round. Its enduring rankle, indeed, did service as a prod and spur. During the afternoon he fairly battered down the resistance of two wavering prospects; and when he stopped to deliver a renewal policy at Unger's Flower Shoppe, his mood was sternly proof against the efforts of its plural mirrors to disconcert him with a multiplied reflection in which, somehow, his frugal shabbiness was always subtly emphasized.

He glowered approvingly at his image, straightening his shoulders so that his coat collar held itself more awkwardly aloof from his uncompromising neck. It pleased him to feel that he was wholly out of place in this temple of sheer waste. He scowled at a display of orchids as he went past the partition to Unger's office, and relieved a suddenly heightened disapproval of the institution by insisting on waiting while Unger wrote a check.

"No sense in wasting an envelope and stamp," he said. "Might as well take it right with me."

He had a sense of bearing away a captured battle flag as he went back to the showroom. His brows gathered at the sight of J. Hobart Morton, standing at the glass-topped counter in the act of selecting from the array of orchids, a sleekly deferential clerk in fawning attendance. Arthur Gregg's lips tightened as the yellow bill slid across the counter; he reached Morton's side in time to hear the crowning summit of his folly.

"You ought to know I never inclose a card." Morton's tone manifestly resented the clerk's suggestion. "And if anybody tries to find out who's been sending these flowers, you don't know. Understand?"

He turned away from fervent reassurances to encounter Arthur Gregg's affronted gaze. It failed utterly to abash

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"It Couldn't Wrinkle," Declared M. Garfinkle. "Not Even if it Wasn't Cut Special to Your Measure, Mr. Morton"

SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

By George Broadhurst

John Bunny in a Scene From Old Dutch

MY NEXT attempt at obtaining money without resorting to violence was as an assistant to a friend who was a sign painter, but as I fell off a scaffold before the end of the week and spattered the clothing of a passer-by with some nice, new, ultra-visible yellow paint, I determined to try something that was less tumultuous. I made up my mind to write a play.

During the past twenty years, and particularly of late, I have often been the participant in some such conversation as this:

"Jim Jackson says he is trying to write a play. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?"

One Rule

"WHY shouldn't he try? This is a free country and there's nothing in the Constitution against it so far as I know. Besides, everyone else is doing it, so why shouldn't Jim?"

"But he knows nothing about playwrighting."

"He knows quite as much as I did when I began, and yet the first play I wrote was accepted by the first man who read it and was produced by the second. Why shouldn't Jim have just the same luck?"

W. H. Crane

"But what has he ever done that he should even think that he can write one?"

"That is what all my friends, with one exception, said to me. They nicknamed me Shakspere, Jr. They advised me to go back to work on the Board of Trade, pointing out that, five or six years before, I was getting forty dollars, and asking me how much I was averaging now; they became indignant at my presumption, laughed scornfully at my conceit and wondered who and what I thought I was. From their viewpoint they were right. I had done absolutely nothing to indicate in any way that I could, or ever should, write a play. The edifice of my contention was based on the most untrustworthy and flimsy of foundations—the thought, unsupported by any fact, that I could do it. That, as I see it, is Jim's position too."

"But he doesn't know the rules."

"In playwrighting, there is not a single rule of construction that cannot be learned by observation and study. There is nothing mystical in the writing of plays, and the mandatory rule of last year is the rejected of this. Twenty-five years ago it was considered obligatory to let the audience know through dialogue between persons already on the stage the characteristics and all the relevant facts and history of every important character before his entrance.

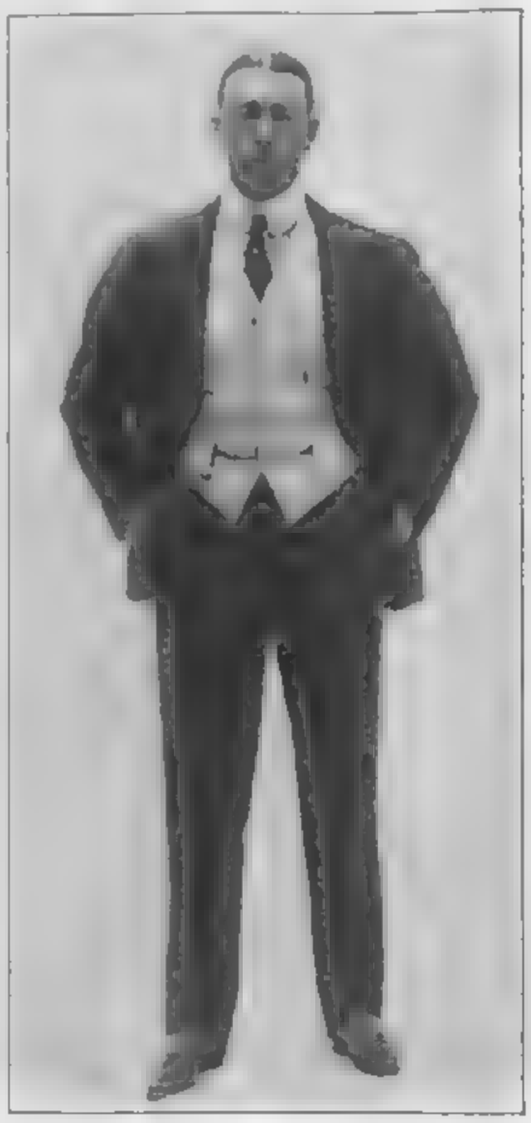
"That accounted for the perennial butler and housemaid who always opened the play with, 'I say, Mary, that was a 'ot old row the governor and the missus 'ad last night, eh?'

"'That's right, Mr. Tootleham. Hi wouldn't be a bit surprised if she did a bolt with Lord Herringwater. 'E's been 'anging round 'er quite a lot, 'e has.'

"'I'll be sorry for 'er if she does. You know 'Is Lordship's reputation, don't you, Mary? A Don Jewan, that's what he is.'

"In those days the star's entrance was worked up by someone looking through the window into the street or garden and saying 'Here comes Sir Murgatroyd Thistleprong now,' at which the others on the stage would rush to the window and make appropriate remarks about his wonderful appearance and the cut of his clothes. Then Sir Murgatroyd would be heard speaking in the hall in a tone loud enough to wake a policeman six blocks away, after which the door would open and our hero would breeze in, merry and bright.

"Then we were told never under any circumstances to mislead or deceive the audience. The play consisted of a first act of exposition, a second and third act of drama and a fourth of explanation, and the accepted formula of construction was: 'Tell the audience what you are going to do, then do it; and then tell them that you have done it.' Now all such things are as though they had never been. The exposition must come indirectly and through the action and dialogue of the characters themselves; the playwright can deceive and mislead his audience as often as he pleases; all explanations must be made as the play progresses; and the last act, instead of being a perfunctory winding up of the previous ones, must carry the action to the final curtain. The rules of construction are made to be broken, and an author can smash them all as often as he likes so long as he interests or amuses his audience. That is the one infallible and imperishable rule—interest or amuse."



William Collier

Under Dog

"THEN you advise Jim to go on?"

"Long ago I stopped advising anyone, for experience has taught me that no one wants advice—he wants confirmation or approbation. Suppose I told Jim not to write, do you think that would stop him? Not if he has the writing instinct; and if he hasn't it he will soon stop of his own accord." Then I would point out the things, besides the ability to write a play, which are necessary to make a successful and not too unhappy a dramatist. He must be able to take punishment both deserved and undeserved; to see the actual work of a year, and the thought of several, scrapped in an hour; to have his work ruined by that of a second person who is indispensable to him; for unlike the poet, the novelist, the sculptor and the painter, the playwright cannot make a direct appeal. He is compelled to do it through the actors, at whose mercy he is the moment the curtain rises; and moreover—this happened to me twice in important parts in the past five years—there is nothing to prevent a player, at the opening performance in New York, from changing the interpretation given to him by the author and producer and enacted by him on the road, to the interpretation which he prefers and which he from the first intended to give on that all-important and critical occasion; to see his best scene ruined and the chances of the play put in jeopardy by the electrician and the property man—as was done in The Faithful Heart when an electric light in an important scene kept flashing intermittently, to the amusement of the audience,

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TOUCHDOWN!

As Told by Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg to Wesley Winans Stout

A Tackle for the Book on Stagg Field. Chicago 44, Michigan Aggies 0. September 9, 1933

No. 7—I'd Die for Dear Old Rutgers

WHILE the pretty fancy that calls a spade a Little Giant steam shovel continues to play over American business, the football coaches may yet get together and emerge as emotional engineers. Emotion is the unknown and highly explosive quantity in football, and each coach is his own powder monkey.

A Conference coach grew cocky several years back about his Illinois game. His team had been rubbing the Illinois nose in the dirt regularly, and on form, it would do it again. At a pregame student mass meeting he was so ill advised, as the story comes to me, as to boast that good old Siwash did not need eleven men to lick the Illini; give him eight men and three women and he'd do it any day.

Swift couriers galloped to Urbana-Champaign with this bit of gasconade and reported to General Zuppke at great headquarters. Nothing Coach Zuppke possibly could have said to his squad could have produced the maddening effect of this sneer. They went berserk, leaped upon Siwash in a crying rage and ripped them from stem to gudgeon. There is not the least doubt that the Siwash coach talked himself out of that game.

Prima Donnas

IT ISN'T often that such manna falls from the skies upon a grateful coach, but a contemporary once did as much for me. Once upon a time there was a boy of Irish-American extraction on the squad who had come to us from four years of high-school football triumphs. He was good—and did he know it? In my time I have had a few such prima donnas. They were more frequent in the earlier days, when the squads were smaller and a good man knew he had a cinch on his position. Rather, he thought he knew it, for there never has been a player on a Chicago team so valuable that I would permit him to run it. I have known of such elevens, but in justice to the sport let me add that it develops few soloists. It needs an unusually bumptious ego to survive the emphasis in football upon teamwork and subservience of self—another reason why the sport builds character.

This lad was capable of anything on the field, but he was an in-and-outer, playing when he felt like it, idling when he didn't. In his first year on the varsity I had to order him to turn in his suit. He snapped out of it and came back on his knees. His head was less outsize the second season. His third and final year the improvement continued, but he was not yet 100 per cent.

John Thomas, Chicago Back, Plows Through the Princeton Line in the Desperate 18 to 21 Game of 1932

My rival coach had been the mentor of a high-school eleven that had played against the high school from which the boy came to us, and he knew the lad's temperament both by experience and hearsay. Some two or three weeks before our game with the university team he now coached, I sent a scout to look them over.

Squeezing a Lemon

THE scout met the coach, who, in talking with him, said, in passing: "Is that Irishman still playing for you? There's a lemon if there ever was one." The scout brought the comment back to me and I tucked it away for possible future use. On the Wednesday before the game in question, I noted that my man was not showing much interest in practice against the scrubs. I called him over.

"I give you up," I said. "You're no good; you're just what Coach Blank says you are—a lemon."

The boy winced as if cut with a whip, but said nothing. I met him on the street the next day. He stopped me and said, in a voice that choked: "Mr. Stagg, I've been thinking about what Coach Blank said about me. If you'll let me play Saturday I'll show him whether I'm a lemon or not." Which he did!

A coach cannot hope for such aid and comfort from the enemy more than two or three times in a life, but a purely fictitious slur often will serve the same purpose, and there are coaches who manufacture them. A Northwestern squad once was told that my stock comment, when a Chicago player did not perform to my taste, was a sneering "You play like Northwestern." The story was utterly false. I said

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YES, SIR; HE'S MY MAYBE

"You've Probably Sent Away a Dozen Youngsters in the Last Few Years Who'd Have Thrown Hoops All Over Simonds If You'd Had Nerve Enough to Give 'Em a Chance"

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IT WAS on a Wednesday late in March that Wiji descended upon the Florida training camp of the Blue Sox at Optionville with a letter from George Tabor, the young owner of the Blue Sox. Over Bull Grogan's shoulder I reads this:

The bearer says he belongs in the Big League. Does he?

When we looks up Wiji's brushing a baby atom from his coat sleeve and smiling amiable. He's a lad in the lower twenties, handsome enough to be rated dumb and dressed like a clothing ad's hopes. His necktie and spats match.

"H'm!" grunts the manager. "You are a friend of the boss?"

"No," returns the boy. "Just met him once. Probably doesn't remember my name."

"What is it?"

"McMe," is the answer. "WJ McMe, without the periods."

"Without the whats?" I butts in.

"Periods," repeats Wiji. "That's my front name, WJ run together, and neither the W nor the J stands for anything."

"Your old man," remarks Grogan, "must have christened you by cable code."

"Or," I suggests, "named you after his favorite bedtime station"

"What's the difference," says the kid, kind of impatient. "Base hits and quick throws don't care what baptism's behind them, do they?"

"Not in this league," admits Bull. "Where you been playing?"

"College," comes back Wiji, brief.

"I'd ask you which one," says Grogan, sarcastic, "but you'd probably tell me that home runs and double steals don't care what sweet girl graduate makes 'em. Outfielder?"

"Third base," answers McMe. "It's the only position I'll play for you."

"Third base!" I gasps. "Know who we got at third?"

"Oh, yes," shrugs the youngster. "The best infielder in the country, batted .376 for a nine-year average; but what of it? How many runs do you expect to score in 1926 on the base hits he turned in from 1917 to 1925, inclusive?"

"Listen, rah-rah!" snorts Bull. "Bushers come here every spring expecting to pull Bill Simonds' job out from under him, but all they get is bench warts."

"That's all Grant got," snaps Wiji, "until Lincoln sent him in to pitch for the Federals. . . . You use gas in your home?" he switches suddenly.

"Uh—sure," answers Grogan, caught with his shirt off.

"I thought so," says McMe. "You're just the type."

"Type?" mumbles Bull, whose brains don't run bases so fast off the diamond. "What the ——"

"The type," explains Wiji, "that'd play candles in the house and keep electricity on the bench for fear that a fuse might blow out. That's the trouble with the Blue Sox. You've probably sent away a dozen youngsters in the last few years who'd have thrown hoops all over Simonds if you'd had nerve enough to give 'em a chance."

"Everybody gets a chance with me," growls Grogan.

"In your green hat!" scoffs McMe. "You push a scared kid into the line-up and if he isn't as steady the first week as Peggy Joyce or DeWolf Hopper at a marriage ceremony, you waive him into the bushes. Not me, though. There hasn't been any scare in my family since the fall of 1086."

"You're a fresh egg, aren't you?" sneers Bull.

"Fresh!" exclaims Wiji. "Why, I haven't even been laid yet! But let's get to business. What'd you rather have—an arc light at third or the candle you got now?"

"Personally," grits Grogan, "I'd enjoy your absence; but seeing that the chief sent you I'll give you a trial. Take him over to the hotel, Mike, and get him fixed up."

"I have my suite engaged," says McMe, "at the Palm Towers."

"The Blue Sox," glares Bull, "are getting their flops and chops at the Merchants Hotel, and ——"

"Since I intend to pay my own way," cuts in Wiji, "what do you care where I stay?"

"I don't," barks Grogan; "nor when you go. Report here tomorrow at ten."

"Not tomorrow," smiles the boy. "I can't on Thursday."

"Make it Friday then," says Bull, weary, and turns his back.

"It's not only tomorrow," goes on Wiji, "but on no Thursday. I don't play ball on Thursday."

"No?" queries Grogan, curious in spite of himself. "How's that?"

"It's a personal matter," returns McMe. "You can use Simonds on Thursday."

"Oh, all right," shrugs Bull, with a yawn. "I guess benches don't care what day off rookies take. Come any time and stay as long as you want. You might bring your knitting along."

"Thanks," says Wiji, and with a bow he backs himself out.

"What is it?" I asks, after the kid takes the air. "The heat?"

"It's certainly not the humility," returns Grogan. "Ever see a busher with more I-am about him? I wish Tabor'd stick to his drinking and let the team alone."

"But," I points out, "WJ without the periods says he barely knows the boss."

"That may be true," agrees Bull. "The chances are that McMe hooked up with Tabor at some party and filled him up with a lot of oil about how we needed young blood on the Sox."

"Don't we?" I asks, cautious.

"We could use some," howls Grogan, "if you and the rest of the scouts leeching on the pay roll would bring in something besides swindle sheets; but we certainly don't need a new face at third. I never saw Simonds working better."

"Candles," I remarks, "never throw a brighter flame than just before going out."

"What do you mean?" yelps Bull.

"I mean," I yelps back, "that Bill's been up here for twelve years and he's likely to crack in two any sunny afternoon. Who you got to stick in the corner when he does? You've discouraged everybody who's tried for the spot and you'd probably have to slap in the bat boy's late grandmother if ——"

"What's the matter with Wilkins?" interrupts the manager.

"Nothing," says I, "excepting that he's been kept on the bench so long he's stiff from slivers. Besides, don't forget, he'd already voted for three Presidents when you got him. If I were you I'd give Wiji every chance in the world to show his samples, and if he has anything I'd let him bust into the box score once in a while."

"That pest!" snarls Grogan.

"What of it?" I comes back. "He's not trying to marry your daughter or have you sponsor him into the Elks. The only question is—can he stop 'em and get 'em away and smack one on the nose occasionally. He's young and nervy, looks fast ——"

"And," finishes Bull, "he won't play ball on Thursdays."

"I forgot about that," says I. "Why do you imagine he won't?"

"Maybe the kilowatt kid's cooing to a kitchen mechanic and wants to go picking posies with her on Thursdays."

"He Looks Cleary to Me," He Adds, With a Frown, as Will Leaps Into the Air and Gloves a Hot Drive

Simonds Roars With Rage and Plunges at McMe

"Not Wiji," I assures him. "Guys paying thirty frogskins a day over at the Palm Towers don't take up with the Olgas."

"Probably," suggests Grogan, "he doesn't play ball on Thursday for the same reason that lake trout don't climb flagpoles on Thursday."

"They don't any other day either," I comments brightly.

"No," agrees Bull, "they don't."

A little later, when I leaves the clubhouse, I runs into Sid Turner, one of the newspaper men at the camp, an old-timer who can tell you offhand what Jim Splivins batted on September 11, 1901, and will tell you unless you head him off.

"When," he asks, "are you trekking for the ivory fields?"

"Not for a month or so," I answers. "Grogan wants me to stick around and help him out with the team. He's not feeling so good."

"I figured," says Turner, "that the damp in the cellar would get him sooner or later. Anything new with the Sox that'll make a column of brain food for the American breakfast table?"

"Nothing much," I returns, "excepting that we've got eight or ten rookies hitting over .400 in practice, three lads who remind you of Cobb and a half dozen pitchers who've got more speed and faster-breaking curves than Johnson or Vance."

"I see," grunts the reporter. "Then it's safe for me to write that the line-up this year will be the same that started last season?"

"Safer than a mother in her baby's arms," says I. "The flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la don't ever keep up with the pace. Listen"—I turns suddenly to Sid—"you know everything, don't you?"

"You would think so," comes back Turner.

"Know any reason," I goes on, "why a ball tosser should refuse to play on Thursdays?"

"How could you tell on the Blue Sox," inquires Sid, "whether he did or not?"

"Climb out of the funny column," I scowls. "This is a real case I'm talking about. A busher drifts in on us today with a note from the boss and offers to play third for us every day but Thursday; Thursday being barred for personal reasons he won't explain."

"He's not a Mohammedan, is he?"

"No," says I. "He's a college boy."

"A Mohammedan," diagrams Sid, "is a Turk, and their Sunday is on Friday."

"How," I grumbles, "does that explain this baby, who's not a Turk, not wanting to work on Thursday?"

"It doesn't, quite," admits Turner. "What did you say his name was?"

"McMe," I tells him, "and his front handle's WJ without the periods. They're not initials; it's all he's got. Ever run into a combination like that before?"

"There's no accounting for monikers," replies Sid. "I used to know of a girl out West who was christened Eighty-nine, the year she was born, and there was a bird named Without Sin. He is—now. I covered his hanging. Tell me some more about McMe. There might be a yarn in him. Any Blue Sox who's got anything—even a peculiarity—ought to be prominent enough for a squib."

"Go over and see him," I suggests. "He's stopping at the Palm Towers. Better grab him quick, though. I don't think he'll ever become the oldest living resident of Optionville."

"He might have something, at that," shrugs Turner. "The fact that he won't play on Thursdays might mean that he's a howling she wolf on Tuesdays and Fridays."

"Wiji," I comes back, "could be a howling she wolf on Tuesdays and Fridays and a shrieking he bear on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and still have his ticket punched Nowhere. He's after Bill Simonds' job and says it's the only one he'll take."

"And," grins Sid, "he's willing to handicap the best infielder in the league a day a week. Must be squirrel food."

"Talks all right," says I; "but that Thursday stuff has me winging."

"You'll probably discover," remarks Turner, "that he lays off that day because when it's blossom time in Normandy, it's Thursday over here, or some simple reason like that."

II

WHILE I figures it's possible that Wiji's minus some of his marbles, the kid interests me because the cracks he made to Bull about the need of new blood on the team are oysters in my stew. For years I've argued with the chief about trading in some of our old Charley horses for young colts, but with no more luck than a guy in a crap game who needs the money. Grogan's the sort who wouldn't split aces up in a poker game even if there were four two-card draws against him. Two big pairs is a good hand and that's all there is to it. Three hundred's a nice batting average and it's impossible to convince Bull that he might better his hand by discarding a couple of .300's and drawing in a pair of .350's.

"A sure in the hand," he'd say, "is worth a flock of maybes in the bush."

"Yes," I comes back; "but remember, a maybe sometimes becomes a sure while a sure never gets to be anything but a has-been."

Just like Wiji had doped it, Grogan'd try out a bunch of morning glories every spring and if they didn't cause the insurance company to raise the fire rates on rivers the first few weeks of the regular schedule he'd have 'em running, not walking, to the nearest exit. The result was that season after season the Blue Sox sent a bunch of vets into the field—good steady ball players, but without any more flash or dash than there is about Cal Coolidge when he quits kidding and gets real serious. And that goes for Bill Simonds, too; a perfect workman but, like all perfect things, uninteresting. I neither see nor hear anything of McMe until Friday morning, when I gets an earful at breakfast from Sid Turner.

"Get a story out of Wiji?" I asks, casual.

"What is he?" comes back the reporter. "A plant?"

"A plant for what?" I puzzles.

"Well," says Sid, "I've run into all kinds of rookies in my time, and all sorts of press stunts, but this baby's got something on the ball that has me backing away from the plate."

"What happened?" I asks.

"I drops over to the Towers yesterday afternoon,"

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The Kid Slides Safely Into the Bag

THE MAD LOVER

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

III

AT A FURIOUS pace Gerald Shannon drove his car toward the house of Sonia Brotherton. The night breeze fanned his hot cheeks, but did not cool his temper. He shot along at a dizzy rate. He was seeking to wrench himself away, physically and spiritually, from the scene of his meeting with Irene Thorne. He had gone to that meeting smiling, high-hearted, confident. Then he had been brought sharply face to face with her picture of the sort of man she thought he was. He rejected her picture of him; he refused to believe that it was accurate; but he could not escape the fact that he had failed. Failure to get what he wanted was a new and stunning experience to Gerald Shannon.

When he was a small boy he had but to express a wish for a toy, and his father, proud of an only son and generous in a new-found prosperity, had given it to him. As Gerald had grown up, his toys had grown up too; the hobbyhorse of his nursery days had grown into a string of blooded polo ponies; the toy motor car, propelled by his feet, was now a real one, an eight-cylinder giant. His always ample pocket money had increased with the years to the proportions of a very robust allowance. He had come to accept life as a gay game in which, so it seemed, he could always win, and easily. For Nature, too, had made a favorite son of him.

From birth he had been endowed with good health and good looks; and they, in turn, gave him poise and an easy friendliness which smoothed the way for him in his contacts with other people. At Yale he had been voted the most popular man in his class. He did not have to reach out for honors; they came to him unsought. He wore them modestly, for he took them as a matter of course. That he should have been elected captain of the polo team pleased him, but did not surprise him. That the most exclusive clubs should have opened their tomblike doors to him seemed as natural to him as that he should eat poached eggs for his breakfast. Doors had a way of opening for him. He never had had to batter them down.

In his studies a naturally quick mind had enabled him to get passing marks without making it necessary for him to engage in grueling battles with textbooks. His engineering course had interested him in the same way it had interested him to build elaborate mansions and forts of blocks in his nursery; it was just one more pastime.

The war was to him simply another and more interesting game. He had gone into it as he would have gone into a steeplechase or any other hazardous sporting event. Aviation attracted him; and since he had handled fast and potent motor cars from early youth, he became a good flyer, painlessly. Of course, they made him a captain. Later, after an exciting brush in the air over the Argonne, with good fortune flying at his side to keep him unscathed, he had had both cheeks soundly kissed by a bushy-bearded French general and a medal pinned on his tunic. When he got back to Branton, they gave a dinner in his honor at the club and he drank most of a magnum of champagne, sang sixteen verses of Mademoiselle From Armentières and was conveyed to his flat in a triumphal state of slumber.

He woke to a life of polo and parties. He liked it. Some moments of dissatisfaction he had known. Sometimes a fit of restlessness hit him. But he threw it off by going on a lively party. Mostly, life seemed fair and fine to him.

Now and again he had had flirtations. They had hardly been more than that. Once or twice, for brief periods, he had fancied himself in love with some girl or other, daughters of the rich men of Branton or their visitors from other cities. But they were always taking his love making too seriously.

As Tommy Waterlow put it: "Jerry, like the good Hibernian he is, bubbles out sentiment as naturally as a geyser bubbles out hot water; but it's just a game with him, like everything else. Poor chap, the ladies always think he means that he wants to settle down with them in a cute little cottage with eleven bathrooms and a brace of butlers."

"I'm Going to Make a Paper Rowboat and Row to the Moon"

"They're nice enough girls," Gerald once confided in Tommy, "but they chatter so! Lord, I don't want to marry a magpie. It's amusing for a while, listening to their small talk, their gossip and their wise cracks, but I can't endure the notion of listening to it at breakfast, luncheon and dinner for the next forty years."

It was then that Tommy Waterlow made his sage remark for that year. "Jerry," he said, "you've never really been in love."

"What do you know about it?" Gerald had returned.

"My dear fellow," Tommy had said, "I am always in that delicious but highly painful state. I recognize it by the facts that all the words of some woman who, up till then, I have thought rather a fool, suddenly seem to me incomparably witty and wise. The current object of my adoration has but to say, 'I bought the cutest new hat today,' and I consider it the most absorbing speech since the Gettysburg Address."

Gerald had laughed and admitted, "I never met any girl who affected me to that extent."

"You will," Tommy had predicted. "Now you are just a general practitioner, but some day you will be a specialist. And when you fall, my boy, it will be with a thud which will be heard all over these states. You're so utter, Jerry. Still, when a man's in love he might as well be all the way in."

"Heaven preserve me from magpies!" Gerald had said.

Gerald Shannon was thinking of Sonia now as he sped toward her house. When he first met her at Tommy Waterlow's house, he had thought that she chattered like the rest. Later he decided that her chatter was different. There was a sophistication about it, he thought. Of course, all the girls he met aimed at sophistication; they seemed quite willing to do anything or say anything to attain that goal. But somehow they seemed to him immature and unreal. It was considered smart to act like brazen hoydens, so they did so. Sonia was not like that. He was glad that she was wholly and frankly feminine.

Tommy Waterlow had once summed her up by saying, "Sonia never forgets for a second that she is a woman; and she never lets a man forget it either."

When Gerald was with her—and he had been with her a lot in the past year—her attitude toward him was always that of a weaker person toward a stronger; it made him feel protective. She confided in him, asked for his advice, encouraged him to talk about himself, and listened, round-eyed and interested. But not too interested; somehow she had been able to give him a sense that she was not to be won easily.

His car was climbing Watchtower Hill. He felt now, as he drew near Sonia's house, that his feeling for that Thorne girl had been an aberration on his part, a touch of spring

folly he could not understand. He should be grateful to Irene, he told himself, for bringing him to his senses. She was right, of course. They were of different worlds, he and she. Sonia Brotherton was of his world. They met on a plane of understanding. As for the Thorne girl, thank God he was over being an infatuated idiot.

Sonia Brotherton herself opened the door of her little house on the rim of Branton's fashionable section. Her blond hair had been hastily arranged, and she held about her a negligee of purple and silver cloth. She gave a little cry of surprise when she saw him. "Why, Jerry!"

"Yes, none other. I'm sorry to call so late. I thought you'd be up, though, playing bridge."

"I called off the bridge game," she said. "I felt in no mood for cards. I wanted to think—and sleep."

"I'll go," he said, "if you're tired."

"I'm seldom too tired to talk to you," she said. "Come in, won't you?"

"Just for a minute," he said, and followed her into her small, smart drawing-room.

"Now," she said, as they sat down, "did you have something special to say to me?"

"Why, Sonia," Gerald exclaimed, "what's the matter? You talk like a busy man being interviewed by a life-insurance agent. Have I done something to displease you?"

"Do I seem displeased?"

"Well, a bit formal," he said. "I might almost say chilly."

"I'm taking my cue from you, Jerry."

"I know," he said. "You're miffed because I didn't come to play bridge tonight. I'm sorry."

"Why didn't you come?"

"Had to go to my father's house," he said; and added, "Business."

"You seem to have had a lot of business there lately."

"I've finished it now," he said.

"Must have been frightfully important," Sonia said, "to make you neglect your friends so."

"I'm sorry. But I tell you it's finished now."

"Then you're going to be your old self again?"

"I hope so."

"Let's have a drink to celebrate that."

"Thanks. Scotch and soda for me." When it was brought and poured, he raised his glass. "To you, Sonia."

"To you, Jerry."

They drank.

"Sonia?"

"Yes?"

"Let me ask you something."

"Well?"

"I want you to answer me honestly."

"I always try to be honest with you, Jerry."

"Good! Here goes. Am I a bum?"

She laughed. "Who said that?" she asked.

"Nobody. I thought it up myself. But am I?"

"Of course not."

"Then what am I?"

"A very nice boy."

"Boy?"

"Don't you want to be young?"

"Yes; but not juvenile," Gerald said. "Another question."

"What?"

"Am I weak?"

"Who has been calling you weak?"

"That's another of my own happy thoughts."

"Jerry," she said, "I don't think you're weak."

"Do you mean that, Sonia?"

"Of course I mean it. What or who gave you the idea that you're weak?"

"Just a notion of mine. After all, Sonia, what am I good for?"

"My dear Jerry, I strongly suspect that somebody has been examining your conscience for you. Forget it. You're all right. Have another drink and stop being philosophic. Philosophy is bad for one's digestion."

He smiled as he took the drink. "I expect I do sound a bit owlish," he said. "But tonight I feel as if I'd eaten a whole bevy of owls—if they come in bevies. Can you stand a few more profound thoughts?"

"You might as well get them out of your system, I suppose," Sonia Brotherton said.

"I've just been wondering," he said, "if maybe I'm not kidding myself along, and not facing the fact that I'm pretty useless."

"Jerry," she said, "you talk as if you'd been to a high-school graduation and heard the class orator recite 'Life is real, life is earnest.' If you're burning with a desire to be useful, pass me those cigarettes."

"But I don't seem to be getting anywhere," he said. "I'm not doing anything."

"Who is?"

"Dad."

"He's amusing himself in his own way. Why shouldn't you amuse yourself in your way?"

"Do you call building skyscrapers an amusement, Sonia?"

"Of course—to your father. That doesn't mean it would be to you. Don't you see, Jerry, you and he belong to different generations, with different ideas? You know how to play. It so happens that your father's idea of play is what some people call work. I'll bet he gets as much fun out of building a house as you do out of a polo game."

"Maybe more," said Gerald Shannon. "I don't get the kick out of my polo that I used to. I'm beginning to wonder if I wouldn't be happier building houses."

"Jerry, don't fall for that bunk about the gospel of hard work. That's just a lot of claptrap preached at us by people who are sore because they have to work themselves. Nobody really likes to work; they simply make a virtue of a necessity."

"I used to feel that way. I'm not so sure now," Gerald said.

"Jerry, I see I must give you a talking to. I've seen something of the world," Sonia Brotherton said, "and I know that America is the land of poor millionaires. They're poor because, although they have piles of money, they don't know what to do with it. I've known men like that. The pathetic creatures go on piling up more and more wealth, and are actually proud of the fact that they expect to die in harness. Sometimes they try to quit—to play, as they put it—but it's too late for them to learn to play. I knew a man once who worked twelve hours a day from sixteen to sixty, making mowing machines and a fortune. I told him he should retire and enjoy life. He tried to. He was miserable. The only way he knew of to have a good time was to make silly mowing machines. So he went back to work again; and now, at nearly seventy, he's sitting at his desk, and will probably be sitting there till he dies."

"I'm not so sorry for him," Gerald said. "Perhaps he's fond of mowing machines."

"No doubt he is, poor fellow. Still he's a rather tragic figure. He'll just go on working, like a squirrel spinning

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"Sonia," He Said, "You are Beautiful When You Smile Like That, With the Light on Your Hair"

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 6, 1926

The High Cost of Sickness

DR. C. C. BURLINGAME, in addressing a recent convention, made a striking and timely plea for the wider application of business methods to hospital operation and for the enforcement of those economies without which the high cost of sickness will never be reduced.

No other country had raised hospital construction to the high level it has attained in America. Our institutional buildings are characterized by beauty, cheerfulness, convenience, healthfulness and an extraordinary suitability, in gross and in detail, for the purpose for which they were erected. Highly skilled experts supervise the smallest minutiæ of plan and equipment, and devise meritorious improvements almost daily. Able and enthusiastic men and women staff most of these institutions, and as a net result they serve certain groups with a perfection which fifteen or twenty years ago would have seemed incredible.

Extremes meet in the personnel of the group that gets the completest service, for among these happy patients are both the very rich and the very poor. The wealthy enjoy every diagnostic, medical, surgical and therapeutic advantage the institution can muster because they are able to pay for it whatever be its cost. The indigent command the skill of crack surgeons and specialists and receive very much the same sort of treatment for nothing, or next to nothing, because no hospital worthy of the name is content to give a patient anything less than its best.

A large percentage of hospital inmates lack these advantages, for it is they who are the great financial middle class, composed of self-respecting persons who are too proud to accept free service and too poor to be able to afford costly private rooms, highly paid surgeons and the expensive laboratory studies which have done so much to take the guesswork out of modern medicine and surgery. They flock to the cheapest rooms, employ the best professional service they can pay for, deny themselves all but the most essential attention, and finally leave the institution with depleted savings, after having received less for their money than the free patient got for nothing. In other words, they are penalized for their self-respect and for their determination to pay their own way.

Common observation goes to confirm the truth of the picture Doctor Burlingame has drawn; but conclusive proof of its correctness is to be found in the earnest efforts of progressive boards of managers to better the conditions he has pointed out, and to bring all hospital facilities within the reach of persons of moderate means. The first step in this direction is wise employment of funds and entire elimination of waste. These imply the universal adoption of scientific accounting methods, accurate cost-keeping systems, standardization of supplies, conservation of material, skillful purchasing, and that eternal vigilance without which real economy never thrives.

Even the best-managed hospitals show an operating deficit. This must be wiped out by income from endowment, state or municipal aid, appropriations from local welfare organizations or private contributions. Well-managed hospitals should be regarded not as charities but as quasi-public utilities, and as such they should be able to command the loyal support of all who are within their sphere of service; for the more they can count on the public, the more the public can count on them.

The problem of cheaper hospital facilities is everywhere being agitated, and it can and will be solved as soon as the business men of the country and their powerful organizations attack it in force and apply to it methods similar to those which have brought efficiency and economy into their own successful enterprises. There is no field of humane endeavor in which business leaders can produce more beneficent results, if they will enter it in a big way and give their best thought to its peculiar needs.

Suburban Openings for City Shops

TWO or three years ago a long-headed Yankee who furnishes financial and commercial statistics to his subscribers, many of whom are investment brokers, suggested that city bond houses might very well consider the wisdom of opening branch offices in suburban communities. Many of their customers, he reasoned, are elderly men and women who habitually use motor cars. They are too old to make light of the hazards of traffic jams during visits to the city, and they are therefore inclined to make them as few and as far between as possible. If they could do their financial shopping unhindered by blocks and delays and inconvenient parking restrictions, their business would naturally flow into local quarters in which it could be pleasantly and easily transacted without loss of time.

If this argument had any force in 1923 or 1924, it has twice as much today, for during the intervening years city traffic congestion has month by month become perceptibly worse. We are unaware of the extent to which investment bankers followed this counsel; but there are many instances in which city specialty shops have adopted the idea. They found that many of their suburban women customers who drive their own cars did as much of their buying as possible in neighborhood shops, preferring to pay suburban prices rather than plunge into the vortex of the downtown traffic jam. The only way to regain this lost business was to bring the city shop to the suburban buyer. This has been done by many progressive merchants, especially those who cater to a feminine trade.

This movement from city to suburb is perhaps still too young to be declared signally successful; and yet it would seem as if the steady increase in density of urban traffic is weighty evidence of the wisdom of such a development.

The Johnson Act Under Fire

THE new session of Congress will presently be enlivened by several simultaneous attacks upon the Johnson Immigration Act. The enemies of this measure are never idle. They never stop to take breath or falter while they are getting their second wind. When Congress is in session they are at work day and night in the open. During the recess they are equally active under the cover of national societies, racial groups and local organizations. Smash the Johnson Act is the slogan of every alien gathering whose personnel traces back to Southern or Eastern Europe.

Some of the speakers at these meetings have given utterance to sentiments which are so hostile to America and to free American institutions that if generally broadcast they would arouse an overwhelming determination on the part of Congress to keep on the safe side by forbidding practically all immigration. Stenographic reports of the proceedings of some of these alien meetings would make sensational reading; and we should not be sorry to see some of them incorporated in the hearing reports of the House Committee on Immigration.

Last summer certain racial groups and self-seeking interests of native origin made elaborate attempts to defeat the renomination of Chairman Johnson of the House Committee on Immigration when he came before the primaries in the state of Washington last September. This effort resulted in a dismal failure, for the man from Hoquiam was triumphantly renominated by a liberal plurality. The episode was not, however, without national importance, for it was a striking example of the lengths to which certain interests will go in their determination to thwart the veto of the majority and to impose the will of Europe on America.

The nation is fully forewarned; and if we are not forearmed we shall have no one to blame but ourselves.

As Others See Us

SOME Americans have a tendency to be touchy and oversensitive, and to attach too much importance to what is said about us by the writers and speakers of other lands. The mere fact that the opinion expressed is a foreign dictum gives it, in their eyes, an importance to which it is rarely entitled. Obscure visitors, minor novelists and unknown penny-a-liners from Europe all have their fling at us, and immediately some of us become as hot under the collar as if their opinions really mattered one way or the other. Scores of young men who could not qualify for a forty-dollar-a-week job on an American newspaper or earn their salt in a live business house have succeeded in setting oversensitive souls by the ears merely because what they said was cabled across the Atlantic.

Sensitiveness to these frothy criticisms often blunts one's perceptions in regard to matters of real significance. A satirical diatribe cabled over by some Fleet Street space writer so enrages some of us that we momentarily ignore the cordiality of our official relations with his country. The British Foreign Office may have been straining every nerve to meet our Department of State more than halfway in some delicate negotiation, and yet the obscurist scribbler has it in his power to neutralize the good feeling that should grow out of these responsible manifestations of good-will by flicking us on the raw with a ten-dollar dispatch.

Just as it is possible to throw a brickbat farther than a bouquet, unfavorable criticism always has the widest publicity, while European admiration for American achievements rarely registers on this side of the water. If we are to believe the foreign press, America is the eighth and greatest wonder of the world. Our material achievements are discussed with admiration and frank wonderment. Our industrial methods are the despair of foreign competitors. Our harmonious relations between labor and capital are the envy of the world. Our high wages and low production costs form the daily theme of overseas editors. The only countries on the globe in which our standards of living are not envied are those in which the rumors of our prosperity are regarded as mere fairy tales too extravagant to merit the credence of grown men. Of course, European writers are at a loss to understand why an inscrutable Providence has seen fit to shower such abundant blessings upon a people so much less worthy of divine favor than their own; but the fact itself is accepted and broadcast.

The most striking truth in regard to foreign comment upon America is one which rarely occurs to us, though it is constantly in the minds of the real leaders of thought across the water. This fact is that the New World's opinions of the Old World and her attitude toward it are quite as important as the Old World's sentiments in regard to the New. The history of the next century, perhaps that of many centuries, will pivot more upon the former than upon the latter.

Once arrived at a full realization of this relationship, our thin skins will rapidly toughen. Abuse is so inseparable from success and power that it may often be accepted as conclusive proof of their existence.

WORKING FOR THE TICKET

WE SAT—the four of us—in the chairman's ornate room at state-committee headquarters, plunged in profoundest gloom. Thicker, darker than the heavy pall of cigar smoke that blurred the battered photos of departed bosses gazing pityingly on us from the walls, hung over our spirits the shadow of a perplexing problem. For we were facing that which politicians and political organizations alike dread above all things—a new situation unsolvable by reference to party precedent.

In this case the problem was: Who should tell our lone feminine candidate to stop rolling her gay and silken hose?

There weren't many difficulties which could thus have daunted our hand-picked little group. Among us were two men expertly versed in the experiences and expediencies of politics, and a woman whose social position and attainments out-Warded the late Mr. McAllister himself. There was the chairman, shrewd, calm, observant, and wise with the political wisdom which comes only to those who have fought their way from election-day pullers of doorbells to local bossdom and beyond. There was the first and the most powerful of his city lieutenants, a man whose proud boast it was, and whose epitaph it may some day be, that he "carried the river wards in his vest pocket." There was the head of the women's committee, who by clever application of wide social experience to the problems of politics had won from these two a reluctant yet sincere admiration. And lastly there was myself, who performed the variety of campaign duties which, for lack of a better name, are grouped under the general head of "publicity." To us, then, had come this unprecedented problem to disturb the harmony of a state-wide campaign, which, we flattered ourselves, had theretofore been directed rather smoothly, everything considered.

"You see, it's this way," the chairman had explained when I crashed the conference in response to a frantic summons. "This candidate's a good-looker—in every way, I mean—and we've been playing her up in the public interest because Paris millinery is still a novelty in the ring. But the county leaders complain that they don't want her on the stump. Her short-skirt, rolled-stocking stuff goes well enough in the cities, they admit, but out in the sticks the farmers' wives are protesting. They say it doesn't look right for her to sit on a platform with her knees crossed. A lot of farmers' wives, you understand, don't wear silk stockings and their kn—— and there are other differences. So they tell the leaders this candidate isn't refined and they're going to vote against her. I'm not so worried on her account, you understand, but I can't help feeling that the reaction will hurt our whole ticket in the upstate counties."

He paused to let that sweetly solemn thought sink in. Then he turned to me. "Now," said the chairman, "I don't want to get into a discussion with the dame myself. It mightn't look right. So I guess it's up to you to tell her that what we're running here is a political campaign, not a beauty contest."

I saw the chairman's point, of course, but doubted that I could make our charming candidate see it. So I demurred. There was some discussion, but the guardian of the river wards came nobly to my aid.

"Why tell her at all?" he demanded. "Let her alone. Everybody knows that knees are popular, no matter what the hicks say. Think of Ann Pennington! Think of Mistinguette! Think of the Follies chorus!"

We all sat around and thought of them for a while—for quite a while, in fact—until a refined and ladylike little snort from the women's leader roused us from the pleasant reverie.

"The brothers," she sneered, "may not be so valiant, but the sisters are, if nothing else, veracious. I'll speak the truth to this candidate myself, since you are all afraid of her."

We forgave her the dig and the plagiarism alike, and cheered. Then the chairman did the honest thing. "Now," he said, "at last I understand why women are invaluable in politics."

Frankly, I never learned just how our woman member put her message across, but the complaints ceased and I dismissed the incident as one dismisses many problems in the heat of a campaign. The candidate wasn't running for a very important office and, besides, it was a general campaign, which, in our state, means almost certain victory to the dominant party, regardless of minor errors. I tell the story simply to illustrate the diversity of problems which confront those concerned with the direction of political campaigns.

I have worked for the ticket through both general and primary campaigns; through purely, though not necessarily pure, local campaigns; I have seen campaigns whose candidates teetered at times dangerously close to what Roosevelt once called "the lunatic fringe," and campaigns directed by leaders of smoothly geared political machines. I am familiar with the framing of issues, the selection and assignment of speakers, the distribution of propaganda through press, pamphlet and poster, the direction of rallies, the raising of funds—all the manifold activities entailed in convincing a large and frequently indifferent electorate that the salvation of the commonwealth and the assurance of individual prosperity depended solely on the election of a certain candidate. Out of it all I've emerged with a profound respect for the efficiency if not for the ethics of the so-called political machine, with a sometimes lessened regard for the candidates, and with an attitude of

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Speaking From a Cart to a Noonday Meeting

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Chesterfieldian Pedestrian: "Would You be So Kind as to Back a Little, Madam! You're on My Foot"

Polly Wood of Hollywood

MISS POLLY WOOD of Hollywood is good as good can be;
The strongest drink she ever takes is coffee, milk, or tea;
When not employed, she'll sit and think, or even only sit;
No folly would Miss Polly Wood of Hollywood commit.

Miss Polly Wood of Hollywood is simple as a rose;
She wears no rings upon her thumbs, no bells upon her toes;
She hates the sight of limousines, and should she wish to ride,
Fair Hollywood a trolley would for Polly Wood provide.

Miss Polly Wood of Hollywood arises with the lark,
Is safe at home at 6 P.M., abed before the dark.
She's fond of books and healthful sport and dogs, and longs for more;
Miss Polly Wood of Hollywood a collie would adore!

Miss Polly Wood of Hollywood is just a lovely child
Who never heard of wicked ways or parties rough and wild;
And if you think of sending her a gift and want advice,
For Polly Wood of Hollywood a dolly would be nice.

Miss Polly Wood of Hollywood is free of moral smirch;
And some day when the camera is focused on her church,
A group of cherubim will bring—though sundry imps may carp—
Miss Polly Wood of Hollywood a halo and a harp!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Note: All the characters in the above poem are strictly fictitious.

The Police Reporter's Manual

WHAT did the police do after the crime?

ANS.: The police immediately threw out a dragnet over the city.

When is an arrest expected?

ANS.: Arrest of the criminal is expected within a few hours.

Who conducted the raid?

ANS.: A crack squad of picked officers.

What was the net result of the raid this morning when forty gallons of liquor were confiscated?

ANS.: A staggering blow was dealt the bootleggers.

Describe the murdered girl.

ANS.: The slain girl was young and pretty and dressed in the height of fashion. She is said to have been a former actress.

Are homely girls ever murdered?

ANS.: No.

What caused the fire?

ANS.: The blaze is believed to have originated from a carelessly tossed cigarette

Why did the policeman fire?

ANS.: The gallant officer fired in self-defense.

Do cops ever fire except in self-defense?

ANS.: Only in years when the paper is not supporting the administration.

Who was seen near the scene of the crime?

Dogville Items. Oh, Boy! There is a Noticeable Waning of the Popularity of Deacon White's Noah This Morning. Noah Tackled What He Thought Was a Cat Last Night—But it Wasn't

ANS.: A swarthy individual with a scarred face was seen lurking near the scene of the crime.

How did the bandits escape?

ANS.: The bandits fled in a powerful motor car.

Do bandits ever use ordinary automobiles?

ANS.: No.

What description should be used when two holdups occur the same night?

ANS.: An unprecedented crime wave.

Describe the female bandit.

ANS.: She was young and pretty with delicate features and bobbed hair.

What did the young murderer discuss?

ANS.: The stoical young slayer discussed the classics with reporters.

Who is at the head of the clique of beer runners?

ANS.: A sinister master mind

Who was captured in the raid on the road house?

ANS.: Some of the most fashionable people in the city social register.

—Dewey M. Owens.

Geometrical Progression

"MY NEXT novel?" repeated the author. "It's going to be about a rounder who is involved in a triangle. He pretends to be on the square, but in his own sphere everyone knows he is all on the surface. The other man is many-sided, but withal obtuse, despite his solid qualities. I think it will be a book on an entirely different plane."

Inspired Writing

THE minister's little girl had been watching her father prepare his next Sunday morning sermon.

"Daddy," she asked, "does God tell you what to say when you write your sermon?"

"Why, yes, of course, dear."

She thought it over for a second, and then asked, "Then, daddy, why do you keep on scratching words out?"

New Names for Old

MISS CABOT tripped down the garden path, caressing, even touching with her lips, the flowers and fruits she loved so well. She knew them so intimately that it almost seemed to her that she could understand what they were saying. She thrust her nose into the cup of a Bride poppy—*Papaver somniferum*—and inhaled deeply. A drowsy, far-away feeling possessed her. She could hear what it was saying. Ah, the sweet murmurs of the gentle flowerets!

"I knew her when she was just a wild field daisy, and glad enough to grow in a

(Continued on Page 98)

Pessimist: "Thankful! Who, Me? I Have Nothing to be Thankful For, Thank God"

There's a meal in this delicious blend of 15 garden vegetables, beef broth, cereals and tempting herbs!

"Your vegetable soup is so delicious and so substantial that I often have it for my luncheon with very little else. I also find it a splendid supper. It is certainly a comfort to have such an attractive meal always ready and convenient on my pantry shelf!"

This was a very welcome letter which a housewife recently wrote to us. It expressed what we have heard from hundreds of others all over the country, telling us of their appreciation of the nourishing quality of Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Certainly it is not surprising that this soup is so often eaten as a meal, when you consider the many different and hearty ingredients that are blended in it. Thirty-two in all!

Let Campbell's chefs and Campbell's kitchens help you every day. Their soups are so delightful—and so easy to serve!

32 ingredients **12 cents a can**

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

FOOL RIDGE

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"I Cert'ny Never Hoped to See Anybody Go By, This Late in the Season; But I Hoped, Anyhow. I—I——" He Broke Down and Wept Miserably

CAMPED in the bottom of Rainbow Canyon, old Beckel Smith cast a doubtful eye upward before rolling into his blankets. Seen between the high rims of the canyon, the sky showed its accustomed sheet of stars; but the stars did not shine with their usual clear radiance and a querulous breeze came and went among the alders. Moreover, into the joyous chatter of Rainbow Creek had crept a hushed, melancholy overtone. An uneasy owl hooted from the top of the rim, half a mile in the sky.

Old Beckel was uneasy also. He was a lean, gaunt man with a two-inch stubble on his face. He had a sensitive chin and keen kindly blue eyes that looked out upon his world from beneath grizzled brows. He spread his blankets upon the ground and looked up again. The stars seemed even dimmer than before. He brought his precious winter store of flour, sugar, beans and bacon close to his bed of fir boughs, so that his greasy old pack cover would cover bed and all. Then he turned in with a weary sigh and went immediately to sleep. He had come twenty-five miles that day, driving his slow-footed donkey.

About daybreak the old prospector came suddenly awake. A scattered pattering fell upon the dead madrona leaves and he sprang from his blankets, on the instant wide awake and acting. One glance upward told him that the stars were gone. He flung fresh fuel upon the smoldering embers of his camp fire and by the light the leaping flames afforded he hastily packed his donkey and lashed the canvas pack cover over the whole securely.

He did not even wait to make coffee, but climbed upon his saddle horse and herded the protesting donkey up the steep zigzag trail toward the canyon rim. The rain was falling steadily by this time; a cold, insistent rain that pattered in a dreary monotone upon the stiff madrona leaves, and in the air was the indefinable chill of approaching winter. There was no wind.

Two or three hundred yards below the summit the trail turned and slanted across Murphy Slide, a long scar in the mountain where ages ago had occurred a cataclysmic caving away of the earth. It was about six hundred yards wide and extended from the summit down to the bed of the canyon, a great, slippery chute. On the right the steep hard slope crowded the trail; on the left it fell away steeply. A single step to the left meant death. Halfway across the dangerous place old Beckel stopped his horse abruptly and leaned over, studying the ground.

"Looks like somebody went over," he muttered, and dismounted. A donkey's tracks showed, evidently a day or two old; a man's tracks also, and Smith's heart sank at the prospect of a long, perilous search for the body—for no man might go down that chute and live. Whoever it had been, if he went over the edge he was dead.

However, studying the ground more closely in the gathering light, Beckel discovered that the man had not gone down the chute with his donkey after all. The boot tracks turned and went back toward the rim, but the donkey tracks did not accompany them. The inference was plain, and old Beckel could see the tragedy as though he had been there. He climbed back into the saddle and hurried to catch up with his pack.

"Feller's jackass just naturally went to sleep and walked over the edge of the trail," he said, "and the coyotes are havin' a feed down there among the rocks somewhere."

He overtook his own donkey at the farther edge of the Slide and jogged on up the trail to the summit. The rain had changed and was half snow—a cold, cheerless spatter that clung and chilled.

A blue wind greeted him as he rode over the rim, and he drew his slicker closer about him and pulled his hat low above his eyes. It was broad day now; and as he crossed the summit of the rim he came to a rude bark shelter and saw a man crouched beside a smudgy fire, chin on his breast and his hands hanging between his knees, his whole attitude advertising utter despondency.

The man lifted his head as Smith came opposite, then with difficulty arose and hobbled out to the trail, leaning upon an improvised crutch.

"Brother," he said, his voice choked with emotion, "I'm cert'ny glad to see you!" He was a squat, thick-bodied man with sandy hair and pale eyebrows and lashes. His neck was thick, seamed by deep wrinkles that cut the rough skin in diamonds, and his hands were covered by yellow blotches. "My name's Rudie," he went on, the words tumbling out in a sobbing torrent—"Pel Rudie. My packass went down the Slide day before yesterday, and everything I owned went down with him—blankets, grub, tobacco—even my rifle!"

"I saw where it happened," said Beckel. "You're hurt, ain't you?"

"Hurt bad," said Rudie. "I was hangin' to the halter and he drug me over the edge with him, but I caught a bush and hung on. Then a rollin' rock hit my laig and nearly busted it in two. Can't walk none at all—just hop a little on this stick—and I been sittin' here ever since, though I didn't expect anybody to come by. I cert'ny never hoped to see anybody go by, this late in the season; but I hoped, anyhow. I—I——"

He broke down and wept miserably. Old Beckel climbed stiffly to the ground.

"Aw, say!" he protested awkwardly. "You're all right now, ole-timer! Say, I'll fix you up some grub and then I'll take you on to my camp. I got a good cabin over on Buckhorn Meadows, at the foot of Garbey Hill. It's only fifteen miles, and when I get you to my cabin you can rest there till your laig's well."

"Brother," said the overjoyed cripple, "you're a prince! Yes, sir, a prince!"

His voice was tremulous and it embarrassed Beckel.

The old prospector's movements seemed slow, but incredibly soon he had a good fire built in place of the smudgy one, and bacon and coffee were smoking hot. He had missed his own breakfast, so the two men ate together, the injured man wolfing his meal ravenously, meanwhile uttering voluble encomiums upon his good Samaritan.

"Brother," he said, time and again, "you're a prince! I was cert'ny expectin' to die, right here, all by myself!" He looked across the fire, stark terror in his red-rimmed eyes. "Why," he said positively, "I didn't have a chance! Not a Chinaman's chance! No grub, no blankets, no gun, couldn't walk—and a snowstorm comin' on! I'd have died sure! You've saved my life, brother. You cert'ny have saved my life, and old Pel Rudie ain't never goin' to forget it!"

They spent but little time over the meal, for the air had darkened again and the storm was increasing in violence. Old Beckel took off his slicker and gave it to the crippled

(Continued on Page 40

SWIFT
—a food service

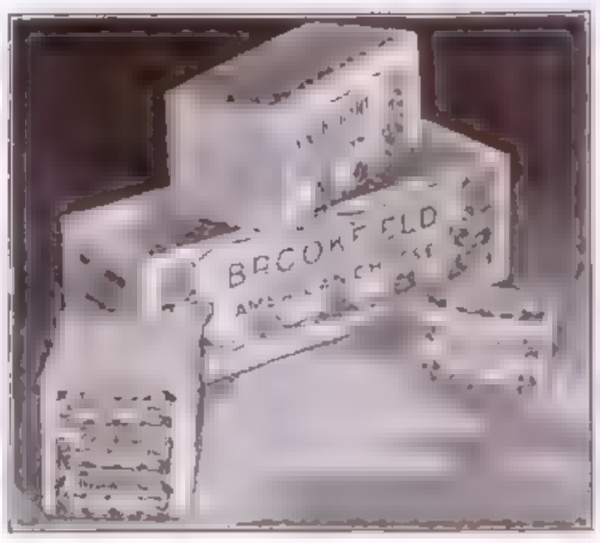
ONE way in which Swift & Company is broadening the market for the product of American farms is illustrated by Brookfield Cheese, sold only in packages

1 Ideal climate, rich pastures, well-fed cows, clean farms—all contribute to the superior quality of the milk from which Brookfield Cheese is made.

2 Sweet and fresh, this high-grade milk is received daily at clean and sanitary cheese factories where it is made into cheese.

3 At our refrigerated plants this cheese is carefully aged and blended to produce the fine flavor and texture characteristic of Brookfield Cheese. It is then pasteurized and packed in foil-lined half-pound and five-pound cartons.

4 The name Brookfield on the carton is your assurance of uniform, *unvarying*, fine quality cheese made from the finest of materials, manufactured with the utmost care, and brought to your retailer in perfect condition.



BUYING cheese used to be a gamble, because of the great variation in quality and flavor. Drying out, cracking, crumbling, and waste in cutting made the old-fashioned cheese an unsatisfactory product for dealers to handle.

These reasons limited the sale of this important farm product, with the result that the average American ate less than five pounds of cheese a year.

Half-pound and five-pound loaves, in individual packages, have changed all this because cheese is no longer exposed in the store and keeps well in the home. Brookfield Cheese in packages is an assurance of high quality and uniformly fine flavor.

Selling cheese in this way is one of the important recent developments in the marketing of farm products. Food dealers everywhere are enabled to handle it, and a new appreciation of this nutritious food is being built up.

By bringing this more desirable cheese to the consumer, Swift's Food Service is broadening the market for another product of the American farm.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

© S & Co.

(Continued from Page 38

man, helped him into the saddle and they started, Beckel Smith walking and urging the jackass along the trail, Rudie riding behind, still profanely voluble in his protestations of gratitude.

"You saved my life, brother," he continued to reiterate "You're treatin' me royal; and believe me, Pel Rudie never forgets a good guy! You're a prince, brother! You cert'ny are a prince!"

It was a rough, dangerous trip, for the half-obliterated trail they followed was narrow and broken, slippery from the slushy rain. Night was coming on when they reached the lonely little cabin on Buckhorn Meadows and the snow had changed to a cold rain once more. Old Beckel was soaked and chilled to the bone. However, he established his injured guest comfortably by a roaring fire and made supper before attending to his animals—a thing he had never done before.

Later, sitting before the warm fire, the two men smoked in drowsy relaxation, listening to the thunder of the rain on the roof. The storm increased steadily in violence and the water streamed through the darkness in torrents. Above the noise of the rain they were conscious of the long monotonous roaring of the wind that tore across the higher ridges.

"Worst storm I've seen in twenty years," observed Beckel.

"What if you hadn't come along this mornin'?" said Rudie, and shivered. "Think of me out in a night like this—no grub, no blankets, dyin' up yonder with a busted laig!"

"You'd have died, all right!" agreed Beckel with conviction.

"I'd have died right there!" Rudie shuddered again, listening to the storm. "I hadn't a Chinaman's chance!"

Just before they turned in for the night the man Rudie looked at his host with awakened curiosity.

"Whatever are you doin', anyway, brother," he asked, "away back here in the hills?"

"Prospectin'," Smith told him.

"Found anything yet?"

Beckel hesitated, then fished in his pocket with gnarled fingers and brought out a piece of dirty gray quartz about the size of a walnut. It was an ugly bit of rock, but it was shot through and through with rich flecks and streaks of yellow.

On one side it was literally plastered with the same splendid coloring. Rudie's eyes gleamed as he turned the specimen in his thick fingers

"Free gold!" he exclaimed, the breath quickening in his hairy throat. "Ledge or pocket?"

"That's what I'm aimin' to find out," said the prospector.

"Where'd you find it?"

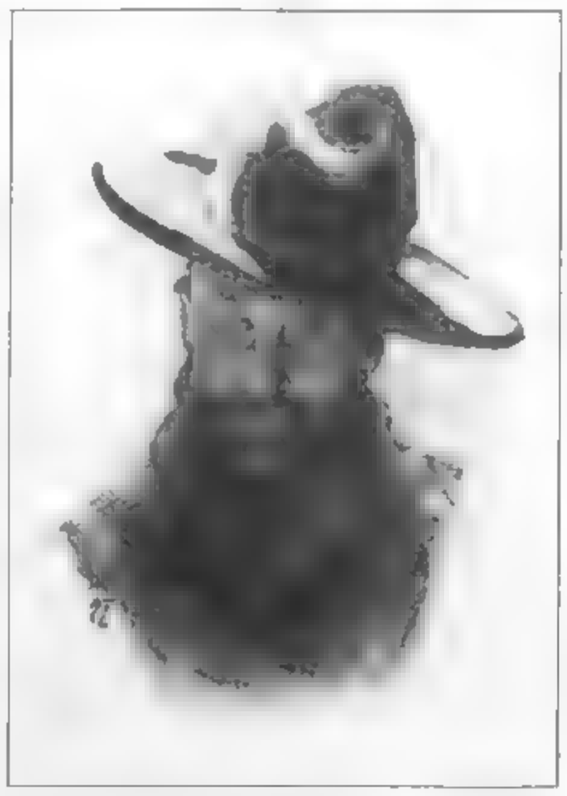
Now this is a question which no one even halfway grounded in the ethics of prospecting will ask another. Beckel Smith was slow in replying. Then, "Down Tom Bell Creek," he said honestly. "Maybe half a mile or so below the Fool Ridge bluff. Found it in the creek about a month ago."

"Couldn't have come far," said Rudie, contemplating the rough surface of the rock. "Ain't wore hardly any at all."

"No," agreed the prospector. "I reckon it come down off of Garbey Hill. Couldn't have come from Fool Ridge, of course, for Fool Ridge is hungry ground. No quartz there, and, besides, the formation ain't right for gold. No, sir, that quartz come down off of Garbey Hill and I'm goin' to find the ledge it come from. Ought to be a good big ledge too. It don't look like stringer rock to me, nor pocket either."

Rudie continued to turn the piece of quartz in his fingers and the golden light smiled up at him from the tantalizing streaks and points of rich yellow. His fingers were trembling when he handed it reluctantly back.

"Ought to make you rich," he suggested, "rock like that."



Tom Bell

"I'd never have to worry about my winter's grub no more," smiled the old prospector. "A few tons of that stuff would be enough to keep me all my life. Well," he ended whimsically, "it's about time I was findin' her. I been huntin' my big strike for forty-fifty years."

"Say," said Rudie heartily, "here's hopin' you find it, brother! You got it comin' to you, all right! Most big strikes are made by worthless characters that don't deserve 'em; but you got it comin' to you, brother. You cert'ny have! You're a prince!"

■

FOR three days the heavy downpour continued, but on the fourth day the sky cleared suddenly and the sun came out. Rudie and Smith stood in front of the cabin, looking about at a clean-washed world. Every gulch roared with yellow water. Tom Bell Creek was a raging river, with rotten wood and brown leaves riding upon its muddy surface. Across Tom Bell Creek, every gully poured its tumbling flood down the slope of Garbey Hill, seaming the porous soil and rattling loose rocks into the creek below. Farther down the creek Fool Ridge stood grim and craggy, its breast a sheer precipice that dropped for a thousand feet to the creek bed.

"Lucky we had a good cabin," observed Rudie. "They was enough water fell to drown a duck."

"Pretty good cabin," conceded Smith with satisfaction. "Ought to be—I spent all summer buildin' her."

"Nice flat too." Rudie regarded the level sweep of land all about the cabin, with its scattered clumps of firs.

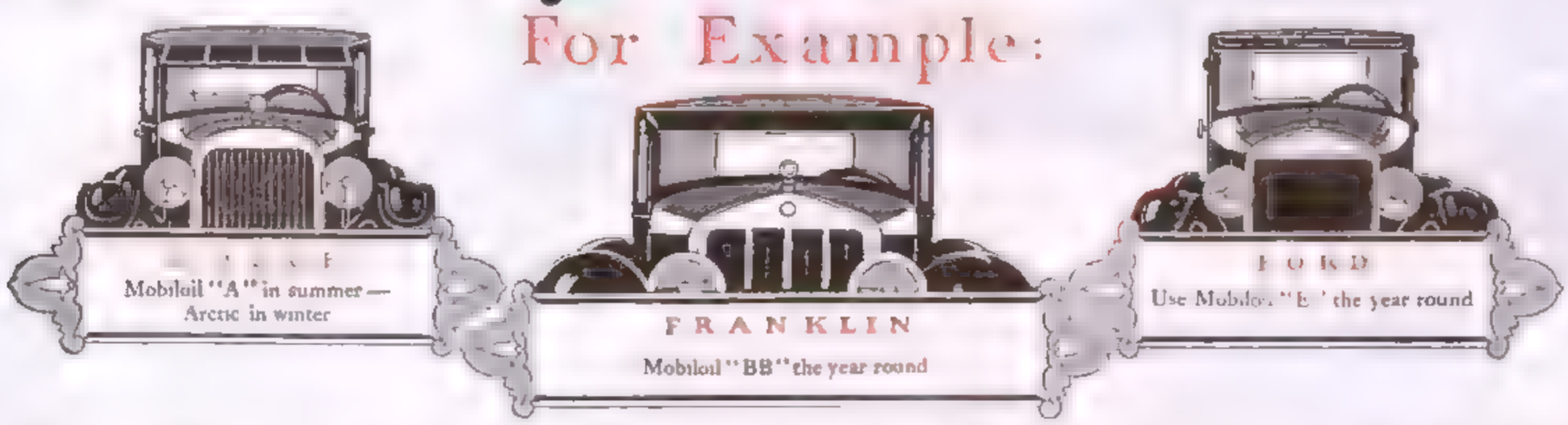
(Continued on Page 140)

In Two Strides Old Beckel Smith Had Reached the Table and Flung Himself Across It, Grappling Rudie's Thick Neck in His Gnarled Hands

Asking merely for "Light," "Medium," or "Heavy" oil never assures accurate lubrication. Progressive dealers prefer to supply:

The Mobiloil chart equips dealers to offer exact lubrication for any car made.

For Example:



No matter what make or model of car you drive···

a nearby Mobiloil dealer can supply you with the correct oil. The complete Mobiloil Chart which guides him is approved by 609 makers of automobiles and other automotive equipment. And no other oil is so generally used by automobile engineers and executives as Mobiloil.

Today 3 out of every 4 motorists who buy oil by name ask for Mobiloil. For 60 years the Vacuum Oil Company has specialized in the production of fine lubricants.

Think it over. Better still, go to the Mobiloil dealer the next time you have your crankcase drained and refilled.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas.*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

1500 business and professional men say . . . . .

What a man eats when he's twenty-five is more than likely to influence what he earns when he's fifty . . . That's the summing up of the opinions of 1500 solidly successful Americans.

You know these men. Their names are in "Who's Who in America". Their achievements make front-page stories for the newspapers. The world listens respectfully to their opinions on bond-issues and biology; on international law and architecture; on railroad administration and astronomy . . . Seems as if their opinions on diet might deserve respectful consideration!

This is the kind of nourishment that produces highest efficiency of mind and body . . . . .

"Diet is one-half of power." "Proper food is the prime factor for a business man." "By learning the value of a careful food régime, I have greatly increased my working power, as well as my enjoyment of life." "Diet is a vital factor in increasing or destroying human efficiency."

1500 answers of this kind poured in, when a scientific institute recently asked opinions on diet from a selected list of famous Americans . . . Their letters emphasized, particularly, the importance of a proper breakfast. Begin your day, they say, with a small amount of food, for the sake of mental alertness. But be sure you're getting a large amount of *nourishment*—or you run the risk of mental and physical fatigue, nerve-strain and decreased efficiency.

Grape-Nuts is a delicious food which perfectly fulfills breakfast requirements. A single serving, eaten with whole milk or cream, gives the body a generous supply of well balanced nourishment. Grape-Nuts supplies dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley, prepared by a special baking process which brings out the tempting, nut-like flavor, makes the food readily digestible and makes it crisp. There is an important reason for this crispness. It was designed to provide exercise for your teeth and gums. Thorough chewing is one of nature's primary health laws.

For its crispness and its flavor, for its ready digestibility, and its balanced nourishment—choose Grape-Nuts. . . . Your grocer sells it, of course. Perhaps you will wish to accept the following offer.

"A Book of Better Breakfasts"—
and two servings of Grape-Nuts, free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two [illegible] packages of Grape-Nuts free. We will send you also "A Book of Better Breakfasts" written by a famous [illegible]

© 1926, P. C. Co.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

[illegible] Better Breakfasts Me.

Please send me [illegible] packages of Grape-Nuts free. Also "A Book of Better Breakfasts" written by a famous [illegible]

Name

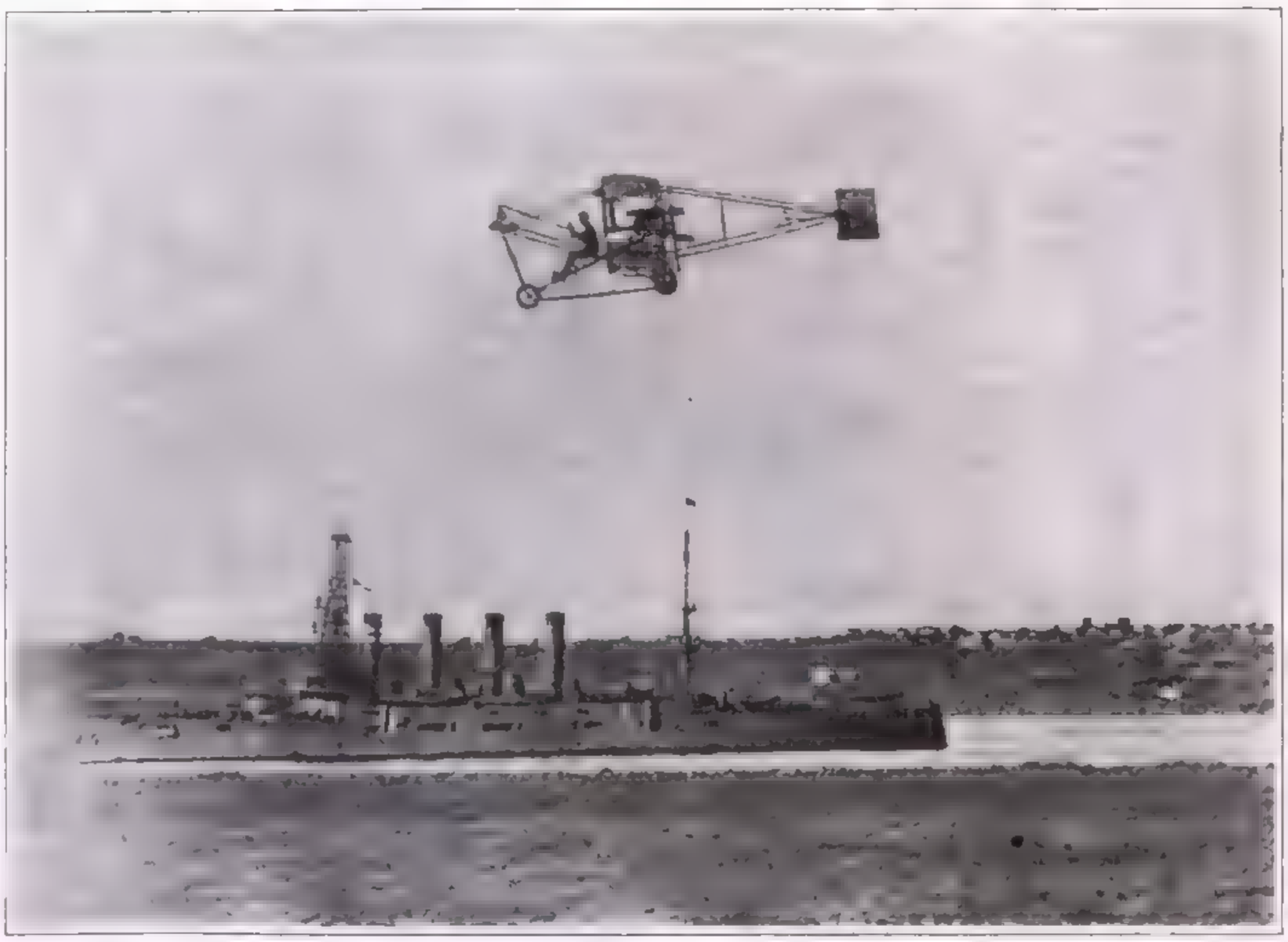
Address

City State

[illegible] Battle Creek, Mich.

SPEED WINGS

By Lieut. Al Williams, U. S. N.



Primitive Land-Bound Navy Training Plane Flying Over the U. S. S. West Virginia in 1911, the Year Glenn H. Curtiss Produced the Hydroplane

AFTER the presentation of the trophy and the solid gold plaque, and after struggling through numerous parties and receptions, I packed up and came back to Washington to write out my reports. It was interesting to note the great progress in point of speed which this race had topped in fitting style. In 1920 the Pulitzer Race held on Long Island, New York, at Mitchel Field, had been won by Capt. C. Moseley, U. S. A., at a speed of 156.54 miles an hour. In 1921 the Omaha Pulitzer had been won by Bert Acosta, flying a Navy ship at a speed of 176.76 miles an hour. In 1922 Lieutenant Maughan, U.S.A., won the event in Detroit at 205.81 miles an hour, and in 1923 I won the St. Louis Pulitzer at 243.68 miles an hour.

The march has been steadily onward and upward, and no one knows where it will end, and one guess is as good as another.

It is strange how small a great ambition which has been realized can finally appear to be. For years in a general way and for months in an intensive fashion I had longed to win a Pulitzer race, and had planned night and day for the great event. In my intensive study and preoccupation I was no joyful addition to any party or convivial gathering.

There was no rest or amusement for me. I wanted just one thing and wanted it badly; and I had thought that if I should win that event I should be contented and happy.

But oh, no! Human nature is made of such strange stuff. I had won and had accomplished my great task, and now it looked much smaller and much less important: and as the reaction from intense effort to comparative quiet made itself felt I left the scene of my greatest success, bored and restless.

A New Mark

THE next mark that the Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, Admiral Moffett, insisted upon capturing was the three-kilometer world's speed record.

The three-kilometer event required that the plane be flown twice in each direction over a course measuring the distance mentioned. The timing is done by electrical devices which are placed at each end of the course, and the planes are required to be in level flight for at least one kilometer before passing the timers' stands.

The time readings taken in four passages over the course are added and divided by four, and the rules prescribe that for the making of this world's speed record four runs are to be considered as a group, with no limit on the number of runs, and permit the timers to choose the four best consecutive runs.

The rules also prescribe that while on the course the plane must maintain an altitude less than 167 feet. These rules were made and promulgated by the International Aviation Association, called the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, in which each country is represented by a national chapter.

In our own country our national branch of that organization is called the National Aeronautic Association, under whose supervision all aviation meets and all our attempts at the making of world's records are held.

For this particular event the National Aeronautic Association had furnished the timekeepers and the watchers and judges to check the time, and observers to see that the plane was in level flight for one kilometer before and during the entire course, and also to superintend the trials.

The Result of a Slight Error in the Pilot's Judgment of His Distance From the Ground in Landing

The two fastest ships in the world were assigned for the event, and Lieutenant Brow and I were accorded the honor of piloting and competing for the supreme speed record of the world.

On Friday, November 2, 1923, we were ready to go. Our ships had been thoroughly inspected and checked and we were in fine fettle. Lieutenant Brow took off first and made his four dashes across the course at a speed of 257.41 miles an hour, and started what was destined to be a terrific struggle. Our ships were only good for about 249 miles an hour and we gained our additional speed by means of diving from an altitude. The lawmakers in the governing aviation body had attempted to do away with this hazardous diving feature by requiring the ships to be in level flight for a long distance before entering the time course. They never thought that the designers would or could build a ship which would hold enough of its diving speed for such a long time in level flight as to increase its speed over the time course.

High-Diving Speed Kings

BUT such ships had been built, and the Navy owned both of them. It was thrilling to see Lieutenant Brow go hurtling along at 257 miles an hour. It looked like incredible speed, and when the figures were made known a great cheer went up from the crowd.

Lieutenant Brow had dived from a great height—how great I did not know—but the results had been excellent. We had both realized long before this that the pilot who would dive the farthest would capture this record, and we were both just aching to go the limit. No limit had been named. We had merely been ordered by the Navy Department to go and get the three-kilometer world's speed record; all limiting conditions were left to us, and we prescribed none.

Incidentally, in as much as diving from an altitude was the means for boosting the record, it was most necessary for the pilot to know from what height the dive was to be started. To know this an instrument for recording height, called an altimeter, must needs be installed in the plane. No racing plane had ever been so equipped, and my idea of installing one brought a great laugh at first. Had I kept the plan to myself I could have taken this event without all the repeated diving: but I let the idea get away, and I soon found that the other ship had an altimeter in it also.

(Continued on Page 46)

Time flies in an attractive kitchen — *you can brighten your kitchen hours* with a pretty, labor-saving Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug

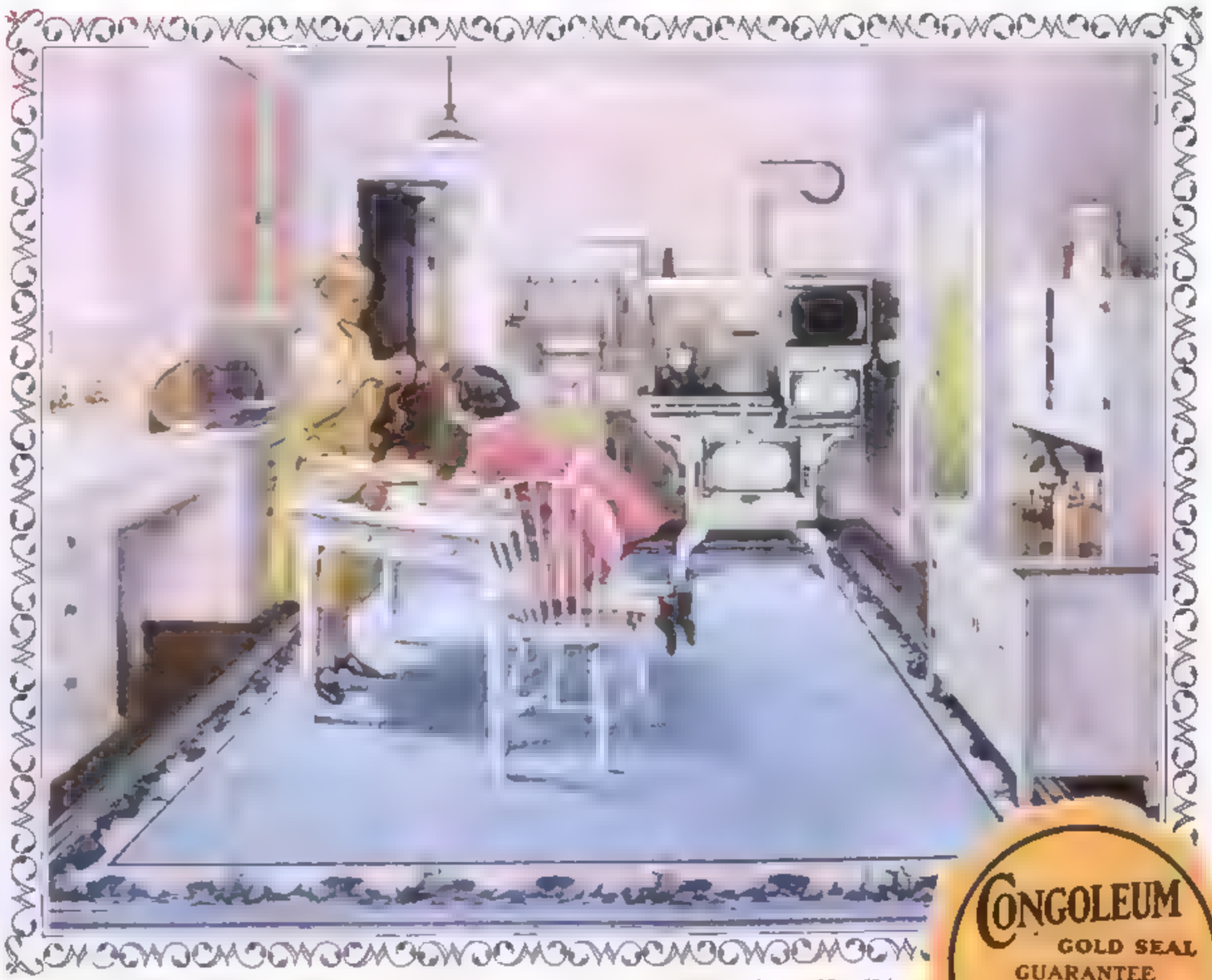
THERE is something so friendly and cheery about a pretty kitchen! The sunny cleanliness of white paint and porcelain, gleaming nickel, a bright, colorful floor-covering!

Kitchen duties seem so much easier in such surroundings. And they really *are* easier with a Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug on the floor. You're freed from the muss and toil of scrubbing. You have a non-spotting rug that is cleaned in a jiffy with a damp mop. And how cheerful the bright colors are.

WOULDN'T that smiling blue and white rug in the picture brighten and cheer up *your* kitchen? A most moderate sum will buy it. Or any of the other patterns that represent all that is attractive and practical in kitchen floor-covering.

Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are very durable. Surprisingly so, in fact! And they need no fastening. They lie flat and smooth as a table-top—never curl or wrinkle at the edges or corners—never slip and slide about.

Call upon them to make your kitchen prettier, your working hours shorter and ever so much more pleasant. See the patterns at your dealer's. All sizes, from large 9 x 15 foot rugs to small handy mats.



In the kitchen above is shown the popular "ROLLAND" design—Gold Seal Rug No. 594. What an ideal pattern it is for carrying out a spick and span blue and white color scheme!

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Patterns for other rooms, too

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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE S.E.P.16

Four Navy Speedsters on the Starting Line at St. Louis. No. 9 is Lieut. Williams' Winning Curtiss Ship; No. 10 Lieut. Brow's Runner-Up

(Continued from Page 43)

I hopped off and climbed up to 4500 feet. After maneuvering for position I opened the motor wide and pushed the plane's nose straight for the ground. Things started to whistle. The ground came up with incredible speed. The 4500 feet were wiped out in no time. I slowly and gently brought the plane's nose up to the level position, and away we sped across the time course. I executed this maneuver four times consecutively, and as I crossed the timer's stand on the last run I pulled the plane up and circled around the field. I saw the judges pulling out the long white strips of bunting, and I could hardly suppress a wild yell when the strips were placed in the form of a plus sign. We had agreed upon three signals which would inform the pilot that he must try again to surpass the existing record, or that he had topped it and could come back and land, or that he had been disqualified. And there was the plus sign, large as life, which meant that the most precious outstanding record for aviation had just been broken.

I landed and taxied up to the waiting mechanics, and found that I had been speeding at the rate of 258.61 miles an hour. Before I had stopped rolling, however, I saw the motor of Lieutenant Brow's ship turning over and my friendly rival climbing into his ship; that meant he was going to try again, so I directed that my ship also be inspected and fueled and made ready for my counter try. Lieutenant Brow took off, and after making four tremendous dives, flashed across the time course for the grand mark of 259.16 miles an hour. This was great stuff. The same greatest world's speed record had been broken three times in a few hours.

The Navy Air Chief, Admiral Moffett, Congratulating the Winner. Burnt Motor Gases and an Unventilated Cockpit Account for Lieut. Williams' Smudged Shoulder

Twenty Feet From Death

MY OLD shipmate had just beaten me and had smashed the world's record to smithereens, and after congratulating him on his success I began to realize that I would be unable to make another try that afternoon, since darkness was coming on apace. The operations to date left me feeling mighty blue and regretful that we had not started in to work earlier in the day, even if we had been forced to encounter less favorable flying conditions.

The excitement at this time was intense; the spectators, the National Aeronautic Association officials and Army Air Service officers were beginning to show signs of the strain. They feared, as did we, that either the ship or the motors might break down under the terrible punishment. These motors, which had been designed to run at a top speed of 2400 revolutions a minute, were being forced up to about 4000 revolutions a minute in the long dives, and how they held together we never shall know. The planes themselves were standing up stoutly

Before we left the field that evening we were informed that further trials would be postponed until Sunday afternoon. That left all day Saturday with nothing to do and lots of time to do it. I couldn't go to my own home in New York for the good and sufficient reason that the newspapers had been gobbling this thrilling business and were full of headlines and front-page accounts of the dangers of the contest. There were many hazards in it, it is true, and they lost nothing in the telling. I knew my folks would be highly excited, and my best bet was to stay away until it was all over. The next day seemed to drag along as if it would never end, and there seemed to be no end of worries. I feared that the danger idea would get to Washington and that further efforts might be forbidden. But the Navy is made of sterner stuff than that. This was a good, honest fight, and the Navy Department would only give the stop sign when further danger involved no benefit.

Up to this time Lieutenant Brow had had two tries at kicking the most prized aviation record around and I had only had time for one attempt. Then I had the weather to think about, because an unusually long stretch of bad weather might mean an abandonment of the trials.

I had set my heart on this highest record of all, and so far I had been beaten. Patience was what I needed, and I could well have learned a lesson from the old Byzantine emperor Nicephorus, who quaintly remarked to the lieutenant to whom he had assigned the task of continuing the starvation siege of Antioch while the emperor returned to spend the winter in Constantinople, "You may await the coming of spring without impatience." I believed that Sunday would come, of course, but it seemed a long time away, about as distant as spring was to that young lieutenant.

Along came the day which was destined to be the greatest day of my life, and it dawned clear and bright. Nobody seemed in a hurry but myself. About 2:30 we started to make ready. I was waiting on the field, and in groups of twos and threes all the parties necessary put in an appearance, and sometime later the crowd which had been attracted to the event by Friday's hectic happenings came in swarms.

My motor was warmed up and seemed to be in excellent condition. The blocks were pulled from in front of the wheels and away I went after that record, which had been unmolested for a day and a half.

This time I climbed to 7000 feet, turned into position, and headed straight down wide open. It was during one of these dives from 7000 feet that I nearly came to grief. I tried to remain in my dive just as long as possible, and thus take every possible advantage for every foot lost in altitude. Besides, I wanted to fly that leg of the course where I had to fly against the wind at as low an altitude as possible. You may have noticed that when birds fly against the wind they travel as close as possible to the ground. The wind velocity is lower there than at any other altitude, and as they have been at the business of flying for quite a while, we find it to our advantage to follow their tactics whenever possible. You must remember that I was traveling at the rate of about 385 feet a second and the slightest tremor in the pilot's hand would account for 100 feet or more. I missed the ground in that dive by about twenty feet. It was just a close shave, and a miss was as good as never having come close, but the judges had noted that my plane had lost some altitude while on the course, and disqualified me on the attempt.

Four Times in Two Days

I MADE another group of four runs, diving on each run from 7000 feet, and hung up a new world's record of 263.31 miles an hour. This was the fourth time in two days that the world's top speed record for straightaway flying speed had been smashed.

When my ship had been brought up to the line everyone swarmed about with handshakes and congratulations, and in the confusion I could see Hal Brow busy at his ship getting ready for a return try. Would this chap ever get enough? This meant more work, and going over all the business again. In a few moments he was off and circling the field, tuning his motor, and soon became a mere dot in the sky. He turned and started in a long dive and swept with bulletlike accuracy across the course, displaying complete control and masterly airmanship. We all held our breath after he had completed his last leg of the course, for we knew that a world's record had been broken again, but by what mark we could only guess. At last came the

(Continued on Page 52)

Headquarters—Washington as the Returning Pilots See It Just Before Gliding Down Into a Landing

LOW BUT SURE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"True," She Said, "I Have Been Going With Monsieur Jones. He Is One Grand, Noble Man"

"AGAIN, an' fo' the last an' most positive time," roared President Orifice R. Latimer, "I tells you no!"

Ethiope Wall spoke pleadingly. "But you don't really mean no, does you?"

"Great sufferin' tripe! Tha's the one thing I don't mean nothin' else but."

The tall, gangling negro gazed mournfully upon the portly affluent man who was president of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama. They were in Latimer's modest rooms at the Hotel Alger, on the Rue Alger, Nice, France. Latimer was sitting stiffly in his chair. He gazed coldly past his humble visitor and out through the window to the row of brick buildings across the way.

The day was perfect—soft and balmy and sensuous. The breath of Northern Africa was wafted gently across the Mediterranean to warm the Riviera chill. From outside came gentle sounds—children at play, housewives chattering, the whiny voices of taxi horns and the clatter of trams. But the president of Midnight was not happy. He was, in fact, distinctly annoyed.

"You peeves me!" he announced with startling candor. "Day after day you comes an' pesters me with yo' troubles. Ev'y time I inform you we ain't got no job to give you ——"

"Any kind of a job," begged Ethiope Wall. "Just so long as it's with you folks. I cleans, I scrubs, I dusts, I gits busted in the eye if you want."

"Whaffo' you so crazy 'bout jobbin' with us anyhow?"

The loose-jointed figure of Mr. Wall stiffened visibly. The faintest ghost of a gleam of hope appeared in his melancholy eye. For the moment he was queerly attractive. And he spoke in a voice freighted with the bitter aloes of homesickness.

"Boss-man," he asked, "has you ever lived in France?"

"Foolishment what you speaks! Ain't I livin' heah now?"

"Oh, lawsy! You ain't livin' heah, Mistuh Latimer. You is just sojournin'. You an' yo' pitcher folks which is makin' films fo' 'America. Reckon France looks good to you, but if you had been heah long as me—ever since the war—you woul'n't think it was so swell."

Latimer sniffed. "Seems like to me this ought to be a heavumly place fo' cullud folks."

"Seems like ain't is! Man, what I craves is to git me back to Georgia, where cullud folks is cullud an' white folks is white. Tha's how come I to be so eager. I craves to do any kind of work with you-all. Anythin'. Don't care what. Just so long as you gives me a job an' takes me back to America with you."

Latimer's expression softened. But he shook his head.

"'Tain't possible, Ethiope. We has got twenty-one cullud folks with us. There ain't no job fo' you."

"I can act," suggested Mr. Wall hopefully. "I has acted at li'l' cabarets aroun' Nice a dozen times."

"Act! Goodness goshness Miss Agnes! Ev'ybody thinks he can act. 'Specially in the movies. Man, us has got troubles of our own! We got mo' actors than we know what to do with. 'Specially one. We has signed up Malacca Jones to star in one pitcher! He's workin' now ——"

The eyes of Mr. Ethiope Wall grew round like dollars. He made unconscious obeisance.

"Malacca Jones!" He repeated the name with reverence. "Mistuh Latimer, that feller is folks!"

"Fumadiddles! Guess us is pretty much folks ourse'ves. But Director Clump seen him in that revue an' says he's awful funny ——"

Ethiope forgot his own troubles in his enthusiasm for Malacca Jones. "That feller was a good actor up in Harlem befo' he ever come to France, Mistuh Latimer. An' over heah he's been a riot! Just plumb a knock-out. France ain't never seen nothin' like him. Time he steps on the stage ev'ybody begins to laugh ——"

"'Cept the man what is payin' his wages."

"Yeh, I reckon. I guess you must be payin' him a heap just to act in one pitcher, ain't you?"

Latimer grimaced with distaste. "We is payin' him so much money, Ethiope, that if the pitcher busts we won't have enough left to go in bankruptcy with. Honest, what that feller thinks he's wuth is somethin' terrible. With what us pays him we could buy you a ship to go home on. We could ——"

"Don't you reckon you could use me as a guide?" asked Mr. Wall, coming back to the original subject with steady insistence. "I speaks French fluent an' I knows all about the Riviera—Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo, Villefranche, Mentone ——"

"We got a guide."

"I could also interpret. An' clean up. An' run erranda. Anything!"

"Sorry, Ethiope. We ain't got no spare work an' we ain't got no spare money. If the trouble is you is broke now ——"

"I ain't"—sadly. "I got a few francs. But if I on'y could work fo' you-all. Honest, Ise a good actor."

"I ain't sayin' you ain't. But I ain't ever seen so many actors in all my life. Ev'ybody we got wants to act. Reckon you got to say good-by, Ethiope, 'cause there posolutely ain't nothin' stirrin' in the way of a job with us."

Ethiope Wall gloomed out of the room. He was wallowing in the slough of despond. He had struggled to land with this company as he had never fought for anything in all his adventuresome life.

Nearly nine years in Europe! Two of them happy. The other seven shot through with homesickness and yearning for the barbecued fleshpots of Columbus, Georgia. Ethiope had struggled to earn real money; his greatest ambition had been the stage. A few desultory vaudeville engagements in malodorous neighborhood cabarets had been productive of much applause and little money. Yet Ethiope knew that he was a comedian.

Two cabaret managers had told him he looked enough like the great Malacca Jones to be the double of that sensational gentleman.

In applying to President Latimer for work Ethiope had been sincere in volunteering to perform the humblest chores. But accompanying his application had gone a gossamer hope that he might—once he was working with the company and friendly with the members thereof—be intrusted with some small bit of picture comedy. That was the great secret hope. Freedom. The States. A job as a picture actor.

"Oh, golla," he mourned as he moved toward the brilliantly illuminated Avenue de la Victoire, "I sholy was hopin' hopes. Just one li'l' job with them. Just one li'l' chance to bust in an' show what I can do!"

He walked under the tremendous archways which were strung across the broad thoroughfare in anticipation of the great carnival which was about to descend upon Nice. All about him were tourists—Americans, Englishmen, Spaniards, Italians, and even a scattering of Frenchmen.

The season was at its height. The streets surged with gayety and the promise of gayety. Lights, music, hustle, bustle, laughter and song. The Place Masséna crowded with taxicabs and busses and clanging street cars. The shop windows ablaze. The lights of the Casino Municipal and the Casino Jetée Promenade. Everybody seemed to have a job or money, or both.

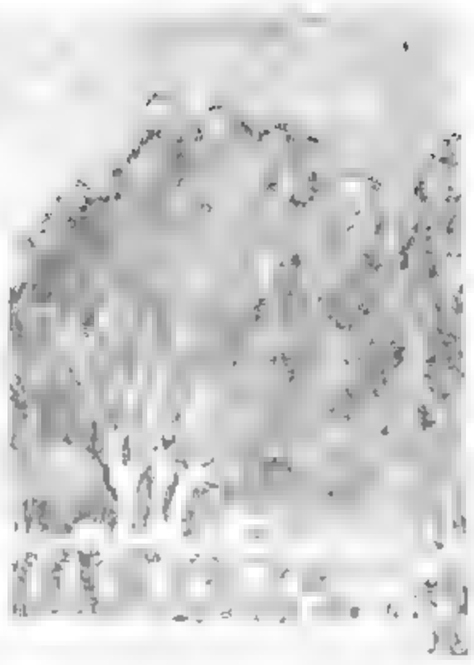
Mr. Wall made his way unhappily to the little restaurant where, for a mere pittance, he served as general handyman. The establishment made a pitiful struggle to attract casual tourist trade.

Two signs over the doorway announced that herein were served rosbiff and biffsteak. Somehow, moneyed Americans and Britishers did not respond to that allurement in paying quantities.

Ethiope Wall looked into the face of a dreary, homesick future. The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., had seemed to afford his greatest chance; the opportunity to acquire in one fell swoop a worthwhile job, a trip home, a chance to act, and perhaps screen success. And now ——

"Hard luck ain't even reasonable," he reflected miserably. "Fust he busts a feller in the jaw. Then he knocks him in the eye. Then he kicks him in the stummick an' says ha-ha! Reckon Ise gwine be servin' rosbiff fo' the rest of my nachel life."

(Continued on Page 48)



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HUPMOBILE *Six*

(Continued from Page 46)

He envied the sleek and portly Orifice Latimer. There was a man! A colored gentleman of parts. A magnate who could, and did, willy-nilly hire so great a personage as Malacca Jones. The incomparable Malacca! The colored comedy sensation of the French music halls. Ethiope tried to vision the superlative happiness of the Midnight troupe in being privileged to meet Mr. Jones.

But just at that moment, in the very room which Ethiope had just quitted, there was occurring a conversation which would have amazed the gentleman who labored in the roshiff emporium.

A slender, dynamic figure flung itself into the august presence of Orifice R. Latimer. This person wore putties, horn-rimmed goggles, a long-visored cap and a sport shirt. He leaped about the room like a bit of human thistledown and finally exploded.

"That feller!" he croaked.

Latimer sensed a large portion of the trouble. Cæsar was excitable, but usually reasonable.

"Which feller?" he inquired.

"Malacca Jones!"

"Oo-o-ee!" Latimer sat up very straight. If Cæsar's fury concerned Mr. Jones it was trouble indeed. From the first, Latimer had been doubtful. Malacca Jones was undoubtedly a great comedian; his name unquestionably possessed salability. But the money that he was spending for this single two-reel slapstick comedy —— "What about him?"

"What?" Cæsar's voice fairly crackled. "Ev'ything. Of all the no-'count, wuthless, persnickety, uppity, swell-headed cullud fellers I has ever run across —— One of these days the Nice policemens is gwine run across a body all chopped up into li'l' pieces an' tha's gwine be Malacca Jones hisse'f in person. Now listen ——"

"I—Ise listenin'," murmured the chief executive unhappily.

"I ain't gwine stan' it. I absotively an' posolutely refuse."

"Yassah, Brother Clump. What's happened now?"

"Ev'ything, an' then some mo'. Always since we signed him up he's been tellin' me what he's gwine do an' what he ain't gwine do. He's been rewritin' Forcep Swain's scenario, an' Forcep is almos' wile. He makes me send a taxi fo' him ev'y mawnin'. An' now—an' now ——" Clump choked.

"Yeh? An' now?"

"Now, President Latimer, he says he has got to have a stand-up man!"

Latimer frowned. He also rose. He shook his head in puzzlement.

"He has got to have a which?"

"A stand-up man!"

"Whaffo' kind of a thing is a stand-up man, Cæsar?"

Director Clump controlled himself with a visible effort. Beads of perspiration stood out on his mahogany brow, his wiry little figure trembled with outrage. He spoke in a harsh, strained voice.

"A—a stand-up man," he explained furiously, "is somebody who gits focused fo' you!"

"You explains so clear, Cæsar, that I don't understan' nothin'."

Clump struggled to control himself. "Listen at me while I explains what a stand-up man is. It's somebody which keeps you fum doin' nothin'."

Latimer blinked. "Go on."

"S'far as I know," continued Cæsar, "there ain't but two movie stars in the world has got stand-up people. One of 'em is a man star an' t'other is a lady star. Bofe of 'em is terrible famous."

"The stand-up men?"

"No, you idjit; the stars. Take, f'r instance, the man star which has a stand-up feller. This star is somebody what you know real good." Clump mentioned the name in an awed whisper, and Latimer whistled his surprise. "He plays he-man parts an' he's about as he-man as a cream puff. But he's got temp'rament. Oh, Lawd, how much temp'rament he's got!

"This feller puck out another man which was about his size an' coloring an' looked somethin' like him. An' when they is fixin' scenes the stand-up man rehearses all but the final rehearsal fo' the star. An' the star just looks on an' sees how the director wants him to do. Then also, when the star is gwine have a close-up, this stand-up man poses in front of the cam'ra 'til they gits it focused, so all the star has to do is walk to that spot an' strut his stuff. Also, they tests make-up with the stand-up man. 'Tain't nothin' but silliment, an' nobody but idjits would have one.

"Now this feller Jones says he has got to have a stand-up man. Says he ain't gwine exhaust hisse'f standin' in front of no cam'ra when there ain't nothin' bein' shot. Says if other big stars can have one, also he can."

"He's crazy!"

"That's what I tried to explain to him, but he woul'n't agree with me. Says he has a star contrack an' he gits what a star gits. Says there ain't no star in the world gwine have nothin' on him."

"Phew!" Orifice drummed on the desk with his spatulate fingers. "What did you tell him?"

"I tol' him he could go take a flyin' punch at the moon. I tol' him that of all the fools I ever seen he was the wust. I tol' him he was the mos' uppity, obnoxing cullud man I ever did see an' fo' half a cent I'd hire me somebody to knock his block off. I told him ——"

"You must of gone crazy payin' him compliments."

Cæsar grinned. "I don't care, Orifice. That feller got me plumb annoyed. An' fo' one pickled pig's foot I'd fire him."

The president of Midnight rose in consternation. "Golla, Cæsar, you cain't do that!"

"Why not?"

"We cain't afford it. Us has paid that feller two thousan' dollars adwance, an' also we has wasted a lot of time an' shot a heap of scenes a'ready. It'd cost us most ten thousan' dollars did we kick him out."

Clump shook his head dejectedly. "Ain't that fierce? What is we gwine do?"

"We's gwine tell him he cain't have no stand-up man."

"P-f-f! I tol' him that an' it di'n't have no mo' effeck than a dark night on a piece of film. Says he gits his stand-up man or he don't work. He says ——"

"Does he mean it?"

"Man, tha's the most thing he's positive about!"

"Well, s'far as I can see ——." Suddenly an idea came to President Latimer. His mind flashed back a half hour to the wistfully pathetic figure of one Ethiope Wall who craved any sort of job. He questioned Clump, "Ain't nobody in the company would act as stand-up man fo' Malacca, is there?"

"Nope. An' if anyone would try it they'd bust that feller in the eye befo' they'd worked one day. He just nachelly ain't to be stood."

"An' he really walks out on us if he don't git this focuser?"

"Uh-huh."

"In that case," explained Latimer, "I has got the ve'y man fo' the job." He explained to Cæsar about Ethiope.

"He ought to be fine. He says he'll scrub floors does us ask him."

"Hope he scrubs 'em with Malacca Jones."

"An' he can make up an' focus, 'cause he says he's an actor. An' he looks enough like Malacca to be his double. Same size, same weight, same kind of face."

"Then he ain't gwine be populous with me."

"Yeh, you'll like him, Cæsar. He's a nice sort of feller. An' I can git him cheap."

"Then git him, Orifice, an' le's us progress th'oo with this pitcher. The less I see of Malacca Jones an' the sooner I sees it, the longer Ise gwine keep out of prison."

Orifice R. Latimer consulted the card on his desk. It had the address of Ethiope Wall scrawled across it. Latimer rose, donned his hat and set out in search of the Rue Chauvin, where Ethiope's roshiff workshop was located.

President Latimer wore a worried expression and a checkered suit. The cares of managing Midnight's European affairs weighed heavily upon him. This was not the first time

(Continued on Page 56)

"I Congratulates You, Ethiope, on Bein' Permitted to Meet Me. An' Mind You Don't Git Me Angry"

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THE QUALITY OF JUSTICE

Handed Out by the Blind Goddess on the Town Hall in Exeter, New Hampshire—By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

GOSH it is terible xciting to be a poliseman. and it is jest as xciting to be a lawyer. i have always intended to play in a circus band for a living and i intend to now. but if ennything happens so i cant play in a circus band i am going to be a poliseman or a lawyer. i thougt a lawyer set most of the time in his office and rote papers and read yellow covered books but i shall never think so after the trial today.

old Harrison Rundlett sed he dident beleeve there had been a moar xciting trial or better speeches since the Betty Farmer will case or the Cilley will case when Daniel Webster and Jeremiar Mason were the lawyers. this is the only real trial i ever herd. i shall never forget it

peeple begun to come a hour befoar the trial and at 9 oh clock the town hall was full. Jug Hunnewell was out of town and Jug Boxford of Newmarket was the jug. he set at a big table at the upper part of the hall and mister Wood, Pile Woods father, and the onorable Amos Tuck set at the table oposite eech other. me and Pewt and Beany hoap that the onerable Amos Tuck will get licked in the case becaus if the italian man is sent to jale peraps Beanys father will get the munky and the hand organ for his pay and me and Beany will have to taik cair of him and it.

bimeby Beanys father come up the ile with the italian man and the munky and the hand organ and put them in a sort of pen. then Jug Boxford took up a little wooden hammer and banged the table so evrybody gumped. then he sed court is setting and then he set down to show that he ment it. then he sed who apears for the persecution and Mister Wood, Pile Woods father sed i do your oner and then the Jug asted the onerable Amos Tuck if he was detained by the defender and Mister Tuck sed no your oner i have volunteered my services to ade a foreiner whitch cannot speek our langage. then a lot of peeple clapped their hands and the jug banged the table again and then he told the peeple that it was a court room and not a bar room and if ennybody distirbed the perseedings he shood fine them for contemp of coart. so evrybody kep still. then the Jug asted what the complant was and sed he wood reed it and the onerable Amos Tuck sed your oner I wave the complant. but he dident wave it. he dident taik it. the Jug had it and when he sed that he laid it on the table. nobody waved it. i dident know but he wood wave it and give 3 cheers.

then the Jug sed you may perseed brother Wood. then mister Wood, Pile Woods father got up and told what a outragus crime had been comitted. he sed one of the most innosent, most playfull, most divirting, most lowly and defenceless of Gods creetures had been drug from a happy life among the treetops and ruined palices of far away india to pass the hat for pennies for a grimm taskmaster who was two lazy to wirk and so becomes a vagrant playing a hand organ, the most atrosius of all instrerments maid by man. he sed that after maiking a living out of the labor of this faithfull devoated little animal and when goded to the limit of indurence the teeny little animal weiging about 9 lbs tirned on this brootal taskmaster whitch weiged 200 lbs at leest, he cruily beat lashed whanged cuffed slapped struck shook pushed brused wounded abused and tortured the poor animal until it screemed with pane. gosh i gess the italian will go to jale sure. i dont beleeve the onerable Amos Tuck can beet that talk.

gosh i never herd anything like that. i suw the hoal thing and the italian only licked him with a stick. i started to get up and tell the jug all about it but it was lucky i dident becaus jest then old Mike Prescott whitch was drunk got up and hollered not by a damnte, and the jug maid old Swane and old Misery Dirgin grab him and throw him out and put him in the lockup

then mister Wood, Pile Woods father, hollered sum moar and then he called Beanys father and maid him hold up his hand and sware. but he dident sware the way i have hird him. then he asted Beanys father if he was a poliseman and he sed he was and he asted him if he arested the italian man and Beanys father begun to tell about it and the onerable Amos Tuck gumped up and sed your oner i objec and then Mister Wood, Pile Woods father, took up a book and read a lot of stuff out of it and hollered and waived his arms and then the onerable Amos Tuck read from a book and he maid a speech and then the Jug sed Beanys father cood tell it. i gess me and Beany will lose the munky and hand organ.

well he had only sed a few wirds when the onerable Amos Tuck gumped up again and read from another book and then he and mister Wood, Pile Woods father, hollered at eech other and banged the table and waived their arms. then the Jug told Beanys father what he cood say and he sed it.

then the Jug sed that the onerable Amos Tuck cood ask Beanys father sum questions and he stood up and asted Beanys father if he maid the complant and Beanys father sed he done it. then the onerable Amos Tuck sed you swore that he did 12 things to the munky and Beanys father sed no. and then the onerable Amos Tuck red the complant and asted Beanys father what he saw the italian do and Beanys father sed he saw him beat him.

(Continued on Page 234)

If That is the Case and the Munky Whitch Bit You Came From India You Might Have a Verry Serius Attack of Indian Mutiny

FISHER BODIES

BODY BY FISHER

It is perfectly plain that the most beautiful and comfortable cars in every price class are precisely those cars whose bodies are built by Fisher

SPEED WINGS

Continued from Page 45

news—265.69 miles an hour! Everyone gasped. This was tremendous. Where would it all end? I was dumfounded. This fellow pilot was a foeman worthy of anyone's steel and here was his latest contribution to the contest. It was a thrilling moment for the thousands of persons who had gathered to watch the tests, and there was not a sound. I had already doffed my lucky flying shirt and flying gear and was waiting to fly to Van Cortlandt Park, in New York City, where about 20,000 Bronxites were waiting for me. They had planned a public reception in honor of my winning of the Pulitzer Race some time before.

I congratulated Brow and looked at my watch. It was already a full hour past my time for this engagement and I was uncertain as to whether I'd try again right away or wait until the morrow. I hesitated and turned a calculating eye to the sky. The flying conditions were as nearly ideal as flying conditions ever are, and tomorrow ——

"I guess the boys in the Bronx won't mind waiting if I bring them a world's record," was my remark to a newspaperman who stood close by, and he agreed and promised to phone over and tell the home folks what was going on. I gave orders to get the ship ready, and after the usual preliminaries I took the air for the greatest flight I ever have made or probably ever shall make. High and far back of the starting point, I journeyed to an altitude of 9000 feet. Each previous time I had merely climbed to the determined altitude, turned about and started down in a dive. This time I decided to do the thing in a conclusive fashion.

Speed and a Steady Hand

I went back almost to the coast line and then turned and opened the motor up wide, until the air-speed hand was reading about 249 miles an hour, and then nosed the plane down in a dive that I shall never forget. The air-speed indicator fluttered past the stop mark—250 miles an hour—and started around from zero again. The tachometer ran up to 2850 rotations a minute and then dropped back to zero. It was wrecked. Down, on down, I went; it was terrific. How I did worry about the beating which that stout-hearted motor was receiving. Finally the plane came out in a beautiful parabola and dashed away straight across the course. Then up the other side to 9000 feet, and down again for a repetition of the dive already described. Then back again for the third dive and dash, and it was on the fourth and last dive from 9000 feet that something interesting happened, or nearly happened. As I came down for the last time a squadron of Martin Bombers, flying in V formation, flew right across the speed course. They had come from Aberdeen, Maryland, and knew nothing of the tests which were being run, and as I passed the timer's stand at the western end of the course I saw these huge, slow-moving planes. We were all traveling close to the ground, and if they continued on their course, and I maintained my heading and speed, we were sure to collide. They did not see me; of that I was sure, and I verified this later. I could not fly under them, because they were too low, and I could not jump over them without losing a fraction of a second and thus spoiling all my other runs. The Army Air Service officers vainly tried to signal the arriving bombers, but it was too late. It is doubtful whether they could have maneuvered in time to avoid my speeding racer anyhow. I certainly had no appetite for making four more dives from 9000 feet, so I made my decision. All this was going on while about twenty-one seconds were passing.

I stuck to my straight course and just managed to squeeze between Planes One and Three of the V formation with mighty few feet to spare, and I was told that the spectators, who had already feasted on an afternoon of thrills, voted that they had had enough. After crossing the finishing line I pulled up and circled over the judges' stand and again awaited the verdict. I knew that Lieutenant Brow's speed would be hard to beat, and though I knew I had called for almost all the speed my plane had in it, the waiting for results left me mighty impatient. Out came one long white strip of bunting. And I sure did watch that official as he came out dragging the other strip. If he made an X with his strips, then I had been disqualified. It couldn't be a minus sign because he was already carrying another strip. There it was—he had formed a plus sign! Gosh, how good that looked! I wanted to yell or do something—anything but stay in that plane all alone. I wanted to get down and ascertain by what margin the mark had been battered.

Begetting Confidence

The landing was finally negotiated and I hopped from the plane as soon as it stopped rolling. The crowd was cheering and a great fuss was going on. Someone shouted "266.59 miles an hour" close to my ear. The mark had been raised approximately a mile an hour. That was fine. The day looked better and I was immensely pleased. It was discovered that I had flown two legs of the course in twenty-five seconds flat, and as the distance was three kilometers, or one and seven-eighths miles, this meant about thirteen and a half seconds to the mile, or four and four-tenths miles a minute and more than 390.795 feet a second. Incidentally, that same old world's record had been smashed for the sixth time in two days' flying, and had been boosted from 236 miles an hour, made early in 1923, to 266.59—a total gain of 30 59 miles.

The newspapermen then took charge and made it almost impossible for me to get my coat and necktie.

One reporter said, "Didn't you see the bombers?"

"Sure," I answered. "Didn't you hear me yell to them to get out of my way?" And once more I couldn't find my necktie.

As soon as it was discovered that Lieutenant Brow's ship had thrown a tire from one of its wheels and that he would make his next try on the morrow, I hopped into a service plane and started for the Bronx. This ship could make only about 120 miles an hour, and goodness! how slow and poky that seemed. It required eleven minutes to reach Van Cortlandt Park, and I was so pleased to find the crowd waiting patiently that I put on a little acrobatic exhibition before landing.

I knew my mother would be in that crowd somewhere, and though the stunting and acrobatics might alarm her at first, the eventual result would be satisfactory and reassuring. Her first remark proved this, for she went on to tell me that when the plane first left an even keel she was worried, then she became fascinated, and finally thrilled, at the readiness with which the plane seemed to answer the pilot's wishes. It was much more sensible to let her see the stunting and have her realize how safe it was, and see me actually doing it, than to fly carefully into a landing, and force her, and others like her, to have recourse to less authoritative sources for their information.

After listening to the welcome and taking the opportunity to show my appreciation of the reception, I hopped off and flew back to Mitchel Field, Long Island, and turned in early, quite ready to call it a day, and a mighty busy day at that. I never fly over the country around Mitchel Field without experiencing a distinct thrill as I recognize the old speed course, and my memory harks back to the events which will always mark it well in my mind.

It is interesting to look at the results of my last four trips over the course. The first leg was flown against the wind, which slowed my ground progress down by one-half a second. The next leg was flown with the wind, and only required twenty-five seconds to cover the distance. The third passage was against the wind again, and my ground speed was two-tenths of a second slower than the preceding trip. The fourth and last lap was flown in the same direction as the wind and was again completed in twenty-five seconds flat.

LEGS	DISTANCE, THREE KILOMETERS OR 1⅞ MILES	
	TIME IN SECONDS	MILES AN HOUR
1	25.5	263.18
2	25.0	268.44
3	25.2	266.31
4	25.0	268.44

The wind direction means nothing to the speed of a plane through the air, but it must be added to or subtracted from the air speed when the plane's progress over the ground is being computed, according to whether you are flying with the wind or against it.

The End of the Trials

Next morning Brow and I reported to Mitchel Field and were all prepared to carry on the contest. Meantime the newspapers had so featured the preceding day's events and so much attention had been attracted by the event, that the Bureau of Aeronautics rightly sensed that, though further efforts might push the record up a few miles, the gain was not commensurate with the hazards being incurred.

About ten A.M. we received congratulatory telegrams from the Secretary of the Navy, Edwin Denby, and from the Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, Admiral W. A. Moffett, U. S. N., ordering us to discontinue the tests and return to Washington. So that was that, and perhaps it was just as well, for had we continued the diving someone would certainly have been hurt. It was the happiest time of my life. I had accomplished everything I had set out to do, and at that time held the three most important world's speed records in aviation. The Pulitzer Race had netted me two records one for the first half of the race, which was for 100 kilometers, and one for total race distance, which was for 200 kilometers, and on top of these rested the world's straightaway three-kilometer record of 266.59 miles an hour; 1923 was a good year for me.

The diving hazards of those tests so impressed aviation people in general that the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale enacted legislation at the next meeting which entirely eliminated them, by ordaining that at no time shall a pilot engaged in shooting at this record ever attain an altitude in excess of about 1200 feet. This seems to be the natural course of events. Wherever you find a use you also find an abuse, and then someone makes a law. The law in this case was very necessary, and brought about a very healthy state of affairs, wherein future speed records would be made by planes which achieved their maximum performance by reason of increased horse power and refinement in the design of the plane proper; and the accredited speeds would be only such as might be developed by the plane itself, and only such as inherently belonged to it.

High Landing Speeds

This highly prized record had attracted so much attention that the French Army Air Service constructed a specially designed ship for the purpose of acquiring it. The special racer was piloted by Adjutant Bonnett and established a new world's record for the event—278.48 miles an hour—on December 11, 1924.

This ship had a landing speed of about 110 or 115 miles an hour, and for this reason would have been unable to qualify under our Pulitzer Race rules, which limit the landing speed of contesting planes to seventy-five miles an hour.

Seventy-five miles an hour is a safe limit to place on racing planes and has a most salutary effect because it forces designers to achieve higher performances by refining the lines of their planes and also limits the hazards to the piloting personnel. Such a landing speed is about as fast as we can safely make contact with the earth on landing. Our Pulitzer rules do not govern the three-kilometer event, neither do they govern the activities of foreign agencies, but they are sound and reasonable.

Whenever the landing speed of an aircraft has been increased in order to raise its maximum speed, aeronautical design has advanced not one whit, and the pilot is subjected to great additional dangers. The kitchen table will fly if it is supplied with enough power, but this all means getting away from the primary mission of competition.

As the three-kilometer world's high-speed event stands today, it is possible to build a plane with a landing speed of 150 miles an hour and capable of making 310 or 315 miles an hour, and still no benefit accrues to the science of aviation. That is pushing the argument to an extreme, of course, but the principle under discussion is none the less exemplified.

I have always maintained that some limit as to landing speed should be prescribed for every aviation contest, so that if danger must be incurred and if possibly some sacrifice must be laid on the altar of progress, at least the art will have benefited in some way and the world will have learned something of value.

(Continued on Page 54

A 1931 Navy Racer Stripped for Speed—182 m. p. h. Fighting Planes in 1931 Had a Maximum Speed of Approximately 140 m. p. h.

Body by Fisher

Now One of the Accepted Leaders

It is doubtful whether even the most heroic pages of automotive history record a success comparable to that of the Pontiac Six since its introduction last January. Representing a new order of low-cost Six performance, stamina and beauty, it was accorded a wildfire reception whose intensity grew—*and continues to grow*—with every passing month. Where the largest production previously attained by any new make of car during its first full year was less than 33,000, the number of Pontiac Sixes built to date is well above 65,000. And there is now being rushed to completion, a vast new plant, costing $10,200,000, and capable of producing 1,000 Pontiac Sixes a day. Here, truly, is incontestable proof of the revolutionary value represented by the Pontiac Six! Here, truly, is evidence of the leadership which Pontiac Six was destined so quickly to win from the day of its public presentation.

$825
SEDAN OR COUPE

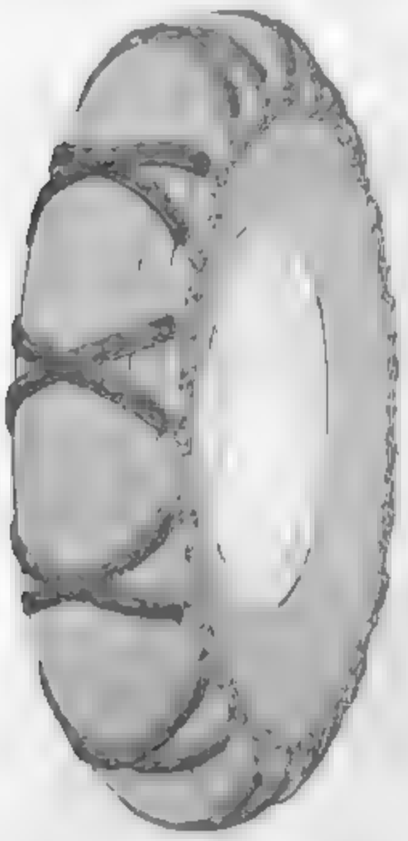
Pontiac Six Landau Sedan, $895. Oakland Six, companion to Pontiac Six, $1025 to $1295
All prices at factory. Easy to pay—through General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

PONTIAC SIX

A *quiet, long-wearing* tire chain

made of rubber and specially suited to balloon tires



GOODYEAR has made you a new and silent rubber tire chain. Goodyear has tested it. Goodyear has seen it outwear the best of tire chains. Here are the vital facts about this rubber chain:

Quietness: There's no clanging on the pavement or banging on the fenders with Goodyear Chains. *Rubber cross links take the place of steel.*

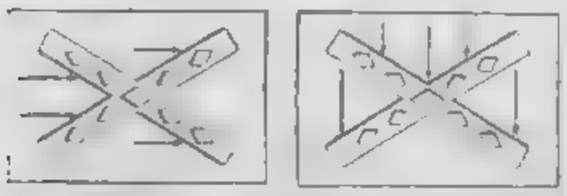
Long Wear: Mile for mile, one set of Goodyear Chains will, in most cases, outwear several sets of ordinary tire chains.

Tire-Saving: The broad rubber cross links guard against cutting or bruising of the tire tread, and especially in deep ruts give valuable protection to tire sidewalls.

Ease of Application: Goodyear Chains are easy to apply. You put them on and leave them on—over mud, wet and dry pavements, or snow.

Security: Goodyear chains employ the non-skid principle of the famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread magnified for maximum gripping action. Scientifically designed to *resist skidding in any direction.*

Convince yourself of these facts by having your car equipped with Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains at the nearest Goodyear Service Station.



Angular fit of cross links sets up effective resistance to skidding sidewise.

Squeegee action of rubber cross links holds the car firmly on wet pavement.

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

GOODYEAR TIRE CHAINS

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 52)

However we may feel about limiting the landing speeds of racing planes, there is no limit specified in the rules governing the world's high-speed record, and we cannot speak too appreciatively of the aggressiveness and skill and determination of the French in acquiring what they set out to get. The greatest aviation record is the property of France today, and it is the patriotic duty and obligation of some American agency or citizen to bring it back to the land where aviation was born.

The next Pulitzer Race, in 1924, was held at Dayton, Ohio, the home of aviation, and developed no new speed marks, because no new aircraft had been built for the event. Two gallant airmen lost their lives, either in the race or preparing for it—Lieut. Alexander Pearson and Capt. Burt Skell, both of the Army Air Service. It is extremely difficult to lay one's finger definitely on the causes for these accidents, and it is much more discreet to pass in sorrow than to hazard personal opinions. I was not there and I do not know the facts, and that is reason enough for not speaking at all. I knew both these men personally and held the highest regard for their ability, courage and judgment, and I am sure that whatever happened to their planes would have brought any other pilot in the world to similar grief. Since the dawn of creation mankind has had to pay in blood and money and energy for every step of progress.

Early in 1925 the Army and Navy agreed to enter the Pulitzer to be held in October of that year, and placed orders with the aircraft industry for the building of new racers. This promised to be a real contest, in as much as the two services agreed to build the planes alike in every particular. The concern that was to build our ships had built a new motor which held great possibilities, but had not been subjected to such tests as would have eliminated the bugs. In fact, it had never been in the air, and was destined to make its first flight test in a racing plane. Such procedure established a precedent which will not be followed hereafter.

It takes about three years for a new gasoline aircraft engine to reach that stage of reliability where it may be said to have arrived. Trials on the motor-test stands are excellent and necessary, and engender great hopes in the breasts of the builders, but will never produce immediately a motor ready to go into an airplane. Oh, yes! It will run all right in the plane, but a score or so of what I have already called bugs will crop up. The term "bug" is held to mean any minor failure of the motor proper or its accessories, which keeps constantly recurring, but which remains hidden and unseen until actual operation in an aircraft brings it to light. Nine times out of ten a bug is only some small, trivial defect which will be corrected in time, but the peculiar thing about aviation mechanisms is that the seemingly trivial defect is sufficient to cause a motor to stop running, and that means trouble.

The Real Way to Travel

As soon as I was appointed to fly the Navy entry I repaired to the factory where the ships were being built, and was permitted to collaborate with the designers in installing accommodations for parachute equipment—something unused to date in racing craft. I was also permitted to incorporate some of my own ideas into those features of construction which had direct bearing on the pilot's task of flying the ship, such as shaping the upper wing to increase the pilot's range of vision, and two or three other items which would interest only a pilot.

About this time we learned that Cyrus Bettis, U. S. Army Air Service, had been appointed to pilot the Army entry. He was a most excellent pilot and probably one of the best men in the Army Air Service. My tasks were many and varied in preparation for the race—that is, in passing upon the appointments for the flying field, such as the location of the home pylon, the marking of danger areas, the laying down of ground rules and the selection of the race course; and a fast pursuit ship was placed at my disposal, and was used for traveling between Washington and Long Island. I remember making one trip, when a favorable tail wind was blowing my way, in one hour and twenty-three minutes. I looked at my watch at 1000 feet above Mitchel Field and it read eleven o'clock flat, and when I next inspected it the hands pointed to four minutes past one o'clock, and I was sitting at a conference in the Bureau of Aeronautics at Washington, D. C. That's the real way to travel.

A Race and a Necktie Lost

Both Lieutenant Bettis and myself were very busy testing our ships and changing motors. These new engines, with one exception, were full of trouble and disturbed everyone quite a bit. They were too young and tender for the stern, gruelling demands incidental to a Pulitzer Race, but they were the best to be had if we intended breaking any records. As mentioned above, one of the motors seemed to be performing in fine style, and on one of the acceptance-trial flights, while the timing apparatus was in position, I dived the ship in which this engine was installed over the course for an unofficial speed mark of 302.3 miles an hour. I'll tell you more of that later.

Along came the day for the race, and with the usual excitement and fuss the ships were made ready. We all knew that if our motors, or one of them, should perform according to manufacturers' promises the Pulitzer records would be boosted fourteen or fifteen miles.

New motors had been installed in our ships the day before the race and we had only had a few minutes' flying time to check their operation. We started in the usual manner, and before I had completed the first lap I realized that unless something happened to Lieutenant Bettis' ship I was destined to finish a poor second.

My air-speed indicator never reached 250 miles an hour, and the ship had been built to make 265 miles an hour. On the second lap a strange vibration set up which worried me greatly; but since I was all prepared for trouble and was waxing belligerent about it, I thought, "Let it come along as big as it pleases."

There I sat watching that air-speed meter reading between 248 and 250 miles an hour and straining every nerve to get a few more miles out of it. Why, this was no better than my 1923 speed. Finally came the last lap and the finish, and as I was landing I saw Cy Bettis' ship coming in for a landing also. Then I knew that in as much as he had finished I had been beaten, and the time announcement did not surprise me at all. There was no disgrace in it, but lots of disappointment. I tried to find Cy and congratulate him, but confusion prevented locating him; so I avoided the camera and hurried over to see my family and tried to recover my necktie. A necktie seems to be a jinx with me. I can seem to find anything else, no matter how great the excitement; but as in the instance mentioned in connection with the 1923 speed trials, when I couldn't find my darn tie, neither could I find it on this occasion. So in totaling up the day's balances I had lost one Pulitzer Race and one necktie.

The time records in the race disappointed everyone. Various accounts have sought to excuse the small advance of five miles over the 1923 Pulitzer records by blaming the weather and the visibility. It is true that the visibility was not very good, but if this had been the reason for the disappointing speeds it would mean claiming that the pilots had strayed from the course. But in becoming lost it would be impossible for two pilots to lose themselves and stray from the course in such a uniform fashion as to keep their lap timing about equal. All Lieutenant Bettis' speeds were grouped around 248 miles an hour and all mine were about 242 miles an hour. Had each pilot's lap speeds varied by three or four miles an hour, then it could probably have been attributed to the visibility. To terminate a futile discussion, it suffices to say that the ships just did not have any more speed in them and that the motors were chiefly to blame. And then again it must be remembered that advances in speed from 250 miles an hour upward will be much slower than up to the 250 mark, because the resistances are building up geometrically while the engine power is being increased arithmetically.

The picture becomes more striking when we learn that at 250 miles an hour or better the pilot finds it impossible to force even his hand out into the terrific wind stream. An attempt to do such a thing would be just as impossible as trying to force one's hand into a stream of water flowing from a high-pressure fire hose. The hand will be bent positively and firmly toward the tail of the machine, and I've never been foolish enough to experiment any further than to try the strength of this wind stream in this manner. The wind pressure is terrific, I know that, so I have never wandered far from the protection of the wind shield.

There are some interesting considerations which must be taken into account when planes and people are flying around at excessive speeds. The pilot doesn't have to think much faster than when he is in a slow machine, but he must look and plan ahead just a wee bit more. He must move his mental operations ahead one or two pegs, and then he is just about up to what is going on. He must raise his line of vision to compensate for the rate at which he is destroying distance. While he is tearing along at such a pace the bumps will slam his ship around with unbelievable force and suddenness, and he will sometimes wonder how the plane stays together. And if he attempts to use his controls to fight each jolt he'll surely have a miserable time, as ships of this type are constructed nowadays so that they will fly themselves much better than any man can operate them. They merely require gentle guidance; and until a pilot recognizes this peculiarity he is likely to have a merry time trying to boss his ship. In fact, it has always been my contention that I learned to fly racing ships only when I was so darn disgusted with bobbing around that I held the controls still and let the plane fly itself.

Speed of the Future

The amazing celerity with which you can get from place to place fascinates one to such an extent that the choosing of some objective miles away and speeding to it will furnish quite a kick or thrill, or call it what you like. Distance seems to fade away while you are speeding along at about 400 feet a second, and the plane is so small that it seems to be part of yourself, and that you are doing the flying and not the ship. You spy another plane in the air and hurry after it. It seems to be standing still, even though it may be making 100 miles an hour. You catch up with it and flash by it much faster than it can fly by a hangar or any stationary object. The controls answer your faintest pressure rapidly and with precision, and as a matter of fact, while flying such a craft the nose of the machine may be pointed and directed with the same ease and precision as a rifle can be aimed.

That is real flying. It fires and stimulates the imagination and has always made a strong appeal to me.

As to future speeds? Who knows? What about the future of aviation? "*Quien sabe?*" One guess is as good as another. We have progressed from forty miles an hour to an actually timed 302.3 miles an hour and accomplished that mark having used only one new metal. Our wings are still made of wood covered with fabric, and the airplane body is still constructed of wood. We are still forced to use heavy steel where we must have strength, but we are

(Continued on Page 56)

All the *Style* and *Smartness* of PAIGE *. . at its lowest price!*

ONE of the most popular of the *newer* and *smarter* Paige cars—is this charming 4-door sedan. Mounted on the same chassis as the extremely popular Paige Brougham, this beautiful new body, though somewhat smaller than the biggest Paiges, is larger than most sedans. And it is also less costly. Indeed, it is in this new 4-door sedan—and its companion car, the Landau Brougham—that you can acquire Paige *style* and Paige *smartness* at its lowest price.

The costliest custom-built cars seldom present a more enchanting interior than you will find in this newest 4-door Paige sedan. Luxury is everywhere. You sit on the finest mohair upholstery over nested springs. You look at beautifully clustered instruments in one indirectly lighted panel. You cannot help but admire the skill that so cleverly placed the arm rests, and inlaid the walnut-finish panels. Silk toggle grips, twin smoking sets, charming corner lights—all enchant you.

The front seats of the Landau Brougham are adjustable to suit the driver's height. Attractive and convenient foot pockets are one of its many conveniences.

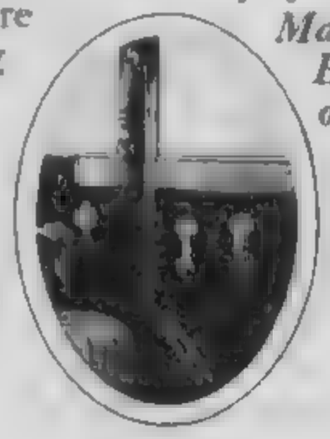
Mechanically, this newest Paige is even more dependable than the sturdy Paiges of old. It is replete with such advanced features as a counter-balanced crank shaft, thermostat, air cleaner, full high pressure oil feed to all rotating parts, including cam shaft, auxiliary shaft, and tappets. It is equipped with balloon tires and shock absorbers—with metal oil-lubricated universals—with unusually long and easy riding springs—and, of course, with the perfected Paige-Hydraulic 4-Wheel Brakes.

Capable, unusually easy to handle, economical, long lived, and *smart as the latest Paris gown*—here is your next car. See it—at a Paige-Jewett showroom—soon—we know you'll like it immensely, and you'll buy it.

The complete Paige-Jewett line offers a wide selection of body types and colors at prices ranging from $1195 to $2245. Steel wheels at slight extra cost. All prices are f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra.

. . . .

Assets of $20,000,000 . . . Worldwide Dealer Organization . . . One of the Newest and Finest Plants in the Industry . . . 17 Years Under One Management Building Fine Cars Exclusively . . . Never Reorganized—Never Refinanced



PAIGE & JEWETT SIXES

Watch This Column

RICHARD TALMADGE in *"The Fighting Don"*

Here is a man who has proved once more that personality and ability will always carry to the top.

Richard Talmadge is the dare-devil young actor who has for two years starred in pictures made at moderate cost, but whose rare ability made him so widely popular that some of his pictures have been shown in as many as 7000 theatres.

But theatre owners and the public began to insist loudly, "Give Talmadge a chance in BIGGER pictures—in famous stories, under the best of direction, with elaborate staging, and strong supporting players."

Now UNIVERSAL gives RICHARD TALMADGE his big chance and he is appearing soon in more pretentious and more costly pictures. The first production of his series will be *"The Fighting Don,"* a picturesque, thrilling story which gives this smooth young actor and stunt-man full scope for his unusual abilities. Watch for it. It will be directed by Irving Willat, and will be presented by UNIVERSAL in association with A. Carlos.

I want to call your special attention to some of the big pictures coming from UNIVERSAL, notably, *"Michael Strogoff,"* from Jules Verne's celebrated melodrama; REGINALD DENNY in *"Take it from Me;"* LAURA LA PLANTE in *"The Midnight Sun."*

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of Laura La Plante and Richard Talmadge

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 54)

getting unbelievable performance out of ships constructed of these materials and equipped with comparatively low horse power. What will happen when we start to use the new metals which are coming out—the magnesium alloys? What will happen when the structural weight of a plane will be reduced by 75 per cent, and equipped with motors of much higher horse power which also will be much lighter? This is not a daydream, and is not such a fanatical picture after all.

What will happen when we develop the light metal-built monoplane? There are no biplane—one wing above the other—birds. They are all built along the monoplane design. The biplane effect is man's clever attempt to hold the wings together by the application of the world-old principle of cross bracing. What will happen when we find a way to retract the greater part of our wings and landing gear after we get the plane off the ground and flying fast enough? Do you know that only a few feet of wing spread is necessary to sustain a plane at high speeds? I have frequently tipped my racer over on its side, with the wings perpendicular to the ground, so they were no use to me at all; in fact, all they did was to hold the plane's speed down, and while in this position it has been possible not only to fly level but also to climb higher.

All these are wonders to look forward to, and they are only waiting for the certain advent of some new metals. Our scientists have already found some of the requisite alloys, but have not yet discovered the methods for producing them economically in quantity. These things will come to pass and no human can prevent them from putting in an appearance.

In a little more than twenty years the aviation-endurance record has been boosted from fifty-nine minutes' duration to about forty-five hours' continuous flying. The continents have been traversed. The oceans have been bridged. The most inaccessible spots on this planet have been photographed from an airplane. The mails are being carried by aircraft, and aviation is wrapping itself slowly but surely around the very heart of commerce, simply because it furnishes speedy transportation.

Here is what I think we'll see within the next twenty years—and if you are a stand-patter, or too prone to say "I don't think so," stop reading right now!

The speed record for straightaway flight will be between 300 and 400 miles an hour, and nearer to 400. The endurance record for continuous flight will be between four and five days. You won't hear of forced landings, because there will always be more than one highly developed air-cooled engine on each light, metal-built ship, and one of these engines will be sufficient to keep the plane going at cruising speed. There will be huge lighter-than-air craft, much larger than what the Navy is experimenting and pioneering with now, crossing the continent and both oceans on regularly scheduled trips. It's waste of time to continue. Those things are coming, and if you disagree just look back over the last score of years and make a comparison between the things that were and the things that are.

Recalling my prediction about the high speed to be attained, you may be curious to know what the effect will be on the pilot, and whether a human will be able to stand such speed. If you eliminate the sharp turning features while flying at these great speeds, a pilot will find it just as easy to fly 500 miles an hour as it is to travel 302 miles an hour. The only difference I can remember between flying 200 and later reaching the 300 miles an hour mark is that when the latter was achieved I wanted someone with me. My impression, when I first saw an air-speed indicator hand run up to and then over the 300 miles an hour mark, was a desire to call in my friends and point out the reading to them. It was too big to keep to myself. There is a little history to air-speed indicators which may interest you. As aviation-racing speed progressed by leaps and bounds each year the old air-speed indicators were discarded. In 1922 we had only a few 200 miles an hour air-speed meters in the world. In 1923 we had mighty few 250 miles an hour indicators, and in 1925 the faces of only a few air-speed meters showed a top speed marking of 350 miles an hour.

During the war there were few planes whose terminal velocity exceeded 250 miles an hour, no matter how far they were dived, and no service air-speed indicators were calibrated up to that high mark.

I believe both Lieutenant Brow and myself went over the 300 mile mark in 1923. I had dived 9000 feet, starting the diving from an initial speed of 249 miles an hour, but as that was going straight down, I never looked on that as a real 300 mile mark.

So in 1925, when I had a real 350 mile an hour air-speed indicator and a ship which might make 300 miles an hour, or five miles a minute, by crossing the course in a shallow dive, I seized upon the opportunity immediately. I wanted to be the first mortal to fly at five miles a minute.

And so the world moves on, calling for speed, and getting more and more each year. Every time we push aviation speed up a few miles the world is that much smaller. Of course there will be lives lost in this quest, but that is unavoidable, because speed means danger, and this holds as true in the manufacture of shoes as it does in the driving of an airplane. But the world and progress demand it, and will have it; and for this very reason I am always thrilled when I see an air-speed indicator hand run up to and over a hitherto untouched reading; and then I realize that another offering has been placed in the eager hands of mankind, and that those hands are always beckoning for more.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Lieutenant Williams.

LOW BUT SURE

(Continued from Page 48)

he had regretted the mad impulse which prompted him to accept the suggestion of his distributors for a European trip.

In one way the trip was a success. Two pictures had been sent back to America from Naples, another from Rome, still another from Venice. Others had been filmed and were now being cut and titled. The distributors had cabled that the European films were knock-outs; they urged an indefinite continuation of the Continental stay. They wrote that American audiences—long since grown familiar with Midnight pictures—were convulsed over the antics of their favorite colored slapstick comedians against the exotic backgrounds of Europe. And it was while under the spell of enthusiasm engendered by this last letter that President Latimer engaged the great Malacca Jones for one picture, paying him a cash advance of two thousand dollars, American money.

From the moment that Malacca stepped on the set every man, woman and child in the company hated him. They knew something of the gorgeous reputation he had built for himself, but not until they came into intimate personal contact did they realize how superlatively dislikable he was.

Malacca regarded himself as being just about the greatest person who ever swung a cane and wore spats. But the negro picture company from Birmingham, Alabama, saw in the tall, slender actor just another negro. They were not dazzled by him. They bitterly resented his superiority complex. And when he gave snubs he received insults in return.

Orifice discovered Ethiope Wall manicuring the floors of the rosbiff establishment. Mr. Wall looked up with hope blazing. Latimer spoke gently and apologetically of the menial job he was offering. The effect on Ethiope was electric.

He rose from his knees. He picked up a china dish, kissed it, then smashed it on the floor. The irate proprietor of the restaurant rushed out, chattering volubly and profanely. Ethiope tossed him a five-franc note and turned exaltedly to Latimer.

"Le's travel, mistuh president. Next to workin' fo' Midnight, standin' up fo' Malacca Jones is the fondest thing I could possibly be of."

The following morning the company gathered in the Jardin du Roi Albert. The little park was crowded with eager and interested tourists. All Nice seemed to have gathered here on this particular morning.

Special police permits gave the company a definite space in which to work. A dozen stocky little gendarmes were efficiently on hand to see that the actors were not disturbed.

Malacca Jones arrived late. There was a honking of taxi horn, a high, querulous voice demanding gangway, a few haughty sentences in Afro-American French and Mr. Jones alighted from his taxi.

He was resplendent this morning in suit of oyster gray, pin-striped with blue. He wore a wide, flapping straw hat, carried a whippy little cane and sported a large rose in his buttonhole. Someone in the crowd applauded. The word ran around the circle of spectators, "That's Malacca Jones! He was starring last week at the Varieties. He was the sensation of Paris."

Mr. Jones strolled languidly toward the group about the camera. He nodded disdainfully to Director Clump, President Latimer, Forcep Swain, Exotic Hines and Lawyer Evans Chew. The cutting voice of one Florian Slappey came from somewhere in the background.

"Yonder comes our hired help!"

Clump spoke curtly as he pulled Ethiope Wall forward.

"Heah's yo' stand-up man, Jones. This is Mistuh Ethiope Wall."

Deliberately, insultingly, Malacca surveyed the figure of his stand-up man. The others, watching the introduction, were amazed at the striking similarity. Barring a marked difference of costume they were as like as two brown peas. Ethiope was bewildered with pleasure at meeting the magnificent Malacca. Mr. Jones was insulting.

"Boy," he announced, "you is honored."

"Y-y-yas-suh."

"Ain't ev'ybody can stan' up fo' me."

"N-n-nos-suh."

"I congratulates you, Ethiope, on bein' permitted to meet me. An' mind you don't git me angry."

"N-n-nos-suh."

"Tha's all." Malacca turned languidly away. "Go ahead an' try this feller out, Clump. When you gits ready fo' me I'll come let you take my pitcher."

Clump controlled himself with an effort. "I wish," he reflected bitterly, "that a wasp would back up against that feller, an' push. C'mon, Ethiope, le's us commence."

Malacca Jones seated himself. And therefore he was out of sight of a pair of burning feminine eyes which stared eagerly through the crowd which congested the gardens.

These eyes were round and brown and rather lovely. They belonged to one Adorée Lafourche, a very colored lady who from birth until three years previous had been resident in Morocco.

For more than a year the colored Miss Lafourche had wanted to make the personal acquaintance of Malacca Jones. She had heard his name on many lips, and she rather fancied that her own powers as a charmer would make more than a trifling impression on Malacca.

(Continued on Page 58)

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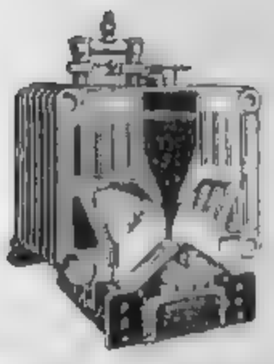
True, a Spencer Heater does cost far less to operate. Burning the No. 1 Buckwheat size of Anthracite, which costs on an average $7 less per ton than the ordinary domestic sizes, it quickly saves its entire first cost and pays a "net profit" for the rest of its long life.

But economy is only one of the advantages which Spencer owners have been enjoying, many of them for thirty years or more. Mr. Ralph B. Clayberger, of Merchantville, N. J., sums them up as follows:

"This was our first winter with a Spencer Heater, and . . . our most comfortable one. Our heater . . . has given splendid results and at a net saving in our coal bill of $105.78. Furthermore, it has been a source of no little satisfaction in knowing that, when I fixed it in the morning, it would not be necessary for my wife to touch it all day long, regardless of weather conditions, and that we could arise in the morning during the coldest weather with the house at 70 degrees."

The Spencer's automatic feed does away with the continual attention necessary in the customary flat-grate heaters. A Spencer burns evenly day and night at any desired rate. The coal magazine needs filling only once or twice in twenty-four hours.

"The Business of Buying a Heating System", is a new book full of important information on fuels, relation of heating costs to other building investments, the relative advantages of one heating system or another for different purposes. It is of interest not only to home owners but to all who must consider the heating problem, whether for an apartment house, hotel, industrial building, church or school. A request will bring your copy.



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Continued from Page 56

And so she gazed hungrily at the man she thought was Malacca Jones; never suspecting that the tall, loose-jointed gentleman upon whom she lavished her worship was merely Mr. Jones' stand-up man. She thought, quite naturally, that the man who posed easily before the camera was Malacca. Actually it was the beatific Ethiope Wall!

Ethiope was in the seventh heaven of delight. Here he was acting in the movies, and if his histrionic talents were being expended vicariously, at least he was closer to his goal than he had ever expected to get.

Ethiope was unconscious of everything save the job, the contact with those of his kind, and the proximity of Mr. Malacca Jones. He was pathetically eager to please. Miss Adorée Lafourche, catching an occasional fleeting glimpse of her idol, thought he was simply grand.

Miss Lafourche was ambitious. Her life in Morocco had been sadly uninteresting. In Nice there had been more pep, more spice. And there had been big Jean, who had followed her from Morocco and was now working at a little garage in Villefranche.

This Jean was a very colored gentleman of pronounced physical prowess. He was what in America would be described as bad medicine. He was atrociously bad medicine, rather addicted to jealousy and an overplus of affection for the somewhat inconstant Adorée. But just as Ethiope Wall was unconscious of Adorée, so, too, was he ignorant of the Moroccan rattlesnake who yearned to make Adorée his wife.

The crowd grew denser in the shady reaches of the gardens. Adorée found herself very much on the outskirts, her view of the famous actor extremely fragmentary. Eventually she moved away and walked for a long distance down the Promenade des Anglais, listening to the soft waters lapping against the pebbly shore and wondering whether it might be possible, even faintly possible, to meet the superb Malacca Jones.

Meanwhile work progressed excellently that day and the next. Malacca seemed to have voiced his final serious protest when he demanded the services of a stand-up man, and now he confined himself to a minimum of work and a maximum of personal unpleasantness. Every person in the Midnight organization grew to hate him with a bitter and devastating hatred. After the second day even the docile Mr. Wall found himself agitated by occasional flashes of resentment. It was all very well for Malacca to know that he was successful, but when he translated his opinion of himself into carping criticism of others ——

Malacca was, to put it mildly, hard to handle. Director J. Cæsar Clump frothed at the mouth through long mornings and brief afternoons. The company was working now on interior shots, having rented an old studio out in the general direction of Cannes. The studio possessed fair-to-middling lighting equipment and antiquated mechanical facilities. And inside the four walls Malacca was most offensive to his director.

The company squirmed and writhed and swore. President Latimer, more worried than he cared to admit, counseled patience. Malacca represented an investment of nearly ten thousand dollars, and Latimer explained passionately that it would be disastrous financially if anything happened to him.

"If!" spluttered Cæsar. "Orifice, that feller is hoverin' on the brink of a precipice, an' one of these mawnin's Ise gwine lose my head, an' over he goes! With a monkey wrench after him."

"He is pretty bad, Cæsar. But we got to stand it ——"

"I know. On'y thing keeps me fum bustin' off is Ethiope Wall. That feller must be half angel an' half fool."

Latimer was glad to change the subject. "How you like Ethiope?"

Clump's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. "He's good, Orifice. Real honest-to-goodness good. Seems like to me that when he rehearses fo' Malacca he does it better than Malacca does hisse'f when he acts. Co'se maybe Ise prejudicialled ——"

"You must be. Malacca Jones has got a swell reputation."

"Don't I know that? Ain't he been proclaimin' such ever since we signed him up? Does I ever hear anythin' else fum mawnin' to night? Golla! Ethiope Wall, now, he's the sort of feller I roots fo'. He's modest an' gentle an' willin'. I think he's a better actor than Malacca. I do, honest. An' they is enough alike in looks ——"

Latimer shook his head. "'Sall right fo' you to like Brother Wall, but don't go gittin' no fool notions in yo' head 'bout Malacca not bein' swell."

"Co'se he is. I never said he wasn't. But if I ever slips an' exterminates him it ain't gwine affeck our pitcher none. With a li'l' trick photography an' no close-ups, Ethiope Wall could finish out that pitcher so you'd never know the diff'ence."

Clump was not the only one who responded to the eager friendliness of the gangling American negro who had resided in France since 1917. They stared pop-eyed when Ethiope chattered in French with the natives, they welcomed his thoughtful little attentions, they impressed him into service as guide and tutor. Each expressed a secret hope that Orifice Latimer could be induced to make the man a permanent member of the troupe.

But if Midnight thought Ethiope was fine, Mlle. Adorée Lafourche, of Morocco, Africa, believed he was a riot. Once or twice she had journeyed to spots where the company was shooting and always she had seen Ethiope standing up for Malacca Jones.

The impression had become fixed in her mind that it was the great Malacca she was seeing. And on the fourth night of Ethiope's employment she was waiting outside the studio door when he emerged.

Dusk was settling down over the Azure Coast; a haze of purple and gray shot through with the red gold of the setting sun. Automobiles thrummed by, and an occasional tram. Ethiope stood in the clear, cool air. He knew now what happiness meant. Even here in France he was at home, and he was content. A voice spoke to him in limpid French. A woman's voice; soft, alluring, tantalizing.

"This is M'sieu Jones, is it not?"

Ethiope faced his dusky inquisitor. He started to explain that she was in error, but before the words emerged from his lips Adorée spoke again.

"Ah, but I know that it is M'sieu Jones! I have seen you working in this so great cinema."

The thrill of a lifetime surged over the ordinarily modest Mr. Wall. It was almost glory enough to stand up for Malacca, but to be actually mistaken for that gorgeous star —— He yielded. He doffed his hat, bowed low and swept the lady with his eyes. He spoke in his very best French.

"Malacca Jones, mamselle, at your service."

Adorée gasped with delight. This was far easier than she had anticipated. Rumor had it that Malacca, while quite impressionable, was certainly not accessible.

"I think," said Adorée, "that m'sieu is the most wonderful man in all the world."

"Hot diggity dawg!" whispered Ethiope in English. Then in the language of the country: "And mamselle is the most wonderful woman."

She coquetted with him. "M'sieu is about to dine?"

"If mamselle will accompany him."

Mamselle, it seemed, would. She did. They found a little café on the Rue de l'Escarene, where they became better acquainted as they ate. Afterward they walked along the Quai Saint Jean Baptiste and gazed at the dry bed of what was supposed to be the Paillon River. And still later they found themselves on the promenade staring across the broad waters of the Mediterranean. A path of moonlight

(Continued on Page 60)

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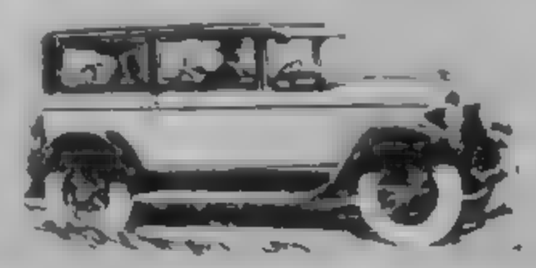

Week of November 8th

Should Mr. Work make a pre-emptive bid? Should Mr. Lenz? Is it ever wise to lead your last trumps after opponents are out? These and many other fine points will be illustrated by the experts. Try these hands, then follow the game over the radio.

Milton C. Work, New York, dealer, South—
Spades.....K, Q, J, 10, 5
Hearts.....None
Diamonds.....2
Clubs.....K, Q, 10, 9, 7, 4, 3

Sidney S. Lenz, New York, West—
Spades.....7, 6
Hearts.....A, Q, J, 10, 5, 4, 2
Diamonds.....K, 4
Clubs.....8, 6

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York North
Spades.....9, 8, 4, 3
Hearts.....9, 8, 3
Diamonds.....Q, 10, 9, 8, 5
Clubs.....2

E. V. Shepard, New York, East—
Spades.....A, 2
Hearts.....K, 7, 6
Diamonds.....A, J, 7, 6, 3
Clubs.....A, J, 5

Tues., Nov. 9, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WEAR, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WRC, WTAG, WWJ.

See papers for broadcasting time of following.

KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	[illegible]	New Orleans
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
WSOE	[illegible] News	Milwaukee
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KGO	General Electric Co.	Oakland
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KFOA	Seattle Times	Seattle
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
CFCX	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
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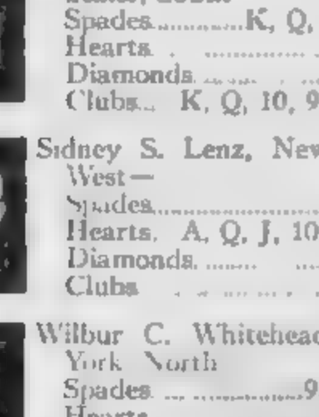

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(Continued from Page 58)

danced across the waters and there was a boat. Mademoiselle Lafourche was overflowing with joy at her conquest. Mr. Ethiope Wall, now Malacca Jones, was mounting to heights of beatitude which he had never before even suspected.

It was late when they separated, but not before they had made an engagement to meet for dinner the following night at the little café on the Rue de l'Escarene—and all the next day Ethiope found himself regarding the insufferable Malacca with eyes into which there was creeping a speculative light.

That evening and the next Ethiope was with the dark-brown charmer from Morocco and points north. It was magnificent to be mistaken for Malacca Jones, and still more charming to know that he was successfully maintaining the masquerade. Adorée asked him much about himself. He tried to boast as he had heard Jones do, but for the most part he was content to listen to her encomiums. During these evenings the mantle of the great Malacca Jones sat upon him.

He was grateful that for two weeks Malacca was not playing at any music hall or casino. In that event Ethiope would have been forced to curtail the pleasure of this glorious creature's society.

Meanwhile work on the Malacca Jones special feature was nearing completion and the nerves of every official in the organization were approaching the breaking point. Each day there hung over the decrepit studio a miasma of lethal uncertainty. Clump had become almost demented by Malacca's overbearing demeanor. Latimer tried to make peace. Lawyer Evans Chew attempted to impress Mr. Jones with a sense of his own importance, but his vaunted pomposity fell flat.

Only Florian Slappey succeeded in making any impression on the haughty Mr. Jones.

Florian imitated him. Florian burlesqued him. Florian ranged himself well within earshot and regaled his friends with the mannerisms of the tall negro who was the sensation of France. Florian's audience would become convulsed with mirth. All except Malacca Jones. He loathed Florian and feared his ridicule. And he vented his spleen on Ethiope Wall.

Malacca made Ethiope's life a misery. He tore him to shreds with cutting words. Ethiope became haggard, and only the thought of his evenings with Adorée—who thought he was Malacca Jones—kept him from performing immediate mayhem.

Ethiope stood it all. It was not easy, but rebellion meant too much. If Malacca demanded his dismissal he would be kicked out—back again to a lonely life in France, hoping for the miracle which might carry him to America. He posed for Mr. Jones, he bore the man's bitter criticism of his make-up and manner, he accepted meekly the vituperation of the music-hall star, and if homicide held sway in his heart he gave no outward indication.

And so matters rocked along—tension in the company, worry over the future on the part of Ethiope Wall, and a development of which nobody save Adorée Lafourche knew anything.

From Villefranche one night came Adorée's fiancé, Jean. Adorée was out. Jean talked long and earnestly with the landlady at the humble lodgings she occupied. He learned many things; for Adorée had not been backward about proclaiming her conquest of the incomparable Malacca Jones.

Monsieur Jean's complexion changed from shiny black to the color of abandoned cigar ashes. His eyes narrowed and his lips compressed. Monsieur Jean felt that he was about to acquire one of his bad spells.

And when Jean became bad he became bad all over. The hot unreasoning blood of African forbears coursed in his veins; he was a person of violent moods and more violent actions. The big, bulging muscles of his sinewy frame grew tense; his hamlike fists clenched, his bullet head was shoved forward and he splattered a stream of French profanity.

Then he awaited the late homecoming of Adorée. She came tripping into the house after having separated from the supposed Malacca Jones at the corner. She stopped short at sight of the human thundercloud which hovered over her. Jean spoke. He spoke long and passionately. He expressed his candid opinion of Adorée. And, much to his amazement, she entered no denial

"True," she said, "I have been going with Monsieur Jones. He is one grand, noble man, and not a pig of a garage helper. He appreciates me."

Somehow Jean did not feel flattered. Adorée was entirely too frank. He raved. He stormed. He swore. She tossed her head and announced that the liking between herself and Monsieur Malacca Jones was entirely mutual and that she intended cultivating it.

Jean stood rocklike, staring down upon her. He swayed slightly on the balls of his tremendous feet. He gave vent to a few ejaculations. Then he whirled and vanished. A light little laugh flew from Adorée's lips.

It was indeed good to excite Jean's jealousy. Of course she expected to marry him eventually. Meanwhile it was well to let him understand that she was the sort of girl who could win, and hold, the favor of France's so great music-hall star.

Outside, Jean did not pause to brood over his troubles. Not Jean. He was a man of definite and positive action. He sought always to still trouble at its source.

He moved downtown toward the blazing lights and midnight merriment with a rolling, space-eating stride. His eyes gleamed like the head lamps of a taxi and his feet crunched rhythmically on the pavement. He swung down the Avenue Félix Faure, past the Municipal Casino and into a little café on the Avenue de la Victoire. There he made certain inquiries regarding the probable whereabouts of Monsieur Malacca Jones, one-time music-hall satellite and now movie star. The information was given.

Meanwhile in the lobby of a small hotel on the Boulevard Dubouchage one man was talking and another man was listening. The talking man was seated. The other, tall and thin and with the light of dumb suffering in his eyes, stood humbly before him.

"An' futhermo'," rasped Malacca Jones, "you ain't wuth a durn. You is one no-'count piece of tripe which ain't fitten to be my stand-up man. How come you to be late tonight? I asks you that?"

Bitter resentment flamed in the placid bosom of Ethiope Wall. He controlled himself with an effort.

"Ise sorry, Mistuh Jones. Truly I is."

"Sorry! Piffle! I got a good min' to fire you. If it wasn't that this pitcher is pretty near finished ——"

A cyclone entered the lobby—a black and fearful cyclone which proclaimed loudly that it wished to make the acquaintance of Mr. Malacca Jones. The clerk motioned toward the languid and elegant figure which was rising from an easy-chair.

Jean advanced toward Malacca. Ethiope, sensing disaster, discreetly withdrew to an obscure corner of the lobby.

The mountainous Moroccan bulked forbiddingly in front of the elegant Malacca. The conversation was conducted in French, which Ethiope understood perfectly.

"You are Malacca Jones?" accused Jean.

Mr. Jones, considerably puzzled, bowed. "I have that honor."

"Honor? *Mon Dieu!*" Jean's laugh was harsh. "And has monsieur also the honor to be acquainted with Mam'selle Adorée Lafourche?"

The words came clearly and distinctly to the ears of Ethiope Wall. Mr. Wall immediately sought to make himself even more inconspicuous. His eyes grew big as saucers. He trembled. He prepared for flight.

Malacca shook his head. "I have never heard of the lady," he averred.

His words had a tonic effect on Jean's temper. The big frame quivered.

"Liar!" he snorted.

Malacca Jones was a prideful man. He did not relish being branded as a liar in public. "I am not a liar," he protested.

"You say you do not know my Adorée?"

"I say that."

"Then I repeat that you are a liar."

Malacca started to turn away, muttering something about a gendarme.

Jean the Moroccan swung into action. All the pent-up anger and jealousy was in that first resounding wallop. It caught Malacca Jones on the side of the head, and even before he hit the lobby floor Jean had struck again.

Malacca stretched full-length on the tile. Jean flung himself on the prostrate figure. Fists and feet were working overtime, and Mr. Jones commenced shrieking for help in a queer mixture of French and American.

Mr. Ethiope Wall, nervous and shaken, vanished into the street.

The following morning the members of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, U. S. A., gathered at the battered studio for the finishing touches on their two-reel special featuring the great Malacca Jones.

They waited for two hours, but Mr. Jones did not appear. Rumor reached the studio; queer rumor of physical combat in the lobby of a hotel the previous night. An attack on the immaculate Mr. Jones by a jealous fiancé. Rumor had it that Mr. Jones had departed Nice suddenly and permanently and would not appear, now or ever, to complete his picture. A messenger, dispatched downtown, returned in a taxicab and reported that the rumors were true. Malacca was gone, sadly shopworn but able to travel far and fast.

The face of President Latimer reflected lugubriosity. He wrung his hands.

"Oh, golla!" he moaned. "An' the pitcher ain't finished yet."

J. Cæsar Clump was grinning. So was every other person in the studio, save possibly the lanky Ethiope Wall, who knew much and said little.

"You should worry, Orifice. Lawyer Evans Chew was sayin' that on account Malacca has busted his contrack with us we don't have to pay him no more money outside the adwance he has a'ready got."

Orifice brightened. "That so, Lawyer Chew?"

"Absolutely. Under the laws of the Code of Napoleon as written an' provided fo' the government ——"

"Nemmin' all them talkments, Lawyer Chew. We accepts yo' decision without no argument." Latimer faced Clump again. "However is us gwine finish up the pitcher without Mistuh Jones?"

"Easy enough," responded the director happily. "Ain't I told you all along that this boy Ethiope Wall is a good actor an' that I could make him up an' photograph him so as nobody woul'n't never be able to tell the diff'ence 'tween him an' Malacca?"

"You sholy has."

"Well, I meant it." Clump swung around. "Ethiope, come here!"

The lengthy figure of Mr. Wall shuffled uncertainly forward. He wore a worried, harassed expression.

"Ethiope," announced Clump boldly, "I an' President Latimer has been tryin' to figure fo' a long time how us could make a pummanent job fo' you with Midnight. It now seems like yo' opporchunity has came. Malacca Jones has departed, an' he is goin' to stay there. There is some more shots to be taken. I says you can act his part as good as he could. So I asks if you want to try it, an' if you make good, accept a job with us?"

The face of Mr. Ethiope Wall was radiant. This indeed was the fulfillment of his fondest wish.

"Oh, lawsy," he murmured ecstatically. "You is askin' me whether I is willin' to act fo' Malacca Jones?"

"Uh-huh. Is you?"

"I'll say I is!" enthused Ethiope. Then a twinkle appeared in his eyes. "An' why not? Didn't Malacca do as much for me last night?"

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The Goodyear SUPERTWIST Balloon Tire is generally recognized as the foremost example of the present state of the tire-building art.

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GOODYEAR

"Believe me, there's nothing like Mennen"

E. V. D. Paul, who used to ride the range in the cow country, has the real cowpuncher's slant on shaving. Here's a letter I got from him recently:

"Keeping the beard down on the round-up and riding herd—with alkali water and a dull blade—is no joke. That's why I prized my Mennen Shaving Cream—and still do—almost as much as I did my horse.

"Believe me, there's nothing like Mennen. I had all the stubble mowed 5 or 10 minutes before the other boys had stopped howling—with a clean, smooth face that felt burly. Mennen sure softens the whiskers—they just fall away when the old razor starts to go through.

'I've been a Mennen fan since 1914, and I expect to use it as long as my whiskers are rarin' to grow."

Pretty straight from the shoulder—he *knows*. You'd talk the same way if *you* knew. That's why I want to make a proposition. Send me a post card and I'll send you—FREE—a special Demonstration Tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. I want you to use it until it's all gone, because by then I know you'll be a regular Mennen customer for life.

¾ inch on your brush will build the biggest, firmest, wettest bank of lather you ever saw. The ease with which your razor slips through the whiskers will convince you that everything I have said about Dermutation—the Mennen process of absolute beard-softening—is true and then some.

Honestly, you'll be amazed at the quick, clean, smooth shave you get—no scraping or pulling—a shave that stays shaved all day.

If you don't want to bother to send for the free Demonstration Tube, you can buy a big tube—good for five months of daily shaving—for 50 cents. If it doesn't thoroughly convert you to Mennen, send me the tube. I'll refund your money, plus postage. * * *

Now about after shaving. There's nothing quite like Mennen Skin Balm. Feel its fine, fresh tingle. Reduces pores. Tones up skin. Makes you look 100%. Price 50c.

Mennen Talcum for Men doesn't show on the face. Absorbs any excess moisture. Tops off the perfect shave. 25c.

Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
341 Central Avenue, Newark, New Jersey
The Mennen Company, Limited
Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

FEAR

(Continued from Page 21)

"Steward, a whisky-soda for Mr. MacClintock and myself. Have one, Hoyt? You, Paterson?"

Cruel, thin, casual talk clicking against the teeth in nervous haste; the commercial talk of men bartering their lives against each tick of the clock; men caught like rats in a trap, with no escape but death or a lucky chance like Mallory's. Caught and yet denying the trap—laughing at it until the low roof of the mess shack rumbled with the echo; drowning it in whisky for the night.

Afterward, Hoyt came down the passage with him to his room—Hoyt, with his face cleaned of the afternoon's oil and his eyes slightly bright with the wine he had taken.

"We're relieved tomorrow on account of casualties," he said. "I'll tick you out early and we'll go joy riding—see what we can teach each other." He smiled. "'Night."

Paterson undressed slowly and threw back the flap of his sleeping bag. He ran his fingers softly down the muscles of his left arm. Automatically they stopped at the spot Mallory had been hit. He stretched his thumb from the arm to his heart—seven inches. He shrugged. Nice to go that way. Clean and quick. He sat upon the edge of his cot and pulled on his pajama trousers. Oh, well, this was the place—the last place he had to go to. This was the cot he would sleep his last sleep in. If it weren't a lonely job! That chap in the mess who wouldn't be a two-seater pilot for anything. If he could only feel like that. If he could only feel Hoyt's complacency. Hoyt, with his calm smile and the two little ribbons under his wings. Military Cross and the Legion of Honor, and three months before he had been green—pucka green!

Paterson blew out the light and turned in. Hoyt was a good fellow—damned decent. Outside he could hear Phelps-Barrington's voice muffled by the snow: "Come on, snap into it! Tender for Amiens! Who's coming?" The yell died in the roar from the car's engine.

Paterson lay for a moment thinking; then suddenly he reached for his pocket flash, snapped it and stared nervously at the empty cot across the room. There was no bedding on it, nor any kit tucked under it; only the chair beside it, and the cracked mirror.

He got up and padded over in his bare feet. Stenciled on one corner of the canvas there was a name—J. G. H. Lyons. There had been no Lyons introduced to him in the mess. Perhaps he was on leave. Perhaps he had flu with Trent and was down at the base. The spot of fear in his heart trembled slightly and he knew suddenly where J. G. H. Lyons was. He was dead! Somewhere out in the snow, miles across the line, J. G. H. Lyons slept in a shattered cockpit.

The door behind him opened softly. It was Hoyt, in pajamas. "Got a cigarette?" he asked casually.

Paterson turned sharply and grinned. "Righto," he said. "There on the table."

Hoyt took one and lighted it. "Can't sleep," he said. "Come in and take Mallory's cot if you want to. I've some new magazines and I can tell you something about our work here until we feel sleepy."

Hoyt was a good fellow—damned decent.

The cold wet mist lay upon the fields like a soft veil drawn across the face of an old woman who had died in the night. Mechanics, with their balaklavas pulled down across their ears, were running about briskly to keep warm kicking chocks in front of under-carriage wheels, snapping propellers down with mighty leaps and sweeps until the cold engines barked into life and settled to deep concert roaring. Dust and pebbles, scattered by the backwash, swept into the billowing hangars in a thin choking cloud that pattered against the canvas walls. Hoyt's machine trembled and crept out of the line, with Phelps-Barrington after it. Trent, who had come back from the base the day before, taxied out next.

Paterson waved to the mechanics to pull out his own chocks. They yanked mightily on the ropes and he blipped his motor with his thumb. Behind him and to the left came Yardley, the new man who had come up from Pool to fill Mallory's place. Then MacClintock, sitting high in his cockpit, rushed out with a roar and a swish of gravel. MacClintock was deputy leader.

Hoyt waved his hand in a quick nervous sweep and the flight started. Through the mist they roared with their engines howling into sharp echo against the hut walls. A moment later tails whipped up and wheels bounced lightly upon the uneven ground. Then Hoyt's nose rose sharply and he zoomed into the air in a broad climbing turn, with the five others after him in tight formation.

Paterson glanced at his altimeter—five hundred feet. He looked ahead and to the left. There was Bapaume in its raggedness, half drowned in the mist. Suddenly Phelps-Barrington's machine burst into rose flame and every strut and wire trembled like molten silver—the sun. He could see the red rim just peeping up ahead of him and he was warmer for the sight of it. Below, under the rim of his cockpit, the ground was still wrapped in its gray shroud.

They were climbing up in close formation. The altimeter gave them four thousand feet now. He glanced to the left. Yardley waved. Yardley was going through the agony of his first patrol over the line—the same agony he had gone through himself the week before. Only Yardley seemed different somehow—surer of himself—less imagination. He was older too. Behind them, MacClintock, the watchdog, was closing in on their tails and climbing above them to be ready to help if the Hun swooped from behind unexpectedly.

There were clouds above—gray blanket clouds that came together in a solid roof, with only a torn hole here and there to show the blue. Bad clouds to be under. Hoyt knew it and kept on climbing. Almost ten thousand feet now. The ground below had cleared slowly and thrown off most of its sullen shroud. Here and there, in depressions, the mist still hung in arabesque ruffles like icing in a confectioner's window or the white smoke of a railway engine.

The line was under them now, running south and east like a jagged dagger cut, in and out, in and out across the land, not stopping for towns, but cleaving straight through their gray smudgy ruins with a cold disregard and a ruthless purpose. The first day he had seen it, it had seemed a dam to him; a breakwater built there to hold something that must not flow past it; a tourniquet of barbed wire twisted and held by half the world that the blood of the other half might not flow. Some day something would break and the whole thing would give way for good or evil. Curiously now, like Hoyt, he didn't care which. And suddenly he knew how his older brother had felt, on that last leave, and he had called him unsporting in the pride of his youthful heart!

Hoyt was still climbing. Thin wraiths of cloud vapor groped awkwardly for the six tiny Camels, like ghost fingers trying desperately to stop them and hold them from their work. Paterson glanced again at Yardley. He had been glad when Yardley came. He was still green himself, but Yardley was greener. It helped buck him up to think about it.

The line was behind them now. Hoyt turned south to pass below the anti-aircraft batteries of Cambrai, and presently they crossed the tarnished silver ribbon of the Somme-Scheldt Canal. Mechanically Paterson reached for his Bowden trigger and pressed it for a burst of ten shots to warm the oil in his Vickers gun against the bite of the cold air. Then he clamped the joy stick between his knees and reached up for the Lewis gun on his top plane.

His throat closed abruptly, with a ghastly dryness, and his knees melted beneath him. The wing fabric beside his gun was ruffling into torn lace and he could see the wood of the camber ribs splintering as he watched! For a moment he was paralyzed, then frantically he whipped around in his seat and swept the air above him. Nothing. There was the torn fabric and the staring rib and nothing else. MacClintock was gone. Yardley was still there, lagging, with the smoke coming in puffs and streaks from his engine. Then Hoyt turned in a wild climb to the left. Phelps-Barrington dipped his nose suddenly and dived with his engine full on, and at once, where there had been only six Camels, the sky was full of gray machines with blunt noses and black crosses.

Blindly he pressed his Bowden trigger and fired into the empty air, blindly he dived after Phelps-Barrington. Somewhere to the left he saw a plume of black smoke with something yellow twisting in the sunlight on its lower end. A blunt nose crossed his propeller—into his stream of bullets. He screamed and banked wildly, still firing. He saw Hoyt above him. He forgot the machine in front and reached for his Lewis to help Hoyt. He tried to wait—something about the outer ring of the rear sight—but his fingers got the better of him and he fired point-blank.

As quickly as it had begun it ended. There was Hoyt circling back, and two other Camels to the left and below him—four of them. They closed in on Hoyt and he wondered where the two others were. He looked for them—probably chasing after the Huns. He could see dots to the southward—too far away to make out the markings. Hoyt had signaled the washout and they were headed back across the line. Funny those two others didn't come. He wondered who they were. Probably Phelps-Barrington and MacClintock, hanging onto the fight until the last. They worked together that way. He had heard them talk in the mess about it. They'd be at it again tonight, and tonight he could join them for the first time. He'd been in a dog fight! Shot and been shot at! The spot of fear shrank to a pin point.

The brown smudge of the airdrome slid over the horizon. He blipped his motor and glided in carefully. No use straining that top wing—no telling what other parts had been hit. No use taking chances.

Hoyt was standing beside his machine with his glove off, staring at his finger nails. Phelps-Barrington was climbing out. Paterson taxied in between them. The man in the fourth machine just sat and stared over the rim of his cockpit. Phelps-Barrington walked slowly across to Hoyt and laid a hand on his shoulder. Hoyt shrugged and stuffed his bare hand into his coat pocket. Paterson sat with his goggles still on and his throat quite dry. The man in the fourth machine vaulted out suddenly, ripped off his helmet and goggles and hurled them to the ground. It was Trent.

He climbed out of his own machine and walked over toward Hoyt. Phelps-Barrington, who had a wild word for all occasions—Phelps-Barrington, who led the night trips to Amiens—was silent. When Paterson came up he shrugged and scowled ferociously.

"Is it you, Pat?" said Hoyt. "Thought it was Yardley."

"'Struth!" said Phelps-Barrington. "Let's go and have a drink."

Paterson thrilled as the man slipped an arm through his. For one awful moment he had thought ——

"Well," Hoyt said, "those things will happen." And he shrugged again.

(Continued on Page 65)

An Important Question to ask when Buying Hosiery

"How OLD is the Silk?"

Due to our unique and direct method of merchandising, Realsilk Hosiery always is FRESH silk . . . seldom more than 24 days from Filature to Foot

WHEN buying silk hosiery, most everyone looks only for texture, color and shaping . . . and these are important factors, of course.

But there is one additional quality—more important than any of these—about which you should always be assured before you buy . . . For, *regardless of how much you may pay for silk hosiery,* if this element is lacking, your stockings and socks cannot be expected to afford the utmost in appearance and wear.

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A-8

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Among the 20,000,000 cars in the United States, there is a steadily growing proportion which have the Budd All-Steel Body. The riders in these cars enjoy a protection against personal injury which no other motorists have. This protection is of paramount importance to every one of them. It is of paramount importance to you, as a motorist. Therefore, when you are inspecting new cars with the thought of purchase, let your first question be, "Has it the Budd All-Steel Body?" Accept no evasive answer. *Make sure on this point.* You owe it to yourself, and to the dear ones who ride with you, to do this.

All cars have a metal surface. For this reason, many motorists believe they have the protection of All-Steel construction, when actually they may have a composite body. Let us explain the difference.

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No old-style, bulky cornerposts obscure your view of the road. Budd cornerposts are steel—narrow and strong. You can clearly see every pedestrian. And every approaching car.

The Budd Body is graceful. For steel is pliable. It can be wrought to lines and curves of matchless beauty. And steel, which gives such protection, such beauty, also gives to the Budd Body its long life and resistance to depreciation.

If you wish the protection of All-Steel for yourself, your family—if you wish its beauty, its long life . . . be sure, when you buy your next car, that it has a body with a *frame* of steel, as well as a surface of steel. Be sure it is the All-Steel, Full-Vision Body, by Budd.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Philadelphia
Detroit

by Budd

ALL-STEEL
FULL-VISION
MOTOR CAR BODIES

(Continued from Page 62)

"I saw dots to the southward," said Paterson. "Maybe they'll be in later."

"No, little Rollo," said Phelps-Barrington. "They won't be in later or ever. I saw it with my own eyes—both in flames. I thought it was you, and until Trent landed, I thought he might be Mac. But I was wrong. Let's shut up and have a drink!"

Then suddenly he knew, and his mind froze with the ghastliness of the thought. If he'd been quicker—if he'd turned and climbed above Yardley when he saw him lagging, with the smoke squirting from his hit motor—he could have saved him. If he had kept his eyes open behind, instead of dreaming, he might have saved MacClintock too. In a daze, he stumbled after Phelps-Barrington. That's why Trent had hurled his helmet to the ground and walked off. That's why Hoyt had shrugged and said, "Those things will happen." It was his fault—his—Paterson's. He'd bolted and lost his head and fired blindly into the empty air. He hadn't stuck to his man. He had let Yardley drop back alone to be murdered.

"Look here, P-B," he muttered, "I'm not drinking." He wanted to be alone—to think. So quick it had all been.

Phelps-Barrington grabbed his arm and pushed him stumbling into the mess shack. Trent was slumped down at the table with his glass before him, thumbing over a newspaper. He raised his head as they came in. "Two more of the same, steward—double."

They sat down beside him and Phelps-Barrington reached for a section of the paper.

"It says here," said Trent, "that Eva Fay didn't commit suicide. Died of an overdose of hashish she took at a party in Maida Vale the night before."

The steward brought the glasses. Trent raised his and looked at Paterson. "Good work, son."

Paterson stared at him in amazement. Trent sipped his whisky and went on reading as if he had never stopped. Some time later, Paterson left them and went down to the flight office to find Hoyt. The thought of the morning still bothered him in spite of Trent's words, and he wanted to clear it up. Hoyt smiled as he came in. "Washed the taste out in Falernian?" he asked.

"Some. Look here, skipper—this morning—what about it?"

"What about it?"

"My part—I was fast asleep. I saw Yardley lagging and I had a moment to cross over above him, but I lost my head, I'm afraid, and went wild."

The smile faded and Hoyt laid down his pencil. "Do you really think you could have saved him?"

"He was behind me already when I saw him lagging, just as you climbed and P-B dived."

"Then you couldn't have helped him, because Mac was done for when I saw him and climbed, and half a tick after I climbed, P-B saw Yardley burst into flames. There you are."

"But if I'd kept my eyes back, instead of trusting to Mac?"

"Look here," said Hoyt, "no man can keep his eyes on everything. Something always happens in the place he isn't looking. Bear that in mind and forget this morning. You've seen a dog fight from the inside and lived. Take it easy. You're not here to do everything. You're here to stick to us. You might have run away. Remember that and be afraid of it. Remember if you get away by leaving a pal—he may live to come back. Then you'll have to face him, and engine trouble is a poor excuse.

"Trouble with you youngsters is that you've been fed up on poobah. And the myth of the fearless air fighter. Put it out of your mind. There's no such thing. Some are less afraid than others. Some are drunker—take your choice. Class dismissed." Hoyt grinned. "Go get cleaned up. We'll jog into Amiens for tiffin. Tender in half an hour. Tell Trent and P-B."

They spent most of the afternoon at Charlie's Bar with some of the men from the artillery observation squadron. For dinner they went to the Du Rhin and the glasses flowed red. Afterward, in another place, there was a fight, as usual, and chairs crashed like match sticks, until whistles sounded outside and the A. P. M.'s car, siren screaming, raced up the street. They poured out into the alleyway and ran, leaving the waiter praying in high, shrieking French.

Trent had a bottle with him. They rode all the way home singing and shouting to high heaven, forgetting that there were two empty chairs in the mess and that there might be more tomorrow:

Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
Take the scutcheon pins out of my brain,
Take the cam box from under my backbone
And assemble the engine again!

They were good fellows—Billy Hoyt, P-B, Pat and Ray Trent. Have 'nother h'l' drink.

They roared along like a Juggernaut, with the exhaust splitting the night air. Sometimes they were on the road and sometimes they were off. No one cared so long as they kept hurtling into the darkness.

Phelps-Barrington was fast asleep. Pat woke him up at the airdrome and tumbled him into the hut.

They stumbled over a kit bag in the doorway. P-B straightened up suddenly. "Good-by, Mac, old lad, sleep tight."

Trent kicked the bag out of the way. "Damned adjutant! Take P-B in with you, Pat. I'm bunking with the skipper. Might have the decency to take Mac's kit over to squadron office and not leave it lying around the passage. 'Night."

Paterson was quite sober. He tumbled P-B into bed and stood for a moment at the open window, staring out across the ground mist that billowed knee high in the faint night breeze. He rested his elbows on the sill and hid his face in his trembling hands. If he could only be like the others—casual—calloused. If he had less imagination—more sand—stamina—something. MacClintock had planned this night himself, at breakfast. Yardley had left a letter addressed and stamped on his window sill.

Paterson's mind jumped miles to the eastward. He saw the two blackened engines lying somewhere in the bleak fields beyond, plowed into the ground, with their mats of twisted wires coiled around them in a hideous trap.

Their families would get word tomorrow. "Missing," it would read. And then later: "Previously reported missing, now reported killed in action." And tomorrow—perhaps his own family. Why can't it be quick?

There was a noise behind him. Someone fumbling at the door latch—Hoyt. "Had this bit left. Bottoms up! Quick!" He took the glass and drained it. The liquor bit into his veins and burned him. Hoyt set his own glass down on the washstand with a sharp click. "Get into bed now, you idiot. Good night."

Spiked drink. Hoyt was a good fellow—damned decent. Do anything for Hoyt. Never let Hoyt go. Like my brother—before the war. Good old Hoyt. And he sank suddenly into a dreamless fuddle of sleep.

The weeks crawled on slowly. Paterson felt like a man climbing a steep ladder. Each day was a rung behind him. Each new rung showed an infinite number still ahead, waiting for him to go on, luring him with their apparent safety, waiting for him to reach the one rotten rung that would do him in. Some day he would reach it, and it would crack under him, or his fingers would slip and hurtle him into the abyss under his charred engine.

Offensive patrols and escort for the artillery observation squadron filled their time, with sometimes a road strafe to vary the monotony. These he liked best, for some quaint reason—perhaps because there was less space to fall through. Sometimes there would be a battalion on those roads—a battalion to scatter and knock down like tin soldiers on a nursery floor. Quite impersonal. They were never men to Paterson. Like dolls they ran and like dolls they sprawled awkwardly where they fell.

P-B and Trent and Hoyt carried him through somehow. Mallory was back again, but Mallory never counted much with him. P-B and Trent and Hoyt were a bulwark. They meant safety. It was good to wake up at night and hear P-B snoring on the other cot, to know that Hoyt and Trent were asleep in the next cubicle. It was good to see them stamping to keep warm before the patrol took off in the half light of early morning. So different from one another and yet so alike underneath. Hoyt was nearer his kind than the two others. Tall and spindly like his brother, with a straight, thin nose that quivered slightly at the nostril when he was annoyed. Hoyt, who smiled and sanctioned the childish depravity of little P-B, but never quite met it with his own, although always seeming to, on the night trips to Amiens. Trent, glowering and quiet, with a keen hatred for everything political that he learned in the offices of the London and South Western before the war, when the army to him had meant young wastrels swanking the Guards' livery in the boxes of theaters—wastrels who had died on the Charleroi Road three years before.

Suddenly, from one of his mother's letters, he found that he had been in France almost three months. He stiffened with the thought and remembered what Hoyt had told him that day he had come: "I've been here three months. When I came, I came just as you did today—pucka green." He knew then that all his hopes were false. He was the same today as he had been that first day. He would always be the same. The spot of fear would always be with him. Some day it would swell and choke him and his hands would function without his frozen brain. He should never have tried to fly. He should have gone into the infantry as his brother had. Too much imagination—too little something. In three months he had learned the ropes, that was all; how to fire and when to fire, where the Archie batteries were near Cambrai, how to ride a cloud and crawl into it—nothing more.

The weeks went on, creeping closer and closer to the twenty-first of March—the twenty-first of March—and with them the feeling crept into Paterson's heart—a feeling that something frightful was to happen. Things had been quiet so long and casualties had been few. C Flight hadn't been touched in weeks. He brooded over the thought and slept badly. He went to Amiens with P-B more frequently. If it was to be any of the three, he knew he wouldn't be able to stand it. His bulwark would crumble and break and he would break with it. On the dawn patrols, those few minutes before they climbed into the cockpits and took off were agony: "This will be the day. It must be today. We can't go on this way. Our luck will break."

One day when they were escorting 119, four dots dived on them from behind and he knew suddenly what he would do. Stark, logically, the thing stood before him and beckoned through the wires of his center section. If a shot hit his plane, he would go down. They were far over the lines, taking 119 on a bombing show. He would wabble down slowly, pushing his joy stick from side to side in a slow ellipse as if he were out of control. Then he would land and run his nose into the ground and be taken prisoner. The others would see him and swear that he'd been hit—and he wouldn't do it until his machine had been hit. That for his own conscience's sake and for the years he would have to live afterwards.

But A Flight, behind and far above, saw the dots and scattered them and the chance was gone.

Then day by day he waited for another. He knew now that he would do it at the first opportunity. He slept better with the thought, and the minutes seemed shorter now while he waited at dawn for his bus to be run out. All the details were worked out in his mind. If any one of the three were close to him, he'd throw up his hands wildly before he started down. They'd see that and report it. Then when he landed he'd pull out the flare quick and burn his machine so that they would think he had crashed and caught fire. It was so easy!

He spent less time with P-B now. Somehow the old freedom was gone. Somehow Hoyt wasn't the same to him either. He was working with three strangers he had never really known—three casual strangers he would leave shortly and never see again.

On the morning of the fourteenth of March the caller turned C Flight out suddenly, without warning, about an hour after P-B and Trent had returned from Amiens. A special signal had come in from wing headquarters. B Flight had the regular morning patrol, but there was to be an additional offensive patrol besides. A Flight had morning escort and the dusk patrol. That meant C for the special. Paterson could hear Hoyt swearing about it next door. P-B, across the room, uttered a mighty curse and rolled over. Paterson got him a bucket of cold water and doused his feverish head in it. Trent and Hoyt were still cursing pettishly in the next cubicle.

Sleep-stupid, the four of them stumbled into the mess for hard-boiled eggs and coffee. Mallory and the new man, Crowe, were already eating, white-faced and unshaven. They slumped down beside them in silence.

In silence, they trooped across the dark airdrome, buttoning their coats and fastening helmet straps against the cold wretchedness of the March wind. The machines were waiting for them in a ghostly line like staring wasps that had eaten the food of the gods and grown to gigantic size.

They climbed in and taxied out mechanically. B Flight had already left on the regular dawn patrol. They blipped their motors and roared away, leaving their echo and the sharp smell of castor oil behind on the empty 'drome.

Hoyt led them south to the crumpled ruins of Péronne and out to the line, climbing high to get the warmth of the sunlight that began to tint the clouds above them. They were going over to Le Cateau and beyond. Intelligence wanted pictures to confirm certain reports of new Hun shell dumps and battery concentration. The photographic planes were to go out and get them under escort as soon as there was enough light. As additional precaution, offensive patrols were to be kept up far over the enemy's lines to insure the success of the pictures. They passed the sullen black stain that was Le Câtelet and turned to the eastward. The ground was already light and the camera busses would be starting.

Hoyt took the roof at eighteen thousand feet and skirted the cloud wisps, watching below for customers. Paterson watched P-B anxiously. He had been roaring drunk an hour before. Groggy and drunk still, probably. He closed in a trifle and climbed above him, but P-B waved him down and wiggled his fingers from the end of his nose.

He looked ahead and down at Trent. Trent had been drunk too, but he was steady now, sawing wood above and slightly behind Hoyt.

Then suddenly, beyond Trent and far below, he saw a Hun two-seater alone. The old stunt. Hoyt shifted and pulled up his nose to climb above it and wait. Trent followed him up. Somewhere above that two seater, and a half mile behind, there would be a flight of Hun scouts skulking under the clouds, waiting to pounce on whoever dived for the two-seater. Hoyt knew it for a decoy. Paterson knew it. They would climb above the cloud edge, circle back and catch the Hun scouts as they passed underneath.

Paterson trembled slightly. This was his chance at last. There'd be a long dive and a sure fight from behind, and in the mix-up he'd wabble down and out of the war via

(Continued on Page 69)

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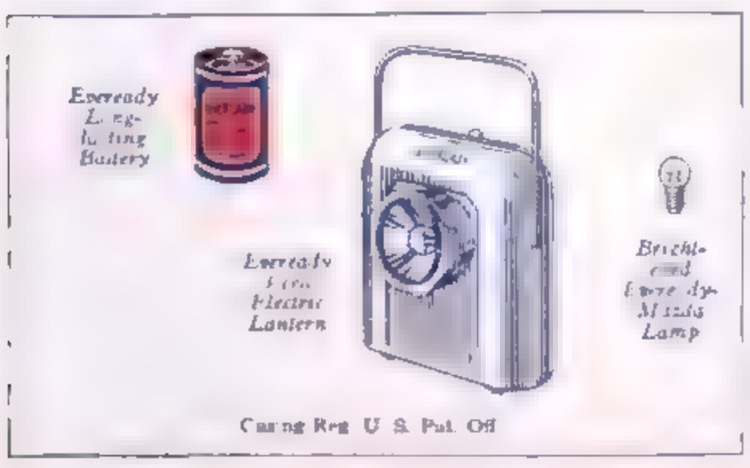
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(Continued from Page 65)

Lazaret VI in Cologne. He glanced around to see if Mallory was above him, and suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he saw P-B shove his nose full down and throw himself into a straight dive for the decoy bus.

He gazed and shouted "No!" into the roar of his engine. P-B, in a nasty temper and half fuddled, didn't smell the trick. There was one awful second, while Crowe closed up into P-B's place and Hoyt banked to wait above, for the Hun scouts to pounce down on the Camel.

P-B fired, pulled up and dived again, far below them. The Hun two-seater banked sharply and came up and over in an Immelmann turn to get away. P-B caught it halfway over and a trickle of smoke swept out from its engine. Then in an instant Hoyt dived, with the rest of C Flight after him.

The next thing Paterson knew there were two Huns on his tail and a stream of tracer bullets pecking at his left wing. He pulled back on his stick and zoomed headlong up under Mallory. So close he was for a second that he could see the wheels turning slowly on Mallory's undercarriage and almost count the spokes glinting in the sunlight where the inside canvas sheathing had been taken off.

Mallory pulled away from him in a quick climbing turn and the Huns passed underneath, banking right and left. Paterson picked the left-hand one, thundered down on him in a short dive and let go a burst of ten shots into the pilot's back. He saw the pilot's head snap sideways and his gloved hands fly up from the controls. Then Mallory dived over him after the other one. He turned in a wild split-air and followed Mallory.

There were more Huns below him and to the left, with two of the C Flight Camels diving and bucking between them. He raced furiously into a long dive, picked the nearest and opened fire again in short, hammering bursts. His Hun wabbled and started down awkwardly in long sweeps. He picked another, still farther below, and pushed his stick forward until the rush of air gagged him. Wildly he fired as he plowed down on it, and the chatter of his guns stabbed through the roar of his engine. He yelled like a madman, shot under the Hun, pulled up sharply and fired into its gray mud-streaked belly. There was a fan of scarlet flame and a shock that tossed him to one side. He stalled and whipped out into a spin. Far below him he could see the decoy two-seater trailing a long plume of reddish smoke and flopping, wings over, toward the floor.

Then suddenly he saw his chance to wabble down and get away. He ruddered out of the spin and ran his stick once through the slow ellipse he had planned. But somehow he had to force himself to do it. There wasn't the relief he had expected. He looked back. Three C-Flight machines were still above him, fighting madly—P-B, Trent and Hoyt. No—not this time. He pulled his stick back and climbed up. There were five Huns circling the Camels. It was a long shot, but he fired at the nearest and came up under the tail just as one of the Camels hurtled into a nose dive, twisted over and snapped off both wings. He saw the pilot's arms raised wildly in the cockpit and no more.

Blood streamed into his mouth. He had torn his lips with his teeth in the excitement. The warm salty tang mounted to his brain. His goggles were sweat-fogged. His fingers ached with their pressure on the joy stick and his arm was numb to the elbow. In a spasm of blind hatred, he fired. Tracers raced across his top plane and struck with little smoke puffs that ripped the fabric into ribbons. His own bullets clawed at the Hun above him and fanged home.

He threw himself up and over in an Immelmann turn and came under the next, still firing. He let go his stick and jerked his Lewis gun down its sliding mount on his top plane. It fired twice and jammed. He yanked madly at the cocking lug, but it stuck halfway. He hurtled down again in another spin. The ground swept around in a quick arc that ended in clouds and more Hun busses. He caught at his thrashing joy stick. Again the ground flashed through his center section struts in a brown smudge, with the blaze of the sun hanging to one end of it. Then there was a Camel above him and a Camel below him. He closed in on the one below and squinted at the markings. Hoyt. He looked up at the other Camel, but the numerals on the side of its fuselage were hidden with a torn flap of fabric. Together, the three turned westward and started back.

Presently, near the line the bus above him wabbled and dipped its nose. He stared at it. It went into a long, even glide that grew slowly steeper as he watched. He looked down for Huns. There were none. The glide became a dive, the dive twisted into an aimless spin, like the flopping of a lazy swimmer turning over in shallow water. The spin flattened and the Camel whipped out upside down, stalled, snapped out again and again spun downward in that ghastly slow way. Over and over, only to whip out, stall and spin again. It was miles below him now. Nothing to do. Fascinated, he watched it as he followed Hoyt's tail. It was a mere dot now, flashing once or twice in the sun as it flopped over and over. Close to the ground now—closer. Then suddenly a tiny sheet of pink flame leaped up like the flash of a far beacon. That was all.

Hoyt was side-slipping below him, and he saw his own airdrome under the leading edge of his bottom wing. He followed Hoyt down. They landed together and taxied slowly in toward the hangars. They stopped side by side and climbed out stiff-legged. Paterson looked down and saw that his right flying boot was torn and flayed into shreds across the outer side. There was a jagged fringe on the skirt of his coat where the leather had been ripped into ruffles. Dumbly, he looked back into his cockpit. The floor boards were splintered and the wicker arm of his seat was eaten away. He shrugged and walked over toward Hoyt. There was blood on the rabbit fur of Hoyt's goggles, blood that oozed slowly down and dripped from his chin piece in bright drops.

"Cigarette?"

Paterson gave him one. They walked into the flight office and slumped into chairs. Hoyt ripped off his helmet and dabbed at the scratch on his cheek. "I'm glad you got out, Pat," he said absently.

Then the fear spot broke and spattered into the four corners of Paterson's soul. He sprang up trembling, with his fists beating the air.

"The dirty lice!" he screamed. "They've killed P-B! They've killed Trent! D'y hear me, Hoyt? —they've killed 'em! They're gone! They'll never come back! They've ——"

Hoyt's voice came evenly, calmly, through his screaming. "Steady, boy! Steady! You can't help it. No one can. Steady now!"

A mat of white oil-splotched faces stared at them from the open doorway that led into the hangar. The boy turned wildly. "Clear out!" he shrieked. They vanished, open-mouthed. Hoyt drew him down into a chair. "No, Hoyt, no! Can't you see? P-B and you and Trent have meant everything to me. I can't go on. I've fought this thing till I'm crazy." Hoyt reached quickly and slammed the door. "I've fought it night and day!" He threw up his arms hopelessly and covered his face with his shaking hands.

Hoyt put his hand on his trembling shoulders and patted them. "Steady, now! Steady! None of that!" he said awkwardly.

Paterson's head whipped down across his sprawled arms on the desk top and the sobs tore at his throat in great gusts that choked him. "Oh, God!" he sobbed. "What's it all about, Hoyt? What's the use of it?"

"Steady, son! I don't know. Nobody knows. It just happened, as everything happens. It's much too late to talk causes. We're here and we know what we have to do. That's enough for us. It's all we have anyway, so it must be enough." He took his blood-soaked cigarette from his mouth and hurled it into a corner. It landed with a soft spat.

Someone knocked at the door. "Come in." It was the runner from squadron office. He saluted. "Yes?" said Hoyt.

The man glanced at Paterson's face and snapped his eyes quickly back to the captain's.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said. "Squadron's just been signaled through wing. One of the C Flight machines came down near B Battery, the 212th."

"Who was it?" asked Hoyt.

"Lieutenant Mallard, they reported it, sir. That'll be Lieutenant Mallory, sir, won't it?"

"Yes." Hoyt's voice was quite flat. "Thank you."

The man saluted again and shut the door. Hoyt dabbed at his cheek and reached into his desk drawer for another cigarette. Paterson stood up suddenly and grabbed his arm. "Listen, skipper!" Hoyt's eyes met his calmly. "I'm going to tell you something. I'll feel better if I do. I've been a weak sister in this flight. I've planned for days to go down and let myself be taken prisoner—to get out of it all. I've been sick of it—sick of it, d'y hear, until I couldn't think straight. I wanted to get out alive. I wanted to get away in any way I could. This morning I broke. I let go and started down ——"

Hoyt smiled. "Your trouble, Pat, is that you think you're the only person in this jolly old war."

Paterson stared at him. "But I did! I started down, out of it, this morning!"

"How'd you get here?" asked Hoyt.

"But if I hadn't broken for that moment this morning - - "

"That's a lie!" snapped Hoyt. "You're talking poobah! I know how those things happen. If P-B hadn't gone down after the two-seater they'd all be here now; and by the same reasoning, if my aunt wore trousers she'd be my uncle. The important thing is that it's you and me now and nothing else matters. We'll have four brand-new men to whip into shape tomorrow, and whatever you think of yourself, you've got to do it. I can't do much, for I'll be ahead, leading. You'll be behind them and you'll have to do it all. They'll be frightened and nervous and green, but the job's to be done. Understand? You've got to goad them on and get them out of trouble and watch them every minute, so that in time they'll be as good as P-B and Trent—so that when their turn comes they can do, for other green men, what P-B and Trent did for you. Do you see now what this morning has done for you?" He paused for a moment, and then, in a lower tone—"Afraid? Who isn't afraid? But it doesn't do any good to brood over it."

C Flight did no duty the next day, nor the day following. Hoyt went up to the 212th and identified Mallory for burial, while Paterson flew back to the Pool for the replacement pilots and a new Camel for Hoyt.

In Amiens he heard the first whispered rumors of what was going to happen. Intelligence was ranting for information. Everybody had the story and nobody was right. The hospitals were evacuating as fast as possible. Fresh battalions were being hustled up. It wasn't a push. Anyone could tell that with half an eye. Something the Hun was doing. The spring offensive a month earlier this year. G. H. Q. was plugging the gaps frantically, replacing and reenforcing and wondering where the hammer would fall and what it would carry with it. Hence the pictures that had cost the lives of P-B and Trent. The air itself trembled with uncertainty and rumors flew fast and thick.

Paterson flew back with the four new pilots and brought the rumors with him.

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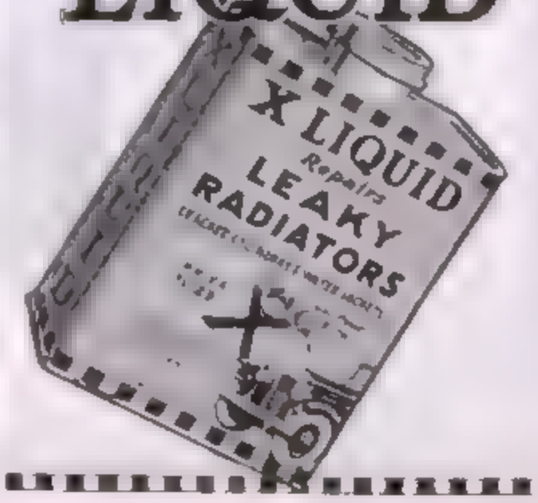

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Hoyt had more to barter in exchange. The talk ran riot at dinner.

"It's a Hun push, all right, but where, nobody knows. We'll have word in a day or so, but it'll be wrong whatever it is, mark what I say!"

And then on the evening of the twentieth things started. A signal came for the major just as they sat down to mess. He went out and presently called out the three flight commanders. When they came back they took their places thoughtfully. Silence trembled in the room like the hush that precedes the first blasting stroke of a great bell in a cathedral tower. The major swept his eyes down the board.

"You will remain at the airdrome tonight, gentlemen, and remain sober. Officers' luggage is to be packed and placed on lorries which Mr. Harbord is providing for that purpose." He paused for a moment. "This is a precautionary move, gentlemen. We are to be ready to retire at a moment's notice. Flight commanders have the map squares of the new airdrome. You can take that up later among yourselves." He leaned back in his chair and beckoned to the mess sergeant. "Take every officer's order, sergeant, and bring me the chit."

The talk broke in a wild flood that roared and crackled down the length of the table. The tin walls trembled with the surge of it and the echoes broke in hot discord among the rough pine rafters. Offensive patrols for all three flights, to start at five minutes to four A.M. Air domination must be maintained. Wing's instructions were to stop everything at all costs. Go out and fight and shut up. Somebody presented the adjutant with the sugar bowl and asked him if he had his umbrella for the trip back. The adjutant had spent eighteen days without soles to his boots in 1914. He and the medical officer stood drinks for the squadron.

About ten o'clock, Hoyt called the five men of C Flight into his hut. "Tomorrow, something is going to happen, I'm afraid, and you've got to meet it without much experience. What I want you to understand is simply this: You've got Pat and you've got me. Follow us and do what we do. We won't let you down so far as it is humanly possible. If the flight gets split up in a dog fight, then fight your way out two and two—and go back to the new 'drome two and two. Don't go separately. Further"—he paused—"if anything happens to me"—Paterson looked up at him quickly and something tugged sharply at his heart; Hoyt went on quietly—"take your lead from Mr. Paterson. You'll be Number 5, Darlington. You'll climb up as deputy leader. And if anything happens to Pat, then it's up to you to bring the rest home." He smiled. "There is a bottle of Dewar's in this drawer. Take a snifter now, if you want it, and one in the morning. It's for C Flight only. Oh, yes, one more thing: The fact that we're moving back to a new airdrome seems to indicate that staff thinks nothing can stop the Hun from breaking through. The fact that nothing can stop the Hun seems to indicate that, for the nonce, we are losing our part of the war. If the thought will help you—it's yours without cost."

The caller rapped sharply and threw back the door. Paterson leaped to his feet half asleep and pushed back the window curtains. The clouds were down to about four hundred feet, lowering in a gray mass over the mist on the airdrome. He went into the next cubicle and turned Hoyt out. Hoyt sat up on the cot edge and ran his hand across his forehead

"Stop the caller," he said. "Let's see what's what before we turn everybody out." They shrugged into their flying coats and groped down the passage to the major's cubicle in the next hut block.

"Let 'em sleep," said the major. "Can't do anything in this muck. Turn out one officer in each flight to watch for the break and to warn the rest. Send Harbord to me if you see him wandering about."

They woke up the skippers of A and B Flights and told them the news. Paterson took the watch for C. He turned up his coat collar and went out. It was cold and miserable in the open and the chill crept into his bones. The smoke from his cigarette hung low about him in the still air.

Presently to the eastward there came a low roar. He looked at his wrist watch. The hands pointed to six minutes before four o'clock. The ground trembled slightly to the sound of the distant guns and the air stirred in faint gusts that pulled at the blue wraiths of his cigarette smoke. The push had started. His muscles stiffened at the knees as he listened. The first shock of the guns was raw and sharp in the quiet air; then it settled into a lower, full-throated rumble like the heavy notes of an organ growling in an underground basilica. Now it rose again in its greater volume—rose steadily, slowly, as if it were a colossal express train hammering down the switch points at unthinkable speed. Presently it soared to its highest pitch and held the blasting monotony of its tone. The minutes ticked off, but the guns never faltered in their symphony of blood. At 4:35 one pipe of the organ to the southeastward cut out suddenly and almost immediately began again, closer than before. Again it broke, as he listened, and crept nearer still.

He walked down the line of huts, thrashing his arms and blowing on his cold hands. An impersonal thing to him, yet he shivered slightly and stared upward at the low clouds. Men out there to the eastward were in it. The suspense was over for them. And suddenly he found himself annoyed at the delay, annoyed at the fog and clouds above, that kept him on the ground. He wanted to see what was going on—to know. He turned impatiently and went into the mess. The sergeant brought him coffee and presently Muirhead of A Flight came in with Church of B.

"It's on," Church said absently. "I suppose this fog means hell up the line."

They drank their coffee and smoked in silence. The sound of the guns crept nearer and nearer, and one by one the rest of the squadron drifted in for breakfast.

Hoyt sat down next to Paterson. "I don't like it," he said. "Something is giving way up there." He went to the window and looked out. "Clouds are higher," he said, "and the fog's lifted a bit. What do you think, major?"

They crowded out of the mess doorway and stood in an anxious knot, staring upward. It was well after six o'clock.

"All right"—the major turned around—"get ready to stand by."

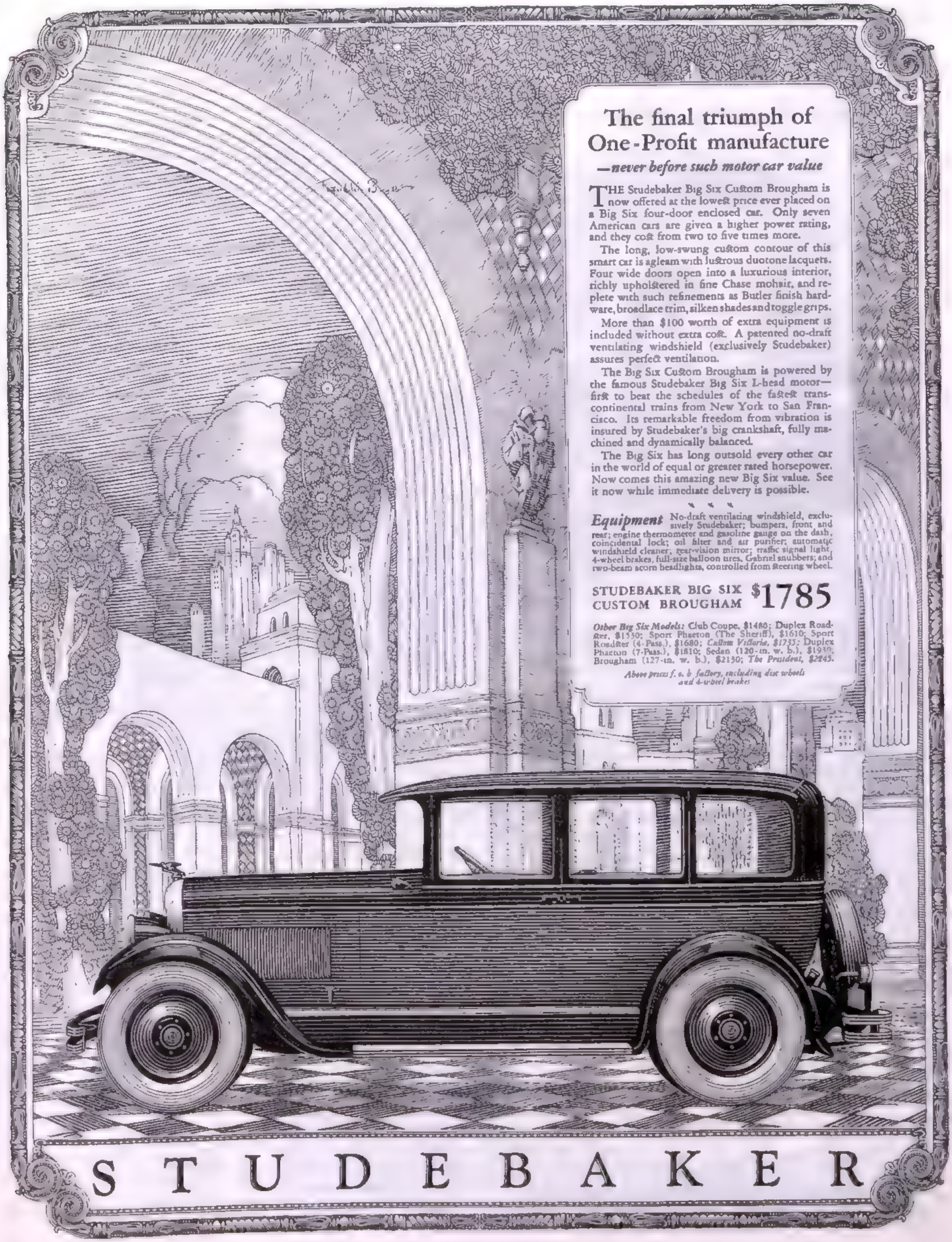
C Flight collected in a little knot in front of Hoyt's Camel, smoking and talking nervously. Paterson kept his eyes on Hoyt and stamped his feet to get the circulation up. A strange elation crept into his veins and warmed him. In a moment now—in a moment. Awkward waiting here. Awkward standing around listening to Darlington curse softly and pound his hands together.

Somewhere behind him on the road, a motor bike roared through the mist, and then to the southward a shell crashed not a thousand yards from the 'drome, and the echo of it thumped off across the fields. Darlington jumped and stared at the mushroom of greasy black smoke. A moment more—a moment now. Paterson reached over and tapped Darlington's sleeve. "Keep your guns warm, old boy." Darlington nodded fiercely.

The major climbed into his cockpit and a mechanic leaped to the propeller. The engine coughed once and the propeller snapped back. The mechanic leaped at it again. It spun down and melted into a circle of pale light. Everyone was climbing in. Hoyt flicked his cigarette away sharply and put a leg up into his stirrup.

They were taxi-ing out into the open ground, with the mechanics running after them. Presently they could see the road. Paterson stared at it in amazement. It was brown and crawling with lorries and troops. Something had happened! A Flight, with the major, sang off across the

(Continued on Page 72)



The final triumph of One-Profit manufacture

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THE Studebaker Big Six Custom Brougham is now offered at the lowest price ever placed on a Big Six four-door enclosed car. Only seven American cars are given a higher power rating, and they cost from two to five times more.

The long, low-swung custom contour of this smart car is agleam with lustrous duotone lacquers. Four wide doors open into a luxurious interior, richly upholstered in fine Chase mohair, and replete with such refinements as Butler finish hardware, broadlace trim, silken shades and toggle grips.

More than $100 worth of extra equipment is included without extra cost. A patented no-draft ventilating windshield (exclusively Studebaker) assures perfect ventilation.

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The Big Six has long outsold every other car in the world of equal or greater rated horsepower. Now comes this amazing new Big Six value. See it now while immediate delivery is possible.

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Equipment No-draft ventilating windshield, exclusively Studebaker; bumpers, front and rear; engine thermometer and gasoline gauge on the dash, coincidental lock; oil filter and air purifier; automatic windshield cleaner; rear-vision mirror; traffic signal light, 4-wheel brakes, full-size balloon tires, Gabriel snubbers; and two-beam acorn headlights, controlled from steering wheel.

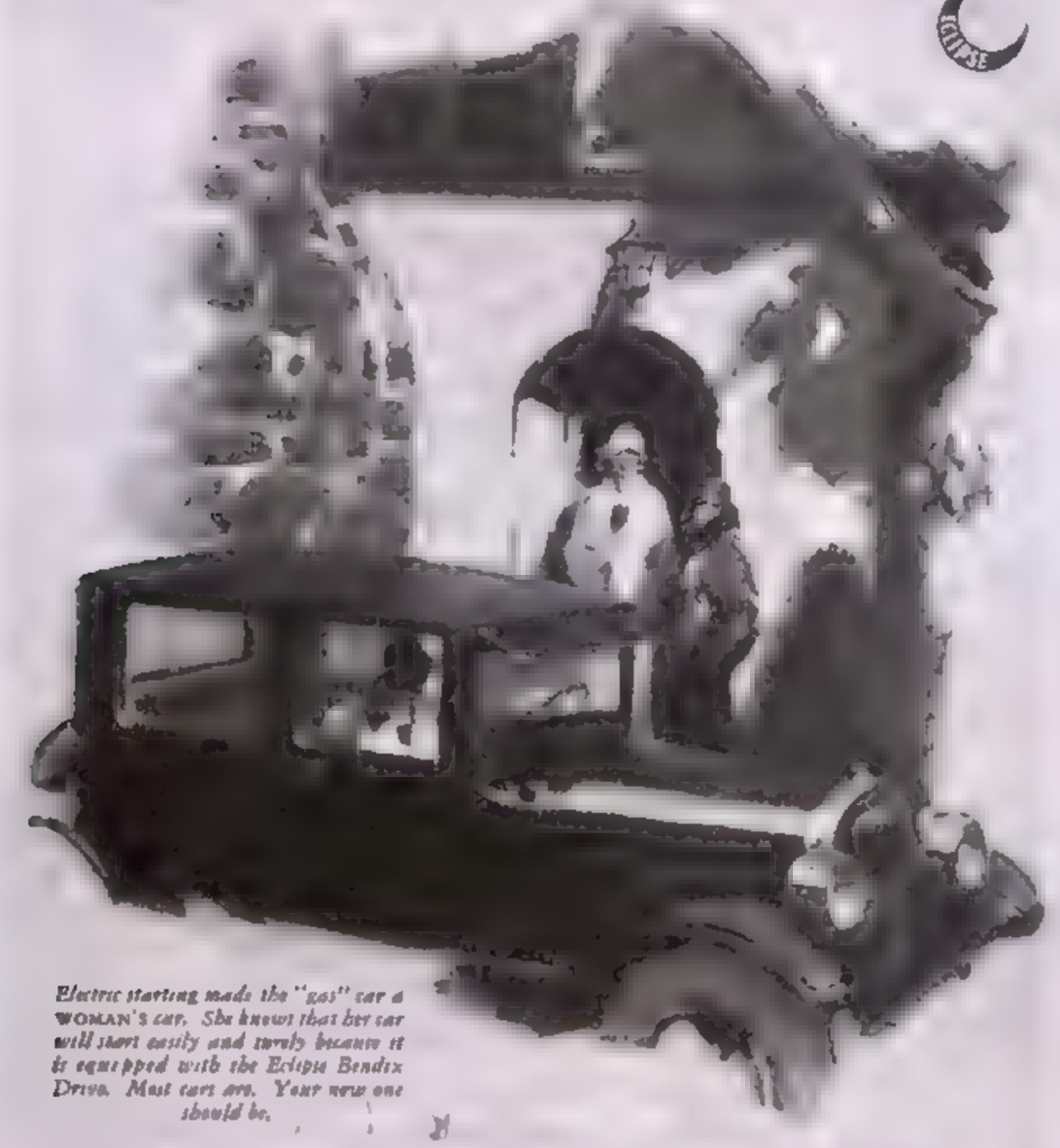
STUDEBAKER BIG SIX CUSTOM BROUGHAM $1785

Other Big Six Models: Club Coupe, $1480; Duplex Roadster, $1530; Sport Phaeton (The Sheriff), $1610; Sport Roadster (4-Pass.), $1680; *Custom Victoria, $1735;* Duplex Phaeton (7-Pass.), $1810; Sedan (120-in. w. b.), $1930; Brougham (127-in. w. b.), $2130; *The President, $2245.*

Above prices f. o. b. factory, including disc wheels and 4-wheel brakes

STUDEBAKER

ECLIPSE
BENDIX DRIVE



Electric starting made the "gas" car a WOMAN'S *car. She knows that her car will start easily and surely because it is equipped with the Eclipse Bendix Drive. Must cars are. Your new one should be.*

THE greater ease and certainty of starting afforded by the Eclipse Bendix Drive are appreciated by motorists everywhere—and especially by women. Eclipse starter-drives, in their several variations, are simple, sturdy and effective—insure maximum dependability, convenience and ease in starting any gas engine. Throughout the world, "Eclipse at Elmira" is known as an authority on starter-drives, and its products accepted as standard.

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The Eclipse Bendix Drive is standard equipment on a large majority of the world's automobiles—and is the form you probably know best of the Eclipse products used in starting gasoline engines. It is the automatic connecting link between your electric starting motor and the engine of your automobile—a "mechanical hand" that takes hold of the flywheel, cranks it, and then lets go. Eclipse also starts—

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and all kinds of prime movers

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N.Y.

Eclipse Machine Company, Hoboken, N. J. Eclipse Machine Company, *Ltd.*, Walkerville, Ont.

(Continued from Page 70)

ground and took the air together in a climbing turn. B Flight waited a brief second and followed. Out of the corner of his eye, Paterson could see the mess sergeant climbing up on the lorry seat beside Harbord, the equipment officer. Then Hoyt waved his hand. Mechanics yanked at the chock ropes and waved them off. They blipped their motors and raced out after Hoyt.

At five hundred feet they took the roof in the lacy fringe of the low clouds. Bad, very bad, Paterson thought. He ran his thumb across the glass face of his altimeter and his glove became wet with the beaded moisture. He could hardly see Darlington's tail. Ahead of them the clouds were a trifle higher. Hoyt led them up and turned northward. Murder to cross the line at that height, with the barrage on. Darlington was lagging a bit. Afraid of the clouds. He dived on Darlington's tail and closed him up on Number 3. Darlington glanced back at him and ducked his head.

Hoyt was circling back now in a broad sweep. Over there somewhere was Cambrai. He looked up for an instant just in time to see the underside of a huge plane sweep over him. He ducked at the sight of the black crosses, but the plane was gone before he could whip his Lewis gun into action. Almost immediately one corner of his windshield ripped away and the triplex glass blurred with a quick frosting of a thousand cracks. He cursed into the roar of his motor and kept on.

They were higher now, but the visibility was frightful—like flying in a glass ball that had been streaked with thick dripping soapsuds. Here a glimpse and a rift that closed up as soon as you looked; there a blank wall, tapering into tantalizing shreds that you couldn't quite see beyond. He fidgeted in his cockpit and turned his head from Hoyt, below him, to the gray emptiness behind. Nothing.

Presently Hoyt banked around, and following him, the compass needle on Paterson's instrument board turned through a half circle. They were going back toward the south again and climbing still higher. An even thousand feet now—just under the rising, ragged clouds. He felt a drop of rain strike his cheek where his chin piece ended. It bit his skin like a thorn and stung for seconds afterward. His goggles were fogging. He ran a finger up under them and swept the lenses.

Then, in a breath, it happened. A gray flash swept down out of the clouds in front of the formation. Hoyt zoomed to avoid it. The Hun zoomed and they came together and melted into each other in a welter of torn, rumpled wings and flying splinters. Something black and kicking rose out and disappeared. The cords stood out in Paterson's neck and his throat closed. Somewhere his stomach leaped and kicked inside of him, trying to get out, and he saw coffee dripping from the dials of his instruments.

In a second he had thrown his stick forward and gone down into Hoyt's place. He didn't dare look—he couldn't look. He was screaming curses at the top of his voice and the screams caught in his throat in great sobs. His goggles were hopelessly fogged. He ripped them off. Behind him the four new men closed in tightly, with Darlington above them as deputy leader.

There was blood again on his lips. He pulled back his stick and climbed. There, somewhere in the clouds, were the men who had done it! All right! All right! His eyes stung and wept with the force of the wind and his cheeks quivered under the lash of the raindrops. With his free hand, fist clenched, he pounded his knee in stunned anguish until his muscles ached. Hoyt! Hoyt! Then he saw what he wanted and dived down furiously at the shape in the mist. Bullets tore at his top plane and raked across the cowling behind him. He closed on the Hun and sent it spinning. There was another—three—five—nothing but Huns. He dived in between them. Fine! He was screaming again, and firing. He forgot he was flying. The joy stick thrashed crazily between his knees and the ground and the clouds were a muddy gray scarf that swept from side to side across his eyes. Guns were the thing. Once, in a quick flash, he saw tiny men running upside down through the ring sight of his Lewis gun—the gun on his top plane—funny.

His wrists ached and his fingers were quite dead against the Bowden trigger. No, not that; that's a Camel—Darlington. He grabbed at his joy stick and pulled it back. Funny how hard it was to pull it Another Camel swept in beside him, and another, with startling suddenness. It had been a long time now—a long time. Somebody had been afraid once and there had been a man named Hoyt. No, Hoyt was dead. Hoyt had been killed days before Must have been P-B. P-B was probably in Amiens by now. He'd left in the tender at six o'clock. And always his guns chattered above the roar of his engine.

Abruptly, the cross wires of his center section raced up to him from a great distance and stopped just before his eyes. He wondered where they had been all this time. He stared past them into the light disk of his propeller, and again the rain lashed into his face and stung him. He caught at the kicking joy stick and held onto it with both hands but one hand fell away from it and wouldn't come back. With an effort, he pulled back his stick to climb up under the clouds again. Must be up under the clouds. Must wait and get more Huns. Funny things, Huns. Clumsy, stupid gray things you shot at and sent down. Go home soon, rest a bit and get some more. He laughed softly to himself. Joke. Funniest thing in the world.

The center section wires clouded up before his eyes and started to race away from him. Here! That's bad! Can't fly without center section wires. He chuckled a bit over that. Absurd to think of flying without center section wires! Come back here! You come back!

Just as his eyes closed, he saw a streak of roadway flicker through the struts of his left wing. There were faces on it quite close to him: faces that were white and staring; faces with arms raised above them. Funny. He whipped back his joy stick with a convulsive jerk and then his head crashed forward and he threw up his arm to keep his teeth from being bashed out against the compass.

It was very dark—dark except for a dancing blue light far away. He moved slightly. Something cool touched his forehead.

"All right," he muttered; "that's all right now. You just follow me." Someone whispered. He opened his eyes and stared into the darkness. "No," he said quite plainly. "I mean it! Hoyt's dead. I saw him go down."

He felt something sharp prick his arm. "You've got the new airdrome pinpointed, haven't you?" he asked.

A soft voice said, "Yes. Sh-h-h!"

"No," he said, "I can't. Darlington's alone now and I've got to go back. They're green, but they're good boys." He moved his legs to get up. "There's a bottle of Dewar's ——"

"No," said the voice beside him.

"Oh, yes," he said quietly. "Really, this is imperative. I know I crashed."

A stealthy languor crept across his chest and flowed down toward his legs. He thought about it for a moment. "I ought to go," he said pettishly. "But I'm so tired."

"Yes," said the voice. "Go to sleep now."

"Right-o," he said. "You call a tender and wake—me—half—an—hour." He was quiet for a moment more and then he chuckled softly. "Tell 'em it's poobah," he said sharply.

"All right," said the voice. "It's poobah."

His breathing became quiet and regular and footsteps tiptoed softly down the ward away from his bed.

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

New Nash Attractions

7-bearing crankshaft motor —*world's smoothest type*— powers all new Nash models.

New-type crankcase "breather" which prevents crankcase dilution.

Rubber insulated motor supports—(*standard Nash practice for some time*).

New-design motor muffler deepening operative quietness.

Motor heat control by new thermostatic water regulator.

Oil screen "agitator" preventing oil coagulation in coldest weather.

And many other new improvements.

A NEW Instrument Board

and Greater Front Compartment Convenience

One of the many outstanding advantages offered by the new Nash models is found in the arrangement and appointments of the front compartment.

There is an attractive new instrument board with all instruments compactly assembled in a single panel under glass, indirectly lighted.

Included in the grouping is an electric clock, a hydrostatic gas gauge, ammeter, oil gauge, and speedometer.

Further forethought for the driver is shown in the way Nash has located the lever control of the new double-beam headlights on the steering wheel at your finger tips.

You'll observe, too, that Nash places the parking brake at the left toward the sidewall, thus giving the center of the front compartment greater leg space and foot room as well as adding to the sightliness of this space.

This parking brake (*ordinarily called an emergency brake*) is never needed for emergency use in a Nash because all Nash cars are standard equipped *at no extra cost* with the most efficient and powerful 4-wheel brakes known to the industry.

Go see the new Nash models and observe how expertly Nash has combined convenience with beauty, and how much more comfortable you are in the Nash driving compartment.

(4181)

THE KNOX

New—and the correct fall toe shape for the Younger Man and his elder fashion rivals. You find the newest in autumn shoe styles now on display at Walk-Over merchants'. The leading Walk-Over prices, depending upon style and grade, are $7, $8.50, $10, and $12.

This style in this grade

$10

Custom fit ---
at an unaccustomed cost

YOU can see the smart new style of this, and every Walk-Over. What you cannot see is the personal fit that makes their style long-lasting. Every Walk-Over is made to fit an individual foot. To that personal fit is added the exclusive *pear-shaped* heel. That custom fit makes shoes cling at the heel and fit at the top with the aristocratic look that you are accustomed to finding only in made-to-order shoes and those that wear this trade-mark: *Walk-Over*.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

The diagram at the left shows, in black, the empty space left in ordinary shoe heels. That is why shoes gape at the top and heel. At the right, the diagram shows how the exclusive Walk-Over pear-shaped heel fits and clings

Walk-Over Shoes

for men and women

© 1926, G. E. K. Co

NINE SLAVES FOR EACH CITIZEN

(Continued from Page 11)

rewritten—knowledge is horse power and kilowatt hours. These are to be the new slaves. It is a grim fact that the highest civilizations have generally rested upon slave labor, but now, for the first time in all history, civilization is to rest upon mechanical slaves, and there is no limit to the number mankind may have.

In providing these slaves the steam turbine takes precedence over all other mechanical devices. It picks up and absorbs mankind's highest attainments in at least half a dozen major sciences, marshaling them into the vanguard of the new movement. The primary function of all power plants is to turn wheels, and up to a certain point the ordinary, old-fashioned steam engine performed this task as well as industry required. Bigger and better steam engines were constantly appearing, but all of them shared one limitation, which was that their power could be used only in the immediate vicinity of the boiler.

Meanwhile the young art of generating electricity was making rapid strides. Now it happens that electricity can be transported through copper wires over considerable distances and used for either light, heat or power, and so is far more useful than steam from a democratic point of view; and the machine age is essentially democratic. Finally there came the day when the makers of electric-generating machines were able to announce that their mastery of their art had far outrun their performance. "We could build efficient generators a hundredfold larger than any now existing," they said, "if only we could find engines to turn them. Our art has reached its uttermost practical development until the production of primary power makes a new advance."

Tragedy in Progress

This announcement would have been a wail of despair but for the fact that tremendous strides had simultaneously been made in the steel industry, in machine tools, in the elimination of friction and the efficient burning of coal. By coördination of these diverse achievements it was now possible for the steam turbine to be born. Briefly, this machine is a big steel bottle with a shaft or axle running through it lengthwise. Attached to this shaft or axle are numerous wheels in the form of thin, solid-steel disks, each fringed with numerous steel blades set sidewise, so that when the steam strikes them the disks revolve and thus turn the central shaft. By this extremely simple and direct application of power, speed far beyond what a steam engine could provide was economically obtained, and high speed steadily maintained is what produces electricity.

Even in the earliest steam turbines remarkable advances were made in reducing friction; the best ones, when once brought to their highest speeds, would run for several days with the power cut off, so perfect was the workmanship. They were the mechanical marvels of their day—a quarter of a century ago—even as they are

For some years they grew larger and larger without the introduction of any very new or startling inventions, and then suddenly the whole army of progress was checked by a frightful tragedy. A steam turbine blew up. Some months later another one exploded. And no one knew why! From the point of view of the scientists leading the great revolution, these events constituted a disaster so tremendous that words can scarcely describe it. Let us imagine that someone were to build a ship twice as large as the Leviathan, using its plans as a basis for every detail of construction, and that on being launched the ship immediately sank. The builder, one may well imagine, would be baffled. Or let us suppose that a manufacturer doubled the proportions of a one-gallon bucket, and on pouring into it two gallons of water, discovered that it would not hold any. Some entirely new element had entered, something about which the builders knew nothing whatever. Suddenly the horizon of possibilities in power production had drawn in and settled down over the last successful advance. Beyond lay all the terrors of the unknown, and the great revolution was at an end. The ground then held could, of course, be consolidated, past victories would still be useful, but no further advances were possible until this baffling mystery was solved. On that day it would have been possible to forecast the limit of mankind's mechanical slaves. The last frontier was charted.

Detectives of Science

There was no other engine even approximately comparable to the steam turbine, and apparently it had reached its ultimate size. A war map of the great machine revolution on that day would have been very much like the ancient maps of the world, which showed the Mediterranean with its islands and shores in great detail, but went only a short distance beyond. Fantastic drawings of monsters, sea serpents, whirlpools and the falling-off place represented the unknown. These terrors, however, were purely imaginary, while those which stopped the development of steam turbines were real.

Lives actually had been lost. From that point on, every experiment would be undertaken at the risk of death.

Nevertheless, scientists and skilled artisans went to work. They began, somewhat after the manner of detectives, examining hundreds of broken pieces of wrecked turbines, searching for clews. Dozens of theories were advanced, and every one that seemed at all probable was given a laboratory test. Machines were constructed solely to be destroyed under scientific observation. Months rolled on into years and still the mystery was unsolved, but the attacking army, instead of melting away under defeat, was steadily augmented.

Behind all this effort there was no popular pressure; as a matter of fact, science has always labored without popular support. No commonwealth ever demanded the steamboat, the electric light, the railway or any similar achievement. These creations are invariably the work of prophets who carry their inspiration under their hats. The makers of turbines simply refused to accept defeat. They had an engine already so efficient that only the very best water-power sites could compete with it, and their imaginations were fired by visions of goals far beyond anything then approached.

Among the theories advanced it was suggested that these turbine explosions might have been caused by vibration of the steel disk wheels; these are necessarily set very close together, and only a small amount of vibration would cause them to rub against each other. If they did that while revolving at such speeds as 1800 revolutions a minute the resulting friction would soon reduce the turbine to a bomb. Accepting the vibration theory as a premise they undertook to see what caused it, and this opened many possibilities. Wind resistance was one, so there followed a long and carefully conducted inquiry into the behavior of a flag waving in the wind, because that waving is simply vibration due to wind pressure. Axial vibration was another suggestion, so a rubber wheel was built and revolved at high speed in order that its vibrations might be studied, because they would naturally be on a larger scale than vibrations in steel.

(Continued on Page 76)

Pictures of Health

They conquered the common ills—found glorious vital health—

by eating one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-23, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

TOM THORP (CENTER), WELL-KNOWN FOOTBALL REFEREE

"FOR MANY YEARS I have been in close touch with the training end of athletics and I know that Fleischmann's Yeast is used by all the greatest trainers. I have given it to my players to clear up their blood; it has enabled my team to make a splendid record."

TOM THORP, Rockville Center, N. Y.

"MY ENERGY BEGAN TO FLAG soon after accepting my position as secretary to the president of a large bank. I became nervous and irritable. Then I discovered Fleischmann's Yeast. Soon I found—marvel of marvels—that I was no longer tired out at the end of the day's work, no longer nervous and irritable. Fleischmann's Yeast is a great tonic and energizer."

ETHEL V. GINZ, Indianapolis, Ind

"I HAD SEVERE INTESTINAL PAINS and gas. I have been a chauffeur for twenty years, and sitting in a car for ten or twelve hours a day without any exercise finally told on my system. In this plight I took Fleischmann's Yeast. In two months the pains were gone. I was absolutely a different person."

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THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation

"I WAS TROUBLED WITH INDIGESTION and dizzy spells. Gas formed in my stomach. Many people suggested Fleischmann's Yeast, and finally I tried it. My dizziness disappeared and I felt better in every way. I still take Yeast occasionally to keep my stomach in condition."

HATTY LIVINGSTON, Miami, Fla.

Gimme a Close-up

on th' world's greatest fillum—Eskimo Pie!

Settin' at th' movie last night—dividin' time between my eyes an' my mouth. Got a Eskimo Pie in my hand. Hero jumps his horse off a thousand feet cliff just when I took my last bite—an' I almost swallowed it before it melted right on th' glad spot! You can have all th' close-ups you want o' sheiks an' shebas on th' screen—gimme th' real thing. Just put me close up to a Eskimo Pie, an' leave me be with my happy appetite! Makes me wish I was a steam shovel an' could bite a truck load at a time. Um-m-m! Oh, boy! Hot-diggety! Th' taste of crunchy choc'late coatin' minglin' with th' big, thick, de-lishus helpin' o' ice cream inside of it! Just a half-bite of it makes you feel as good as a barrel-full of other things would. Say! I like Chaplin an' Fairbanks an' Lloyd an' Mix—but Eskimo Pie is my best performance! When I get it, I want all close-ups an' no cut-outs.

In America make Eskimo Pie. Eskimo Pie Corporation, P. O. Box 31, Louisville, Kentucky.

Firm, delicious ice cream inside! Crisp, pure chocolate outside. And around this enticing bar, a sanitary, moisture-proof foil wrapper. That's the magic product the patented trade-marked product. Eskimo Pie.

Over two hundred million sold yearly

ESKIMO PIE

ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS: *The most valuable ice cream confection franchise in the history of the ice cream industry. Full information obtained by writing us.*

(Continued from Page 74)

There was no doubt that a solid-rubber wheel revolving at high speed would develop axial vibrations, but the next problem was how to see and measure them. Very little of a scientific nature had ever been done along this line. A solid-rubber disk revolving rapidly looks no different from one that is motionless, for the human eye is baffled by high speeds and simply fails to register them. This difficulty was overcome by setting up the mechanism in a dark room and attaching to it a device that would produce a brilliant electric spark at regular intervals. A point on the wheel was marked, and each time the spark went off that point had to be at the exact top of the wheel. The spark was also regulated to go off as rapidly as the human eye could register accurately. The result was amazing.

All this mechanism is still in existence as a treasured memorial, and I have seen it operated. Slowly the solid-rubber disk would lose its original shape under the axial pressure of high speed, and finally four distinct waves would appear. These were as plainly visible as the nose on a man's face in broad daylight, for the wheel does not appear to be moving at all. Each flash catches it at exactly the same spot, and the eye is completely deceived. Not only is that possible but an amusing trick can be played with this spark—by speeding it up a trifle the rubber disk appears to be going slowly backward, or by slowing the spark a trifle one sees the wheel revolving lazily forward, when all the while it is going in the same direction and at a terrific rate. All these tricks with the spark were necessary in order to determine whether axial-vibration waves move forward with the wheel or backward. That they move very much more slowly than the wheel revolves was at once apparent, therefore it was no easy task to determine which way they were actually going.

Raising the Siege

After sufficient information on this form of vibration had been gathered it was applied in special testing machines to steel disks such as are used in steam turbines; and then another very interesting laboratory trick was introduced, so that the task ahead was vastly simplified. First the scientists found that axial vibrations existed in steel disks, and next they discovered that they could produce them artificially in a wheel that was not revolving at all. They did this by means of electrical devices. Armed with this new weapon they could pour dry sand on a horizontal turbine disk that was motionless except for the artificially produced vibrations, and the sand would dance over into the hollows between the waves, giving a perfectly visible motion picture of what was going on.

Now the scientists were definitely on their way with victory in sight. They discovered and charted and actually drew pictures of every sort of vibration that can possibly go on in a steel turbine wheel. By means of numerous tests they found the speeds at which each kind of vibration would appear in each type of wheel and what changes would eliminate it. They found the speeds at which two vibration waves of different types would meet each other in a wheel of any given dimension and cause trouble. At the end of four years of painstaking, often unpromising effort they had worked out the laws of vibration in steel disks so accurately that they can now be set down in tables of figures not much more difficult to understand than the multiplication table and certainly no more intricate than ordinary geometry. New tools were then introduced, and along with them new testing machines.

Steel disks, of course, will always vibrate if the right speed is reached, but it is possible nowadays to equip a turbine with wheels whose vibration point is known beyond the possibility of a doubt, and they are never placed in a machine that will run at that speed. The whole mechanism is keyed so that it cannot run at the dangerous speeds. Once the laws of vibration were charted, making use of them became a very simple job; just as simple, for example, as making cartridges for rifles. If one were to explode a twelve-gauge shot-gun shell in a .22-caliber rifle the result might be disastrous, but a twelve-gauge shot-gun shell will not go into the barrel of a .22-caliber rifle, so there is very little danger of that accident happening. Every turbine wheel has, and always will have, its critical speed, but every turbine is keyed to operate far, far away from that speed.

This victory cost four years and some millions of dollars. It would be impossible to say how many men participated in the work. But with success the great revolution was again under way. Literally hundreds of armies that had been held up resumed their march; without the promise of the cheap and abundant power of the steam turbine becoming ever cheaper and more abundant, they had been unable to go any farther. Now the siege was raised, work was resumed all over the world on dynamos, insulation, cables to carry heavier voltages longer distances, better copper, more copper, cheaper copper, electric-light bulbs, and machines beyond enumeration began to be equipped with suitable motors. Every year since that victory cheap power has been extended farther and farther out into the rural districts. National and international committees of scientists are now at work on the whole problem of farm electrification. That is the next objective in this great war, and the chief strategists confidently believe it will be carried within a decade.

Politicians, philosophers and sociologists often date the machine age from the introduction of mechanical power into the textile industry in England, but the present leaders of the industrial revolution regard that event as extremely ancient history. They would be more likely to date the machine age with the steam turbine and make it very recent.

About ten years ago a prominent American financier remarked that the electrical industry in this country would soon require $1,000,000 a day of new capital, and Wall Street was shocked. Last year the electrical industry absorbed about $2,000,000 daily of new capital, and no one was shocked.

When the great defeat checked progress and ended the flow of mechanical slaves, the steam-turbine electric-generating plant had touched 26,000 horse power. Today the giant down at the foot of Fourteenth Street, Manhattan, produces 80,000. Over in Brooklyn there is a slightly newer and much larger one. Chicago will soon have a turbine producing 150,000 horse power, and there is now under construction one designed to produce 280,000 horse power. It will be set up in the state of Indiana within less than eighteen months.

The Motto of Freedom

Now that the giants are again marching, the commissary department is back on the job, and for every ton of coal used these engines save other tons by their efficiency. For instance, a fair average performance for steam turbines in 1903 was 730 kilowatts of electrical energy per ton of coal consumed. In 1925 the same ton gave 2000 kilowatts, nor is there any reason to believe that that is the limit of economy, for off in the distance is the mercury engine, which is amply a turbine that uses mercury vapor instead of steam, and mercury boils at a much lower temperature than water.

These great central power plants are the heart of the machine age. But for them and their economies, such implements as electric vacuum cleaners, dishwashers, floor polishers, and a thousand implements operated by motors in workshop and factory would not exist. The turbine makes it possible for the humblest home to enjoy cheap electric light. Strange as it may seem today, the public did not demand electric light, nor were the pioneers of the electrical industry themselves certain that this utility would find a market beyond municipal business centers. The pressure that forced electricity out into the suburbs, and finally beyond, came from the laboratory, where one motto is written high above all the others: It Can be Done.

These men whom the public does not know, and who do not know the public in a democratic sense, are the authors of this machine age, and strangely enough, the spiritual force, the underlying motive, that drives them ceaselessly forward is public service. If they had a banner, upon it would be inscribed Freedom. Freedom for elbows and the enfranchisement of brains. Slaves without number for every man, woman and child. Could that possibly project us into a drab and colorless era? They think not.

From their viewpoint humanity is just peeping over the mountain tops, catching the first glimpse of dawn in a new world. They have boundless faith that men and women will find this new world lovely.

ANN 'N' ANDY

(Continued from Page 7)

She seemed to say that she had been waiting years for this day and that disappointment now was a little too much to bear. Then silence, as though to ask, "What are you going to do about it? You're a big, strong man and you know how to arrange these things for little girls."

Andy found himself wondering how old she was. Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, perhaps older. She had the ingenuous air of a youngster about her, but it was coupled with the poise and composure of worldliness. Her dark eyes were pleading with him mutely.

"They're giving me the interval between the second and third races, extending it for me," he explained. "I'll have just time enough for my stunts and that's all. Perhaps some other time."

"I particularly wanted to go up today," she announced.

Andy shifted his long body, cocked his blond head to one side and smiled amusedly.

"I was to ride in the steeplechase this afternoon," she went on sorrowfully, "but the doctor says my collar bone isn't firmly enough set."

"Break it?"

She nodded glumly. "Rotten luck, wasn't it?" The oval of her face, framed with dark, very softly curling hair, was turned up to him appealingly.

"I really would like to take you," said Andy. "I'll see what I can do, but I'm afraid there isn't much chance."

"I'll be waiting for you here," she said. "My name's Ann Paton, by the way."

"Mine's Torrey—Andrew Torrey."

Her mouth curved in an irresistible smile. "Ann 'n' Andy—that's propitious! You tell Duf Kramer—he's running the show this year—that Ann 'n' Andy are going for a buggy ride. It'll be arranged, all right enough. Duf's pretty quick about doing whatever I want him to do."

Torrey came back across the track in the wake of the first race. Ann was standing upon the fence staring anxiously after the horses. He reached up and touched her arm.

"C'mon! It's all set!" He held her hands while she jumped. "We'll take off right after this race. That gives us a good half hour. We'll have to make it snappy."

The two mechanics got the engine turning over, warming, while Torrey got the

(Continued on Page 79)

WHAT a cathedral Nature has built in the forests of California! How like pygmies men and women are beneath its spires reaching to the sky —its aisles symbols of beauty, enduring

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068

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(Continued from Page 76

girl into a jumper, helmet and goggles. He stowed her in the rear seat and secured the belt.

"Know anything about planes?" he asked

Her head shook. "I'd like to though."

"That's the rudder bar," he explained, pointing into the depths of the cockpit. "You can put your feet on it, but be careful not to give it a kick." He took the double control stick from its clips and inserted it in the socket. "If you'll keep your hand on that you'll get some idea of how it's done. I'll show you when we get in the air."

The horses were entering the stretch. Andy slipped into his own cockpit. The slap of hoofs rose above the mutter of the engine.

"Let's go!"

The plane rolled ahead, Benson dragging upon a wing to swing it into the wind; then four hundred and fifty horse power spoke out and the earth dropped beneath them. They ascended in huge steps, leaping skyward, leveling off and leaping again, until the race course was a small white oval.

Andy throttled down and motioned to the right. She felt the control stick move slightly; the Hornet banked and they swung about. Then to the left. He wagged a disapproving finger in the air and shook his head; a brusque movement of the stick made the Hornet leap convulsively. It was like whipping a thoroughbred. In pantomime he demonstrated the efficacy of gentleness, and the plane moved this way and that under his touch. The roar of the motor died down.

"See how it works?" demanded the pilot. She tried to speak against the air blast and couldn't, but she nodded, face shining with a smile. "You try it now!"

She moved the stick ever so slightly and began to maneuver the plane herself, experimentally, a little timidly at first. Presently, to show her that she was alone at the control stick, Andy put his hands on the edge of the cockpit. He stretched a little, adjusted his goggles and then appeared to be enormously interested in Greenbrook. Its sprawling country houses were in miniature, each set in a tidy impeccable lawn of emerald. Many of them had rectangular swimming pools which, like small mirrors, flashed in the afternoon sun.

She had got the hang of it quickly, he remarked to himself. Probably was a mighty good horsewoman. People who handle horses make the best pilots—good hands. He decided to see how her nerve was, so he grabbed the small struts from the engine section to the upper wing and drew himself out of his seat, sprawled over the windshield and pretended to be concerned with the cap of the fuel tank.

The Hornet held to its course without a wabble. In getting back to his seat he deliberately struck the stick with his knee; she corrected promptly, smoothly.

He throttled down to yell. "Good girl!" She beamed upon him. "Want to try some stunts?" he asked. She nodded enthusiastically. "Here we go!"

Throttle open, he let the Hornet plunge earthward for a few seconds; then earth and sky, like two equally curved surfaces, one green and the other blue, flipped about them. They headed skyward, almost vertically, in a soaring flight that seemed to last minutes; next they wing-slipped, knifing toward earth, with the stay wires whistling through the wind like a calliope gone crazy. The Hornet rolled completely over, put its nose down and commenced to spin; beneath them the world became a vast revolving bowl of green, with the oval track reeling drunkenly in the center. They came out of the spin abruptly, did a hairpin turn into the field, landed and taxied up to the grand stand.

Mike and Benson came trotting up with the guns for the after cockpit.

"Thanks! Thanks a lot!" gasped Ann. "It was wonderful!"

"Glad you liked it." He took her flying gear and tossed it to Benson. She found herself forgotten in the rush of mounting machine guns; then, a few moments later, she was standing mutely beside Mike, watching the Hornet's diminishing body race down the field and leap into the air.

"Some pilot!" announced Mike. "And some bus!"

"What are they going to do?" Ann asked.

"Pot that white barrel in the center of the field. Do you like flying?"

Ann nodded. "I think I'll become a pilot." She added, as an afterthought, "He's going to teach me."

The Hornet had turned and was bearing down upon the field. The forward guns began to spit; the white barrel became suddenly animated in a shower of bullets. It rolled and jumped. The plane mounted, swung about and the rear brace of guns took up the fire. Except for intervals that could be measured by seconds, two of the four guns were sputtering constantly.

"Brought down eight Germans, Torrey did!" said Mike. "A grand pilot! You can't beat him!" He loped away and stopped before a long cylinder of gas. Ann followed.

The Hornet had abandoned the barrel and was getting altitude. Mike fitted a bit of red rubber over the mouth of the cylinder, expanded it into a balloon about a yard in diameter, tied the opening and released it. Torrey dived to attack, missed it, snapped the plane about and went in pursuit. The balloon, slashed by propeller blades, vanished. More balloons went up.

"Benson's going to jump now," said Mike.

Ann's throat tightened as she watched Benson's small figure perch upon the edge of the cockpit and drop into space. An instant later the parachute blossomed like a white flower and he came drifting into the field.

She was beside the Hornet when it stopped.

Andy leaped out. "Did it go pretty well?" he asked.

"Great! But don't go back tonight. Stay out here. I'll put you up at my house. There's a big field where you can land. You can teach me how to fly."

"Can't possibly stay!"

"Why not?" demanded Ann.

"Business. I have to be on the job. Somebody might come along with a flying stunt to be done and if I'm not there I lose. Money's a dreadful thing."

"You mean that someone might want to engage you to fly—pay you for it?"

Andy laughed. "I'm afraid that's it."

"All right!" said the girl. "I'll engage you to fly. That's simple enough. Then you can stay here."

He looked into her eyes and found them intensely earnest; her small chin had jutted out slightly. "That costs quite a bit of money." He turned to Benson. "Let Mike bring the 'chute with him on the train. You can refold it later. We have to shove."

"Do you realize," demanded Ann Paton, "that I mean what I say? That I'm engaging you to stay here?" Her voice had risen imperiously, and she planted her small arrogant self directly before him.

"At a hundred dollars a day? Why, your people would laugh in my face!"

"They wouldn't, because I haven't any people. I'm my own people! If I want to pay you a hundred dollars a day to stay here in Greenbrook and teach me to fly it's my own business. You've told me what you charge and I've agreed to pay it. Why argue?"

Andy looked at her thoughtfully. He shrugged. "If you're sure you want to pay that much ——"

"I'm generally sure of what I want," she retorted.

A grin spread slowly over his face. "And you generally get it, don't you?"

"I always have." A smile was tugging up the corners of her mouth.

He turned to the mechanics who had been eying them from a distance. "Benson, you and I are going to stay here and teach Miss Paton to fly. You can go back with the stuff, Mike. I'll get the office on long distance."

"Well," said Ann with a sigh, "I'm glad that's settled." She slipped her hand through his arm. "Come on to my box and watch the next race. I've got a whole flock of guests over there."

"I'd better telephone first."

"Oh, bother the telephone! Come on."

Benson looked after them and nodded his head slowly. "I always knew some likely lookin' gal 'd hook him. Know who she is, Mike?"

"Her?" demanded Mike. He shot Benson a glance of mingled sorrow, disgust and contempt. "Why, man alive, that's the Four-Million-Dollar Baby!"

Ann Paton was motherless two days after her birth, and fatherless ten months later. Corley Paton, partly to get away from his grief and partly because his professional experience was needed, had plunged into a remote district of Mexico to examine some mining properties. A drunken peon with a gun, waiting for his favorite enemy, made a mistake and Paton tumbled from his pony, head drilled by a bullet. Ann, heiress to his entire fortune, since there were no other relatives, had destiny shaped for her by courts, bankers and her father's business associates. At least they guarded her money, selected governesses and companions and trusted to Providence. A Miss Literly had reigned the first twelve years. She became ill and was retired on pension. Mrs. Braithewaite, a widow, presided for a scant two years before she married again. She was succeeded by Mrs. Hoyt, also a widow, who superintended Ann's European education and entrance into society. During the last few years she had done little more than cast a sufficiently convincing shadow of chaperon. Ann indisputably ran herself and the household.

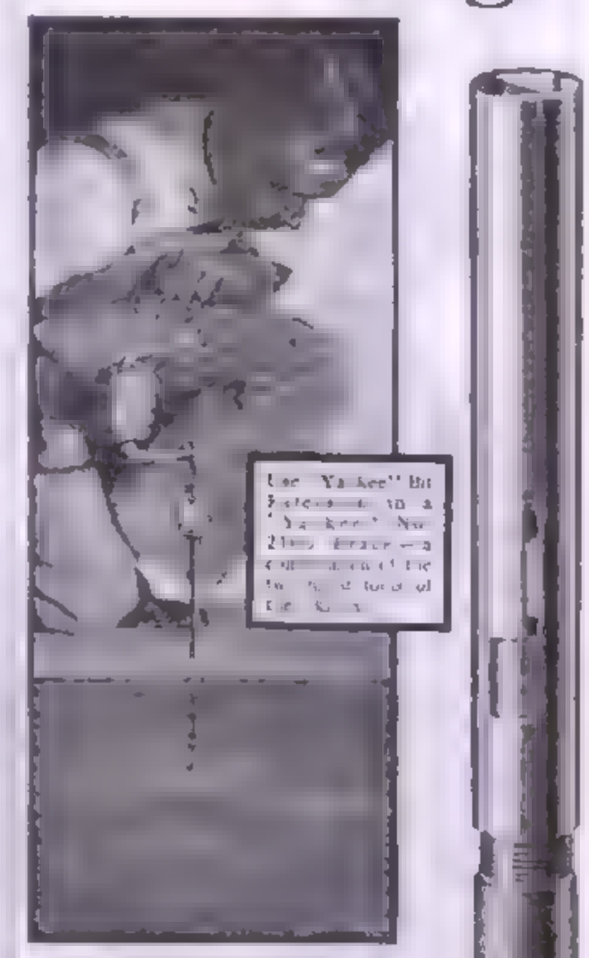
The house at Greenbrook had been Ann's idea, and she carried it through despite Mrs. Hoyt's faint wailings that London, Paris and the Riviera were "more suitable background." It was situated, as its name, The Crest, signified, so that it gazed down upon Greenbrook and across the lake; an old, amiable, much-lived-in house, rebuilt and furnished by Ann herself during violent, spasmodic periods of interest in the place. At any moment a plague of workmen might descend upon them with saws, hammers, troughs of steaming plaster. Ann enjoyed it. She liked the noise of accomplishment and the thrill of change. A new bathroom was an emotional experience; a new guest cottage in the woods a delirium of planning, creation and achievement. During the work of excavating for the big oval swimming pool Ann had perched for hours upon the edge of the crater, watching the dinky steam shovel struggle for mouthfuls of earth.

But there were times when the complex activity of the house depressed and worried her, and then she turned violently to the comforting flesh and blood of horses. She liked their clean, slick coats and velvety noses, the gleam of crisp golden straw and the ammoniac odor of the stalls. It was the best escape she knew from guests—to play bridge or dance with them all night long, send them to bed, change into riding clothes and canter into a world that was entirely her own.

Guests, for the most part, did as they pleased. Ann had picked up that graciousness of hospitality at English country houses. There were horses, cars, books, tennis, golf, swimming and bells to summon servants. Mrs. Hoyt fluttered about a good deal, giving an air of hostess by proxy; but, as she was an agreeable, subdued soul—subdued largely through years of association with Ann's vehement activity—and, as she retired early, no one was bothered by her. She fitted comfortably enough into the patchwork scheme of Ann's life and, whatever happened, she was seldom more than conventionally disturbed.

Ann, eyes shining, slipped her hand through Andy's arm and led him into the big central hall of her house.

Stands abuse and follows through



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And so, in revolt at this custom, Italy adopted a two-pronged instrument that had been used in the Byzantine Empire, possibly only by a discriminating few, as far back as the Ninth Century.

Thus came the fork to Italy. But it was against greater obstacles that its use spread to other countries. In England it was regarded as a distinctly feminine utensil far beneath the dignity of stalwart manhood, while throughout Europe its use called forth violent outbursts from the Clergy who decried this man-made substitute for the ten fingers supplied by a Divine Providence!

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A butler appeared. "Another place for dinner, Martin. And have the little cottage made ready for Mr. Torrey." She turned to Andy. "Let's dash or we won't get away." She indicated the motors which had stopped before the door and the people spilling from them. They went out upon the veranda and across the lawn, entered a strip of woods and emerged upon a large flat field.

"Will this do?"

"Couldn't be better!" answered Andy. "Are there any ditches or fences?"

"Not a thing. Way down at the other end there is a stone patch. The rest of it is perfectly clear. I know because I've ridden all over it. I had an idea of making a polo field here."

"Fine enough!"

"Good! Let's get back to the ship."

The car was waiting for them at the house and they headed immediately for the fairgrounds, where the Hornet and Benson were waiting.

Andy looked at the girl beside him curiously, trying to puzzle out the answers to a thousand questions he wanted to ask. Since she had first spoken to him, scarcely two hours ago, he had had the sense of being in the most rapid, the most vitally compelling current of life he had ever known. There was something cyclonic about Ann, an irresistible rush about her ideas.

Her eyes met his and she laughed outright.

"I always do things this way," she announced. "It's so much more fun. I detest people who dawdle and never take a chance. The world's full of 'em! Tell me—how long do you think it'll be before I can fly the Hornet alone?"

"You'll be doing solo hops in a couple of weeks, but not in the Hornet. I'll get an easier ship for you to handle."

"But why not the Hornet?"

"Too powerful and too heavy for a young pilot."

"Ho! Don't be absurd!" She turned upon him, wide-eyed with amazement. "Do you think I'm going to fly some two-horse-power affair when there's a ship like the Hornet hanging around loose?"

"We can't run any chances of the Hornet getting cracked up," he explained. "It's the only one there is and we are turning it over to the Army. They're going to test it for a month or so. And you'll be better off in an Umpty-Seven."

"Umpty-Seven, my eye!" replied Ann wrathfully. "I'm going to fly that Hornet!"

"No you're not!" said Andy.

Her expression became sober, with a flash of anger in her eyes and about her mouth. "I certainly shall, if I please."

Andy grinned at her.

"Why—why, I'll buy it! That's what I'll do!"

"It isn't for sale."

"That's ridiculous! Whoever heard of a company manufacturing things that aren't for sale."

"You might try and see how many tons of TNT you can buy."

"I could get as much as I wanted," she replied. "If necessary I'll buy your whole darn company."

"Loud cheers!" exclaimed Andy. "We'll get some money in the business yet. Goodness knows, we need it! If the Army doesn't decide to replace some of the antediluvian crates it's flying we'll go bust-o pretty soon. I'll tell Morrison you're going to buy the company. Will you keep me on as chief pilot? Or do you think you'll take over my job too?"

She bit her lip and didn't reply. Andy said to himself: "Spoiled child! Just a little bit!"

"I didn't agree to let you solo in the Hornet," he went on. "And I'm not going to let you. The Hornet isn't any sort of plane for an inexperienced pilot to go batting about in. I've taught a good many people to fly and I know what I'm talking about." He could feel his own temper rising slightly. The car drew up beside the race track and stopped. "You may think you can buy the M. P. T. company," he added resentfully, "but if I'm going to teach you how to fly you're going to do as I say, and you might just as well make up your mind to it. Otherwise, there's still time for me to shove off for Long Island." He got out of the car and Ann sat there scowling.

During the afternoon Andy's mind had been engaged in balancing the aero-turbine's ledger. This job, he figured, would bring in about a thousand dollars, more if she decided to buy a plane. Then the movie job, if it came through, would mean another thousand. But hopes of a few months of undisturbed experiment seemed to be glimmering out.

He waited for her answer.

"I don't like to be told what I can do and what I can't do," she announced, a little sullenly.

"So I've noticed."

"Oh, well, don't be so cross about it. Of course I'm not going to let you go back." Her eyes came up slowly to meet his in an impudent challenge and a smile made her lips twitch.

Andy had surrendered the pilot's seat to Ann Paton, and was riding as passenger. He had the controls before him, to be sure, and could use them in an emergency, but his feet were off the rudder bar and his hands were out of the cockpit. Ann swung the plane about, throttled down, settled into a glide.

They skimmed over the field, losing speed, and she brought the ship to earth in an easy three pointer—wheels and tail skid at the same instant. It was her eighth perfect landing that morning.

He leaned forward and patted her shoulder. "Good work, Ann!" She turned and beamed at him radiantly. "That's enough for now. Run her in."

With the air of a professional she gave the plane full rudder and a blast of power, swinging it about, and taxied with the control stick well forward to lighten the tail load.

Benson was waiting with a grin. "At-a-pilot!" he yelled. "What was it the French boys used to say, captain? Like a flower?"

"Yep—*comme une fleur*." He helped her from the plane and deposited her on earth. Her expression was luminous.

"You didn't touch the controls at all, did you?" she asked excitedly.

"Not once! I was just so much ballast."

"Then I could fly the Hornet all alone—if you'd let me?"

They hadn't reverted to that argument during the two weeks Andy had been at Greenbrook.

"Yes," he said. "Unless something happened that takes more experience than you've got."

She sighed deeply.

"Want to fly this afternoon?" he asked her.

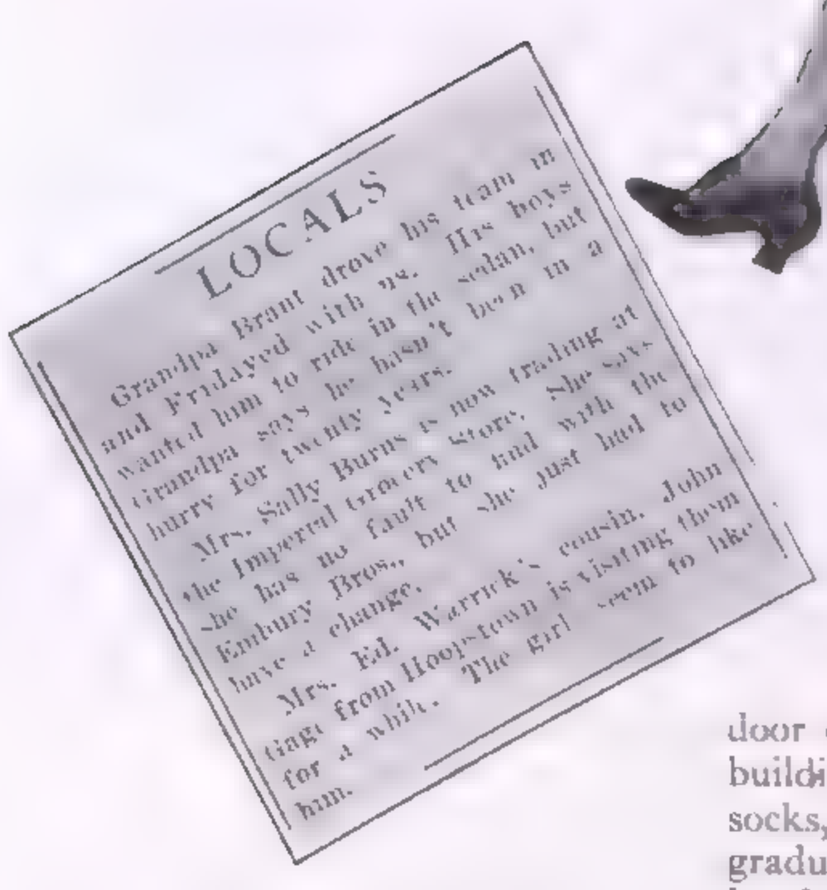
"Perhaps before dinner. I promised to play golf after luncheon with Luke Holmes and Dot. Would you like to play?"

"Thanks—I'll be working." He had sent for the aero-turbine designs and was making detail drawings of parts—drawings for the actual construction of the engine. They headed through the woods toward the house.

Luncheon at The Crest was a sketchy affair. Two serving tables held large silver platters of hors d'œuvre, bowls of salad and an array of warming pans. House guests and the casuals of Greenbrook's summer colony straggled in as they pleased—golf clothes, riding clothes, the latest chic in frocks—inspected platters, lifted lids, took seats at the long table and told the two men servants what they wanted.

When he had first come to Ann's house Andy found it confusing, bewildering, but after a day or so he discovered himself accepting the complete informality of luncheons at The Crest just as others accepted it. No one troubled about introductions, unless there was some special reason; everyone chatted with everyone else.

(Continued on Page 82)


LOCALS
Grandpa Brant drove his team in and Fridayed with us. His boys wanted him to ride in the sedan, but Grandpa says he hasn't been in a hurry for twenty years.
Mrs. Sally Burns is now trading at the Imperial grocery store. She says she has no fault to find with the Embury Bros., but she just had to have a change.
Mrs. Ed. Warrick's cousin, John Gage from Hoop-town is visiting them for a while. The girl seem to like him.

YOU MAY THINK the country editor's locals are flat, or you may think them funny. You may regard them as too trivial to mention, much less print. But they are, as a matter of fact, profoundly interesting to his readers and he knows it. So do his bigger brothers, the editors of the metropolitan dailies, for some of the greatest of city circulations have been built by a painstaking reporting of the local neighborhood news.

Long ago, the newspapers realized that, next to themselves, people are interested in their relatives, their neighbors, and the activities of their own circle. Who married whom? What did she serve for luncheon? Have the boys next door come home from college? Who is building a new home, knitting blue baby socks, making money, going abroad or graduating? What became of Uncle Ben's boy? June Atkins has gone on the stage. . . . News, vital news, every bit of it.

In our twenty-five million homes, people read with equal interest the daily news of many famous products that are almost members of the family. Much more than servants, these brands and trade-marks are only a little less than friends. And advertising has not only helped to place them there, but it tells continually of their prices, their places of sale, their advantages, their changes. . . . News . . . vital news . . . local news.

Shrewd advertisers realize that the behavior of the electric iron is as absorbing as the escapades of the neighbors' children. That a really good tooth paste is welcomed as cordially as a relative. That a new motor-car on the street is as thrilling as an elopement.

Keeping everlastingly at it, these advertisers tell their stories over and over. They relate their bits of news with homely sincerity, with truth and candor, with a glint of humor and an understanding of life as it is actually lived . . . Locals . . . written to a market so rich and productive that the delivery boy on your own back steps is carrying the fortunes of a dozen manufacturers in his arms.

N. W. AYER & SON
ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 80)

"I'm terribly hungry!" he announced as he entered and made for the serving tables. If there was any conventional entrance at luncheon, that was it.

"I hope you choke!" announced a girl feelingly.

"Who hopes I choke?"

"I do." Andy glanced over his shoulder and discovered that it was a blond girl he had seen several times, but whose name he couldn't remember, if he had ever heard it. "You came over the seventh this morning," she said, "and cut loose with that hell wagon just as I was putting."

"Blame Ann. She was piloting. I was sandbagging."

"Was she really flying the bus?"

"She really was."

He waived hors d'œuvre and started directly upon veal-and-kidney pie. Ann entered, gave a general "Hello," and took the chair beside him. Conversation centered upon aeroplanes for a few minutes and wavered to speed boat. Ann insinuated her hand under his arm.

"Andy."

"Yes."

"Are you going to let me do a solo hop in the Hornet? Just one!" she begged.

"You know I won't."

"Just one! Please! Just one and I won't ask for any more. Please, Andy!"

His head shook.

"Oh, rot!" Her hand jerked away and she sprang from her chair. "You make me tired! You're horrid!"

The blond girl who had hoped he'd choke asked languidly, "Is this a lovers' quarrel or just the ordinary midday set-to?"

Ann made a noise which might be transcribed "Nh-h-h!" It denoted wrath. She flashed a withering glance at Andy and left the room, her luncheon only half finished.

"She's a touch annoyed because I won't let her take the Hornet up alone," explained Andy.

"Just a touch! Aren't you going to let her?"

"Nope."

"You're hopeful! Imagine trying to keep Ann from doing anything she gets her head set on!" She laughed at him. "Why not let her do it?"

"The Hornet's too difficult for a young pilot. If something went wrong—if the engine conked, for example—she might crack up. I wouldn't like to have Ann break her neck."

"Is flying really dangerous?"

Andy pondered for a moment. "Well, a lot of people get bumped off in the game, but it's mostly their own foolishness. You can make planes pretty safe, but you can't eliminate the human factor. That's the dangerous element."

She smiled at him. "Isn't the human factor always the dangerous element in everything—even in teaching a pretty girl how to fly?" She arose, patted away a yawn. "Dear old human nature! As I've so often remarked to my classes in biology, 'What would we do without it?'"

A man across the table interrupted to ask if she were being cynical again.

"Cynical!" she repeated. "Good grief, I'm being positively romantic!" She laughed and sauntered away. Andy looked after her a little blackly.

In the hall he found Luke Holmes looking for Ann. "We were going to get an early start, but I can't find her. You don't know where she is, do you, Torrey?"

"No, I don't."

"She was headed toward the stables a few minutes ago," said another man.

Andy struck a match and had it almost to his cigarette when a swift thought made him utter an "Oh!" as though he had been jabbed. He tossed the match aside, streaked out of the door, across the lawn and into the woods, toward the field where the plane was parked. His ears were straining, expecting at any minute to catch the first spattering throb of the Hornet's engine.

He emerged from the strip of woods silently and stood there unobserved. Ann was in the Hornet, craning out and calling instructions to one of the chauffeurs, who was swinging upon the propeller in a valiant but ineffectual attempt to start the motor. He didn't have the trick; he couldn't snap it over compression.

"Pertsch," called Ann excitedly, "put it crossways, a little down. Then run and take a jump at it. Try hard!"

Andy waited, half amused and half angry.

The chauffeur, Pertsch, tried hard and hung suspended on the blade.

"Put some muscle into it!" ordered Ann.

Andy lighted his cigarette and sat down, face stretched into a grin. Pertsch wrestled with the blade again and again.

"Can't do it, Miss Paton," he gasped finally. He wiped his face on his shirt sleeve and stood there blowing.

Ann rose in the cockpit, snatched off her helmet and goggles, threw them to the ground, jumped down, turned and discovered Andy lolling comfortably against a tree stump a dozen yards away.

"Oh, you ——" she began, furious with rage. "You! Oh, how I hate you! How da-a-are you sit there and laugh? I—Oh!—Oh! ——"

She was speechless, hands clenched, eyes blazing, lips parted.

Andy got to his feet. "I thought that was what you were up to," he said. "But I might have known you couldn't get the engine turning over. It's quite a trick." He walked past her, felt inside the fuselage to make sure that the switch was off, then went to the propeller. He took a flying leap at the blade and it went over easily.

But Ann wasn't watching; she was marching, stiff with rage, into the woods. Tears, which he could not see, were running down her cheeks.

Andy leaned against the propeller blade, smiling grimly, and gazing after her.

Pertsch gathered up his coat and cap and prepared to follow. He paused. "Say, Mr. Torrey, I wish you'd show me how you do that."

Andy, in an almost malevolent good humor, showed him and let him try it several times. He even explained how to fall away from the propeller when the engine starts.

Back in his comfortable suite in the cottage, Andy slowly divested himself of superfluous clothing and settled himself over his drawing board. The intricacies of the aero-turbine seemed like a hopeless mess of uncorrelated lines and figures, and his thoughts went elusively, again and again, to Ann. "She's a mighty game youngster," he said to himself, and he felt sorry that she had brought about her own humiliation. She shouldn't have tried that; but it did seem a little unreasonable not to let her fly the Hornet when she had worked so hard and done so well.

After an hour, during which he had accomplished nothing, the telephone rang and he picked up the receiver, hoping that he would hear Ann's voice. It was Morrison calling from the Umpty field.

"Andy, the movie job is fixed for day after tomorrow, at Burnt Rock. They want to get several shots before the wreck, but it oughtn't to take more than a day. And the Army wants the Hornet delivered at Mitchel. Will you come down first crack tomorrow?"

"Yes. How much is there in the movie job?"

"One thousand flat for you. And I get full price for the Eleven you want to crack up."

"Glory be! That sets me up. I'll be there."

He slammed up the receiver and uttered a joyous "Wheeze!" Then he plunged into work; the mess of lines and figures began to take form. The aero-turbine began to grow in metal before his eyes.

A rap at the door interrupted him. It was the butler.

"Miss Paton is waiting dinner for you, sir."

"Oh, good Lord!" He jumped from his chair. In the bedroom he found his clothes laid out, and five minutes later he entered the house, wondering uncomfortably if he were entirely dressed.

"I'm sorry, Ann," he said. "I was working and I forgot about the time."

"It doesn't make any difference," she said meekly. She drew closer to him, somber eyes coming up to meet his. "Benson says you're leaving tomorrow morning. It—it isn't because I was such a little beast, is it?"

"Of course not," he replied, sympathy touched. Her voice, he noticed, was a little husky and there was a telltale suggestion of heaviness in her eyes. "Morrison wants me to turn the Hornet over to the Army, and then there's another job I have to do. Just a one-day affair. I'll come back with another plane, if you'd like."

She nodded. "I'm glad you're not too angry with me."

"I'm not a bit angry, Ann," he assured her, feelingly.

She smiled up at him shyly.

There were eight at dinner; two tables of bridge later. Andy played indifferently well, his thoughts wandering from aero-turbines to Ann and back again, and seldom resting upon bridge for more than an instant. Ann was wearing a filmy green frock and he thought he had never seen her prettier; she was oddly subdued, and he found a charmingly new quality in her repose. Their eyes met repeatedly.

When, at midnight, the Jeffersons announced that they must go, he rose from the table thankfully.

"I'm shoving off at dawn," he explained. "Better be getting to bed." Ann, still playing, gave him her hand and a smile.

He said good night and moved slowly across the lawn toward the cottage, where the lights of his living room made yellow rectangles in the violet darkness. He would have liked another talk with Ann, about nothing in particular—just to say good-by—but, he said to himself, she probably would feel that she must remain with her guests. Despite the bedlam at luncheon time, probably because of it, she liked to preserve an air of form at dinner. It was as though she found refuge and tranquillity for a few hours in stepping from a disorderly world into one which existed conventionally.

His drawings were still upon the table. He frowned down at them, discovered a line he wanted to change, and, having changed it, continued to work.

Several hours later Ann's voice aroused him sharply. She had spoken his name. He went to the window and found her face, ghostlike, peering over the railing of the veranda.

"I couldn't sleep," she explained. "I felt so hot and fussy. I thought I'd go in for a swim; then I saw your lights. Are you still working?"

"Yes. I got started and I forgot to stop." He looked at his watch and discovered that it was nearly three; then he realized that he was abjectly tired.

"Come on for a swim," she urged him. "You must be fagged out."

"If you'll wait a minute, I'll change," he said.

He came out presently in a swimming suit and they walked silently toward the pool. As they came close to it, Ann ran ahead to the springboard; her arms and legs made an arc of white in the darkness—an arc which ended in a splash of silver. He followed and they swam idly about together. Finally they perched upon the edge.

"Andy," said Ann abruptly, "I called up my bank in New York this afternoon and told the man who takes charge of my affairs to see if he could buy the M. P. T. company."

"What?"

Her head bobbed. "Of course I was terribly angry with you when I did it, because you wouldn't let me take the Hornet, but I think I'll go through with it. Why not? It would be good sport. I'll be the P of M. P. T., and you can be the T. Would you like that?"

He evaded her question. "You don't think you could buy Morrison out, do you?"

"I suppose so," she answered negligently. "If I paid enough."

Her answer exasperated him. Several caustic retorts flashed into his mind, but he said nothing.

"Wouldn't it be better," she asked, "to keep him in the company?"

"Hm-m," grunted Andy, and said to himself that George Morrison would probably appreciate being kept in a company that he had raised from a pup. A bit presumptuous, this small girl sitting beside him.

"I'd like to have something to do," continued Ann. "I mean something really important. And I can't think of anything I'd rather do than that. You said one day that the company needed money."

"Yes," admitted Andy, "but I don't think that Morrison would accept just any one as a partner to get it. Not that you're just any one. He would want to be mighty sure of the person he took into the company."

"But he's sure of you, and you'd be pretty much in charge of my share. I don't see how he could object to that. Do you?"

"I'll talk it over with him, if you're certain you want to go into it," said Andy finally. It was true that Umpty needed more capital. He added, "It's a good way to drop a bunch of money. Most of us in this business draw our dividends in liking the game. As an investment it isn't so good."

"That's what Mr. Madox at the bank said, but I told him to go ahead with it."

"Even four million won't last forever if you don't take care of it."

"It's worse than four million, Andy," she said plaintively. "The estate's been growing for twenty-one years. Oh, it won't ruin me to drop a little of it, especially if I can have a good time doing it."

"Well, I'll talk with Morrison," he assented. After all, money was money, if it didn't have too many strings tied to it, and Morrison was competent to speak for himself.

"You're not very enthusiastic," commented Ann. "Would you rather I didn't do it?"

He shrugged. "I don't want to feel responsible for your putting money into Umpty. I probably shan't be with the company much longer. Late in the fall I'm going to start building the turbine. I'll have enough money to cut loose for a while."

"Do you mean that the lack of money has been holding you back?" Ann demanded in an awed voice, as if such a thing were nearly unthinkable.

"Yes. It costs a lot to have parts made, and then, once we get the engine built, there'll be a thousand and one changes. Labor and rent for a shop. Oh, it costs!"

"But, Andy, I'd love to finance it!" She turned upon him impetuously. "A hundred thousand, if you need it! More!"

He flopped back upon the grass. "Oh, good Lord! A hundred thousand!" He laughed weakly. "And I've been scratching for two or three thousand!"

"Why, Andy!" Her voice was heavy with reproach. "And you didn't tell me. You ought to be ashamed! Won't you please let me help?"

He sat up. "But there's no need of it."

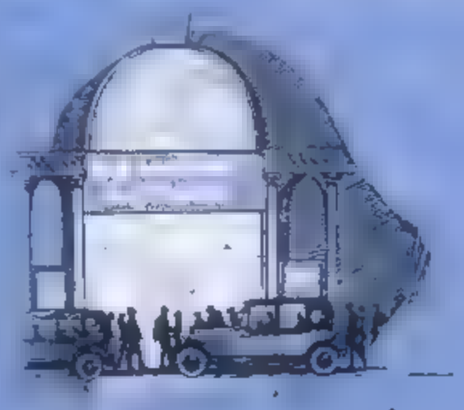
She propped her chin in her hand and stared down at the star-flecked surface of the pool. She sighed deeply. "I really would like to do something. I'd like to be terribly interested in something and work at it and watch it grow. I suppose I've got a lot of my father in me. He liked to take a little hole in the ground and make it grow into a mine. I don't think he gave a hoot for the money he made."

She was silent and motionless for nearly a minute. "Andy."

"Yes."

"Will you try to let me have a share in it? It'd be so nice to—to work together on it. Will you?"

(Continued on Page 87)



THERE never was a time when the name Paramount meant so much to lovers of motion pictures—and there never was a time when it meant anything but—*"the best show in town"*

The Trade Mark of Pictures of Romance

Old Ironsides

A James Cruze Production From the Story by Laurence Stallings

"OLD Ironsides" sails again in this great production immortalizing the romance and drama centering around the glorious fighting career of this famous vessel. With Wallace Beery, Esther Ralston, George Bancroft and Charles Farrell

Sorrows of Satan

Produced by D. W. Griffith With Adolphe Menjou as Satan

RICARDO CORTEZ, Carol Dempster and Lya de Putti. A drama of love, temptation and regeneration from Marie Corelli's book that has been read and re-read by millions of people.

Beau Geste

Romance and Adventure in the French Foreign Legion. New York Critics say "The Year's Greatest Melodrama"

PRODUCED by HERBERT BRENON, from the novel by Percival C. Wren. With RONALD COLMAN, Noah Beery, Neil Hamilton, Ralph Forbes, Norman Trevor, William Powell, Alice Joyce, Mary Brian.

ABOVE are three of many big Paramount productions of the coming season. The two below and those in the chart you can see now or very soon. Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the other, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DIRECTOR	DATE
ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS	Starring GILDA GRAY. With Warner Baxter, William Powell, Julanne Johnston and Percy Marmont	Maurice Tourneur	
Rex Beach's PADLOCKED	With Lois Moran, Louise Dresser and Noah Beery.	Allan Dwan	
FINE MANNERS	Starring GLORIA SWANSON. Eugene O'Brien is the leading man.	Richard Rosson	
THE SHOW-OFF	With Ford Sterling, Lois Wilson, Louise Brooks and George Kelly	Malcolm St. Clair	
FASCINATING YOUTH	With Paramount Junior Stars.	Sam Wood	
Sinclair Lewis' MANTRAP	Clara Bow, Ernest Torrence and Percy Marmont.	Victor Fleming	
THE CAMPUS FLIRT	Starring BEBE DANIELS.	Clarence Badger	
TIN GODS	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. With Aileen Pringle and Renee Adoree	Allan Dwan	
NELL GWYN	Starring DOROTHY GISH.	Herbert Wilcox	
VARIETY	With Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti.	E. A. Dupont	
DIPLOMACY	With Blanche Sweet, Neil Hamilton, Arlette Marchal, Matt Moore and all-star cast	Marshall Neilan	
YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Lowell Sherman and Clive Brook	William Wellman	
HOLD THAT LION	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN.	William Beaudine	
Zane Grey's FORLORN RIVER	With Jack Holt, Raymond Hatton, Arlette Marchal and Edmund Burns	John Waters	
Florenz Ziegfeld's KID BOOTS	Starring EDDIE CANTOR. With Clara Bow, Billie Dove and Lawrence Gray	Frank Tuttle	
THE GREAT GATSBY	With Warner Baxter, Neil Hamilton, William Powell, Georgia Hale and Lois Wilson	Herbert Brenon	
YOU'D BE SURPRISED	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH.	Arthur Rosson	
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN	Starring W. C. FIELDS. With Alice Joyce and Charles Rogers	Gregory La Cava	
THE EAGLE OF THE SEA	With Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez	Frank Lloyd	

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., NEW YORK

Harold Lloyd

in a New Comedy Watch For the Title

IMAGINE Harold with a gun and a sheriff's badge and a feud on his hands! When his Father goes away Harold plays sheriff but when Dad comes back he makes him go through with it! The dreamy country boy makes good, but not until he's given you more laughs than you can ever remember. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. Directed by Lewis Milestone and Ted Wilde. Coming soon.

Richard Dix in The Quarterback

College Comedy-Drama

THE laughs that start when you see Dix as a raw, ungainly "freshie" turn to cheers when you see him win the big game, and the beautiful blonde belle of the campus, Esther Ralston. Two football games—one of the gay '90s and one of today—with real all-star elevens coached by "Hurry-Up" Yost of Michigan—as exciting as the real thing. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.

A Finer Chassis and

Standard Equipment Includes:
Combination Stop and Tail Light, Automatic Windshield Cleaner, Transmission Lock (built-in), Rear View Mirror, Radiator Shutters, Moto-Meter

"A 30 MINUTE

a Body of Steel
as Rigid as a Steel Building

The New ESSEX "6" COACH

Admiration everywhere is heard for the New Essex "6" Coach. Its lustrous beauty and rigid steel body are in themselves worthy the greatest praise. But a ride is a revelation. No light car can approach it. It gives a feeling like riding in a limited train. No car regardless of cost is easier riding.

However beautiful a car may be, however attractive its color and trimming, such details in themselves do not constitute the most important quality. It is the Essex chassis that gives it greatest superiority. Its motor, built under exclusive patents, delivers the smooth, powerful and reliable performance for which the Super-Six is so famous. Every mechanical detail is the development and perfection of more than three years and the production of more than 900,000 cars built on the Super-Six principle.

Essex is economical in fuel and oil. It gives enduring and brilliant service. Easily made adjustments take care of wear. Provision is made for keeping the motor oil clean and cool, and for gasoline straining, etc.

Rumbles and rattles are absent. The chassis is well proportioned in every detail to assure long, hard and constantly satisfactory service. You can drive at top speed for hours. Essex will not shimmy—It is safe always. Its motor will stand up under hard usage. Such qualities are not expected in cars of its price. Six cylinders, even those that do not have the Super-Six advantage, cost more.

RIDE WILL WIN YOU"

The giant fingers of a massive overhead crane manipulate 4250-pound ingots of glowing steel above the fiery mouths of the re-heating furnaces in the Timken steel mill

Durability Where Your Car Needs it Most

You would hardly think of buying a car or truck without testing its performance. How you would appreciate a way to test the *permanence* of that performance. You can tell much from the presence of Timken Bearings.

The *material*—Timken electric steel—is the most enduring steel for carrying motion. It is made in the Timken steel mill—with the world's largest output of electric steel.

The *design*—tapered *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*—gives greater thrust and radial capacity, crowds friction to the vanishing point, saves power, and conquers wear.

Supreme in both material and design, it is little wonder that Timken Tapered Roller Bearings are dominating industry—standard in all types of industrial machinery and in 91% of the motor vehicles made in America.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

(Continued from Page 82)

She had drawn her knees up as a rest for her chin, arms twined about her legs, and sat there gazing before her into the darkness. The resentment she had stirred in him faded away and he watched her with a feeling of amused tenderness.

"We'll talk it over when I get back."

"And you don't need any money now, for the turbine?"

"No, not now."

She slipped back into the pool.

Benson jerked the blocks from the Hornet's wheels, swung aboard and the plane lumbered down the field, took off.

Some industrious person, perhaps a pilot trying to fill the long hours spent in a hospital bed, has figured that four thousand, eight hundred and sixty-one different things may happen to put an unexpected end to an aeroplane's flight. One of those things happened to the Hornet—the magneto drive shaft snapped and the motor stopped as if the switch had been cut. The plane was scarcely thirty feet from the ground. No chance to turn with a dead motor and reenter the field—a maneuver which has killed more pilots than any other. Andy put the Hornet's nose down toward a stone patch.

"Going to smash!" he yelled.

He brought the plane into flying level ten feet over the ground, stalled it a little, eased off and let it come down flat in a pancake landing. A wheel gave way and the landing gear crumpled. The fabric of the left wing ripped upon some rocks and the Hornet became inert.

Andy and Benson hopped out, cursing, and inspected the damage.

"Not so bad," growled Andy. "Just the landing gear washed out. Pretty lucky."

"I'll say so! Another thirty seconds and we'd have been playing birdie in them trees."

"There's a 7:10 train for New York. I'll hop that. Get Morrison on the phone and order what you need. Mike can come out with the stuff and help you. I'll be back in a couple of days. Got to beat it." He departed on a jog trot for the garage.

Morrison, already informed of the accident by telephone, greeted him philosophically. "Glad you didn't wash the whole ship out," he said.

"Lucky I didn't. It was a tight pinch." He grinned. "Is that good-for-nothing Eleven ready?"

"Yes. You might hop over to Burnt Rock and get a line on what they want you to do. There'll be six ships on the line for you to test this afternoon."

"I want the best Seven for Ann Paton."

"Buy it?"

"Yep."

"Good boy! Been having a nice time?"

"Yep. Don't know how I'll ever fit into the rough life of a flying field again."

"Say, Andy, the Copper National is sending a man out here to talk business. What do you make of that?"

Andy scratched his head thoughtfully and frowned. "I know all about it," he said. "Ann Paton's got an idea she wants to be in the game. She's got about half the money in the world, and the company needs money, but ——" he paused.

"That's just it. But! Not a chance! She'd turn her investment over to the Copper National to manage and then we'd have a bunch of bankers telling us how to fly. Tell me some more funny stories!"

"No, she'd want me to handle her share."

"Oh!" said Morrison. "So that's it! Ah-ha!" Andy reddened slightly. "And well may you blush!"

"Don't be an idiot!" snapped Andy. He turned away and started toward the hangars with Morrison's sardonic "Ho-ho!" floating after him.

Ann Paton took up the letters which had been brought upon her breakfast tray and glanced over the envelopes hurriedly. Still no word from Andy, and he had been away three days. In exasperation she threw the letters upon the bed and scowled at them; then she selected one, which she knew came from her banker, and slit the envelope. The letter informed her that no shares of the M. P. T. Aircraft Corporation were for sale.

"Oh!" she breathed, expression thunderous. Her maid asked if anything were wrong. "Yes!" answered Ann. "Go away!" She sat bolt upright in bed, glaring out of the windows at the placid summer morning, and told herself that the letter meant, simply, that Andy had advised Morrison against letting her buy an interest in the company. It was disloyal of him, spiteful! Her mind raced through a plan of closing The Crest and going to Europe without so much as a word to him, but she came up against the inalterable fact that she didn't want to go to Europe.

At last, hot and thoroughly disturbed, she went into her bath and let a cold spray beat against her body. By the time she was dry again and in her negligee, the tea was cold and acrid. She rang for more—and in a hurry—and sat down before the window. Finally, just as she was expecting fresh tea, there was a rap upon the door and Mrs. Hoyt entered. Ann didn't want to see her.

"Ann, dear," began her duenna, "I hope you won't be too upset, but ——"

Instead of finishing the sentence, she held out a copy of The Times and pointed to a headline. Ann's eyes took in the words and she gasped:

TORREY, CUP WINNER,
HURT IN AIR CRASH

The story read:

Burnt Rock, August 21.—While deliberately wrecking his plane as a motion-picture stunt, Andrew Torrey, winner of last year's Patterson Cup and Chief Pilot of the M. P. T. Aircraft Corporation, was painfully injured here yesterday afternoon. Doctors attending him at the local hospital said last night that his recovery is assured if no internal injuries develop.

Torrey was completing the sequence of a picture story which called for the wrecking of his plane, and spun close to earth before a battery of cameras. At the first touch of his wheels upon the ground the landing carriage gave way, throwing the plane upon its left wing and whipping it over in a gigantic cart wheel. Members of the picture company, astounded at the unexpected reality of the wreck, failed to realize at first that the pilot had been injured.

When released from the wreckage, Torrey, who was counted among the aces in the Great War, was unconscious . . . right arm, collar bone and three ribs broken, besides numerous cuts and bruises about the head and shoulders . . . explained later that the landing carriage had proved unexpectedly weak . . . appeared relieved that the wreck had been a success and laughed as he got a glimpse of it while being lifted into the ambulance. . . .

Ann had grown pale and the paper fluttered in her hands. "Yes," she said, voice hollow, "Andy said he was going to do some stunt for the movies. Tough luck. I—I'd better be getting dressed."

She managed to get Mrs. Hoyt out of the room and stood there for a moment, knees wabbly. She rang for her maid.

"Get Benson up here," she ordered.

"He and the other man went fishing on the lake early this morning," answered the woman. "I saw them go. They said the plane was all repaired and they borrowed the station wagon."

"Then get Pertsch! In a hurry!"

Ann was in her flying clothes by the time the chauffeur arrived. She turned upon him.

"Pertsch, you've got to get the Hornet started! You've got to! Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Paton. I think I can. Mr. Torrey showed me the other day. It's sort of a trick. But ——"

"Come on, then!"

They ran across the lawn toward the landing field. Ann felt her knees still wabbling, and she remembered that she had eaten no breakfast. She tried to tell herself that the faintness would pass away. Her hands shook as she took up the squirt gun to inject gasoline into the exhaust as Pertsch drew the propeller backward. Then she scrambled up to the cockpit.

The chauffeur looked at her beseechingly. "Miss Paton, honest, I don't think you ought to!"

"Swing it over!" ordered Ann.

Reluctantly he backed away, took a flying leap at the propeller blade, as Andy had taught him to do, and put his whole weight and strength into it. The blade swung over obediently, but the engine did not start. Ann, in a panic, discovered that she hadn't thrown the switch. She put it on contact.

"Again!" she called.

Once more Pertsch backed away and jumped for the propeller. The engine took. It roared demoniacally. Ann had never realized quite how much noise that motor could make. Her heart was pumping furiously; it was like a trout leaping inside her. And she felt weak. Pertsch's eyes seemed to be staring at her out of a great opalescent mist. Then she thought of Andy.

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Ann put her hand out and felt numbly for the switch, pulled it. The engine stopped.

"Pertsch, I can't," she said weakly. "I can't do it." She started to get out of the plane and he grabbed her to keep her from falling. "I guess I've lost my nerve," she said with a flat, nervous little laugh.

"You better sit down."

"I'm all right. Come on. We'll make it in the car—to Burnt Rock, Long Island."

"Andy, why did you take a chance like that?"

Ann, tired and hot, face dusty from the long ride, sat crumpled beside the bed. Andy, a considerable part of his face hidden in bandages and much of him in plaster cast, took a comforting puff of a cigarette.

"I needed another thousand for the turbine," he answered.

"Andy!" she exclaimed. "After I'd told you I'd love to let you have all the money you could possibly need! To do that! For a thousand dollars!"

"I can earn my own money," he replied. "I have ever since I was fifteen. The aeroturbine is mine, and any money that goes into it is going to be mine too."

Her voice rose in protest. "But that's silly! It's—it's cruel! When I have so much, and you need it and ——" Her voice broke and she sat there, abjectly miserable, looking at him.

He remained silent for a moment. "Ann," he said, "there are lots of things in the world you can't buy. You can't buy George Morrison's pride in Umpty. You can't buy my freedom to go along in my own way and work as I see fit. When people create something, build something, it means a lot more than just the money in it. Money doesn't make much difference. There's something else, and it can't be bought and sold. Don't you understand that?"

Her eyes were downcast and her chin trembled slightly. "I suppose so," she said in a dull voice. She rested her elbows upon the bed, put her chin in her hands and gazed morosely at the gray wall. "Andy, I tried to take the Hornet again, when I heard that you'd been hurt. I wanted to get here just as soon as I could."

He stared at her, dumfounded. Her eyes refused to meet his.

"Pertsch got it started," she went on unemotionally, "but I lost my nerve. I couldn't do it! I—I was afraid. And I'm horribly afraid about everything. I mean about life. I don't know what to do and I haven't got anything that's worth having and——" She ended in a little wail, her head went down upon the bed and was buried in her arms. Andy took one of her limp hands in his, pressed it.

"Andy," she said at last, in a voice of tragedy, "if I promise never to do things you tell me not to do, can't we go on being friends? Very close friends? Will you forgive me?"

"Of course we're going to be friends! Ann 'n' Andy!"

Her hand squeezed his. "I'll be ever so good!" she exclaimed.

He chuckled deeply and winced as the chuckle beat against broken ribs.

"Ann, dear," he said, very tenderly, "first of all promise me that you won't try to be too good. You couldn't stand it. Neither could I. It wouldn't be Ann."

"You pay for a Twinplex every year, why not have one?"

"How do I pay for one?"

"If you are like most men, you buy four or five packages of blades a year."

"I guess I do."

"At the end of the year you have nothing to show for it, have you?"

"No."

"If instead you would buy one package of blades and a Twinplex Stropper, you would spend about the same amount the first year, but you would still have your Twinplex which is good for at least ten years' service."

"How about the shaves?"

"Wonderful—Your package of blades will give you a year of the finest shaving you ever had."

"Better shaves at a quarter the cost. Sounds like a good investment."

"It surely is. Once you have a Twinplex you stop paying for one. Every year thereafter you save in cash the cost of a Twinplex."

"Not much argument to that. Can you prove it?"

"Will be delighted to. I'll sell you this Twinplex on thirty days' trial. At the end of thirty days you will know how many more shaves you get from one blade and how much better they are. If I'm not right, bring it back and get your money."

"All right, wrap it up."

Any Twinplex dealer will sell you a Twinplex on those terms, or if you prefer to test Twinplex before buying, he will gladly strop one of your own new blades, free. If this isn't convenient for you, send 10¢, name your razor, and we will send you a new blade stropped on Twinplex and a ten shave sample of the new Twinplex Shaving Cream—the cream with antiseptic qualities. It's delightful.

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WINNERS of the Twinplex "What's His Name?" Contest will be announced in The Saturday Evening Post of Jan. 8, 1927

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The Proof of the Iron is What it Does

It balances perfectly. This means easier and better ironing—no drag. It has a comfortable handle—can be clasped firmly—no effort.

Surface is like plate-glass—insuring smooth ironing—and the slender, pointed tip is just right for ruffles, laces, and the more delicate pieces.

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Hundreds of words couldn't tell you how good this iron really is. There's only one way to know, and that is to test it yourself.

Attach this iron—let it heat for a few minutes—set it on a piece of white paper, and see the brown impression. Notice that the tip is browner than any other section. That means the tip of the iron is hotter!—this distribution of heat means perfect ironing.

Every woman knows that good ironing is difficult unless the tip—which meets the damp, cool cloth first—is hotter than the rest of the iron.

We want you to make this test of the new Star-Rite Iron, and see how good it is. It's an iron you'd gladly pay more for—but you don't have to. The Star-Rite is complete for service at $3.95.

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THE MAD LOVER

(Continued from Page 33)

round in a wheel, till he runs down and leaves his money to found a lot of schools which will go on preaching the same old bunk that made a squirrel out of him."

"Sonia, you know you'd hate to have to make your own clothes or dig your own potatoes," remarked Gerald. "Somebody must work."

"But we don't have to. That's our luck. We are free to enjoy life. Why not do it?"

"But do we enjoy ourselves—really?"

"You certainly are in a high and holy mood tonight, Jerry Shannon. Of course we have good times. We know how."

"But, Sonia, don't you ever feel—well, sort of unnecessary and futile? It seems to me that lately I've spent a lot of time getting blurry with liquor so I won't have to think about things."

"A sound scheme, if you ask me," said Sonia Brotherton. "But you don't need to be an ostrich and hide your head in the sand, Jerry. You can face yourself better than most men."

"Do you really think so, Sonia?"

"I do," she said. "I think you're a strong man, Jerry. You need to grow up a little, that's all, and learn not to let people put foolish notions in your head. It was some woman, I'll bet, who got you in this state. She just didn't know you."

"Do you think you do?"

"I think I do, Jerry," Sonia said, and smiled at him.

"Sonia," he said, "you are beautiful, when you smile like that, with the light on your hair." He came toward her. "You're an entirely lovely creature," he said. Her eyes encouraged him. He bent and kissed her lips and found them warm and unresisting. "I love you, Sonia," he whispered. He held her close. "I've found you," he said. "Tonight—for the first time. I want you to believe in me, Sonia. I'll try to be strong for your sake. And I want you to love me."

Her answer was to hold her lips again to his. "Now you know," she murmured.

"I wish," he said, "that we could always be happy—like this."

"Oh, Jerry, if we only could!"

"We can. We must be together, loving each other always," he said. "Tell me you want to do that, Sonia dearest."

"I do," she breathed.

"You angel!" He kissed her. "Look here," he exclaimed, "I've a gigantic thought. Let's go way together, you and I, tonight—now. My car's outside."

"I'm glad you want to," Sonia smiled. "So do I. But we must be sensible."

"We could dig up somebody who'd marry us," he said. She shook her head. "Why don't you, Sonia?" he asked.

"You'll think I'm a romantic fool," she replied, "but don't you see, dear, love and all that goes with it is the most important part of a woman's life? Jerry, I'd like a wedding, a real one, with orange blossoms and all the rest."

"My darling! How beautiful you'll look in white."

"Then you're not cross with me?"

"How could I be? But, dearest, you mustn't ask me to wait long."

"Three weeks."

"They would be endless. One week."

"But, dear, my clothes—they'll take time."

"One week," he repeated firmly.

"I suppose," she said, "I could wait till we got to Paris to get the rest of my trousseau."

He became suddenly grave. "Sonia dearest," he said, "I'm afraid we won't be going to Paris."

"But it would be so wonderful. Think of it—Paris, the Riviera, Venice, and on our honeymoon!"

"Yes, it would be heavenly. But ——"

"What is it, Jerry?"

"Sonia, I'm afraid I proposed to you under false pretenses."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"First, let me ask you again: You believe in me, don't you?"

"Of course, dear."

"And you want me to be a strong man?"

"You are one."

"I mean, you'd like to see me—well, do something?"

"Do something?"

"I mean," he said, "something that will make you proud of me."

"I am proud of you, darling."

"I want to give you some real reason for being."

"How do you mean?"

"Sonia, I hope with all my heart you'll see this thing the way I do. You said a little while ago I should grow up. I want to. I'm going to stop being a perennial playboy and try to do some sort of real work."

She frowned ever so slightly. "That idea again?" she said. "But I thought we'd settled that. Your life is running smoothly. Why tamper with it?"

"That's just it," he said. "It runs too smoothly. No contrasts. A silly, futile sort of life, that's what we'd drift into. It would be dangerous."

"How so?"

"Sonia, you know what happens when a couple has too much money and no work to do. The marriage is apt to go to pieces. No real interests. No solid basis."

"Jerry, you read that somewhere," she said. "It sounds like a bright bit from a book called Advice to a Young Couple About to Enter into Holy Wedlock."

"It's sense, wherever it came from," he retorted. "Look at some of the couples we know. Look at the Dudleys, the Carstairs, the Rickards, the ——"

"You've given enough horrible examples," she interrupted. "But we need not be like them, Jerry."

"We're not so different from them," he said. "We'd be living the same sort of life—gin and parties and a lot of time on our hands; and then, mostly because we'd be bored, cheap love affairs and scandal and a mess all round."

"What an optimistic lover you are! And so flattering too!"

"Please don't get sore, Sonia. You said we must be sensible. I'm trying to be. We don't want to take any chance with anything that might hurt our love, do we?"

"Of course not. But I still don't see what you want to do."

"I want our marriage to be a partnership," he said.

"So do I."

"Fifty-fifty."

"Absolutely!"

"Good! You're going to be with me, helping me, no matter how hard it is."

"Why should it be hard?" she asked.

"We may be rather poor at first," he said. "But we won't be always, I hope."

"Poor? Jerry, you haven't quarreled with your father?"

"No."

"Then why do you talk of being poor? You don't mean that you think your father will disinherit you for marrying me?"

"Certainly not, Sonia."

"Then what do you mean?"

"Simply this," he answered: "You can call me foolish or impulsive, if you will, but I know I'm doing the right thing for our happiness. I haven't thought about it very long, I admit, but it's hit me so hard, I'm sure I'm right."

"What?"

"Sonia, I'm going to work—on my own."

She stared at him; a ripple of concern crossed her brow. "Doing what?" she inquired. *(Continued on Page 90)*

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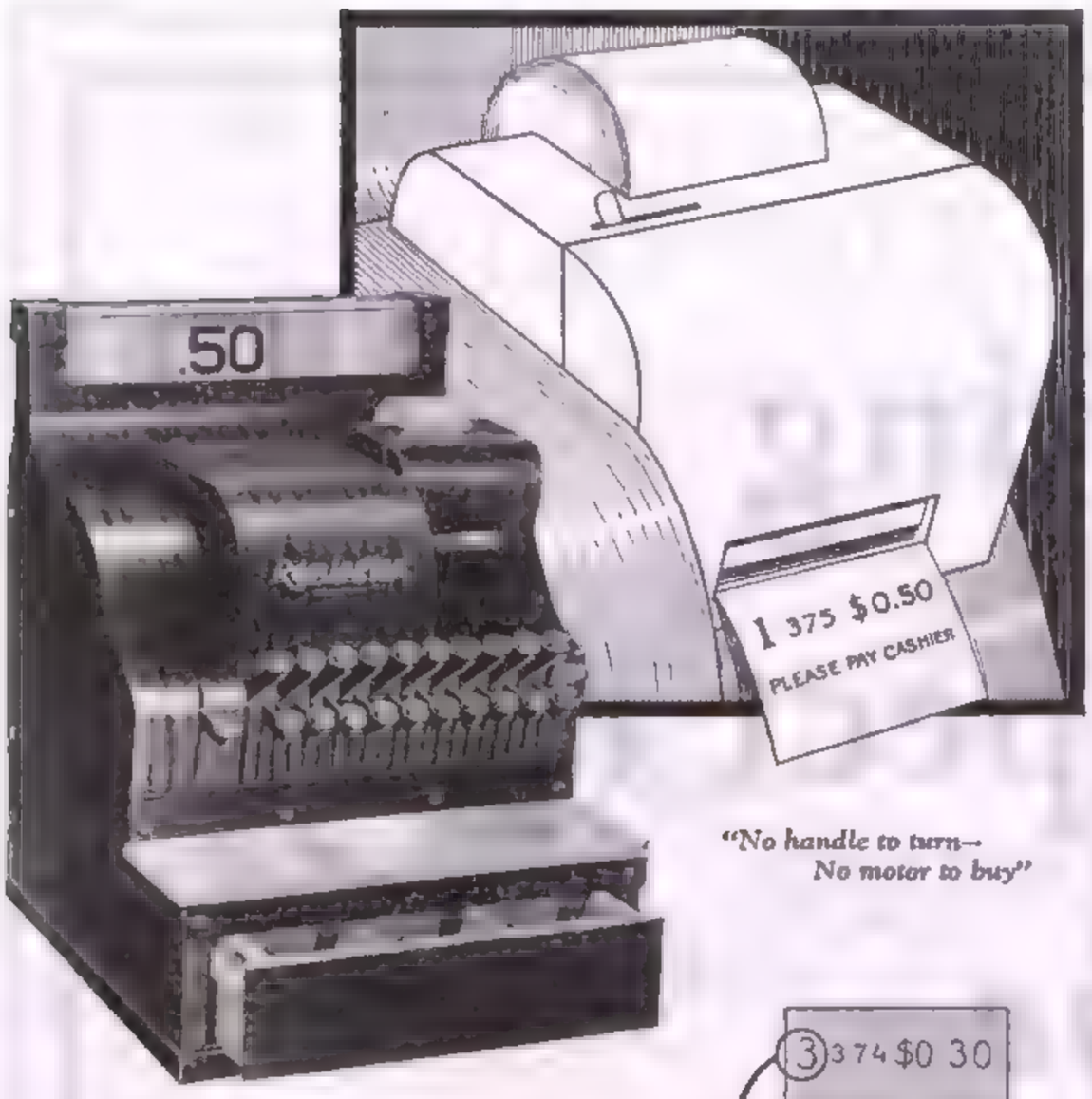

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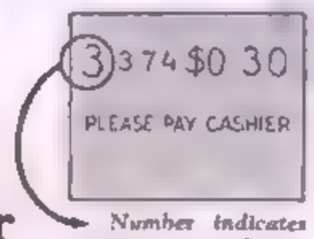

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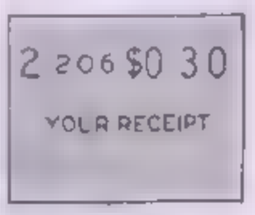

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cash registers

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(Continued from Page 88)

"Real work."

"In your father's company?"

He shook his head. "No," he said. "I want to stand on my own feet. That's the only way for me. I've been a professional son all my life, living off my father. Yes, that's what it has amounted to. If I went in with him, I'd still be just a son, coddled along; I'd be just playing at working. You know, I hate halfway measures, Sonia. I want to make my own way, in my own way."

"But, Jerry, what could you do? Sell bonds?"

"No; that doesn't interest me. I want to be a builder."

"Of what?"

"Anything—everything," he said, with growing excitement. "Listen, Sonia. We're going to have a fine adventure, you and I. I'm beginning to see the details now. I had a letter from a man on the Coast who says there's a building boom on out there now. It's a great field. We'll go there and ——"

"But we don't know anyone there," she said.

"All the better. We'll soon make friends. Don't you see, dearest, we'll be pioneers, in a way? We'll make our own friends and our own life."

She pursed her lips. "Jerry," she said, "I'm afraid your enthusiasm has run away with you."

"But, darling, don't you see it?"

"I'm afraid not. I don't believe you've really considered it. Frankly, Jerry, it sounds like a rather wild and impractical notion."

"It's not," he returned. "It's a big one. We love each other, and we'd work together. We could build up a real life, and be ever so much happier than if we stayed in Branton and frittered away our lives on booze and balls and things we really didn't care anything about."

She sat studying his face. "Do you really mean you want to do this, Jerry?" she said.

"I do, Sonia—with all my heart, I do. I know it will be best for us and our love. We must do it."

"But, Jerry, we're not fitted for that sort of life, either of us."

"We're not so old we can't adapt ourselves to it," he said, with a smile. "If we're strong, we'll come through."

"It's mighty pleasant here in Branton."

"We would never be free in Branton. We'd slip back into the old life in no time. You know that."

"The old life is pretty good."

"The new life will be better. You'll see," he said. "We'll be doing something—together, Sonia ——"

"Yes, dear?"

"I said I'd proposed to you under false pretenses. I should have told you all this first, but—well, you're so beautiful and wonderful and I love you so much, I just rushed into the middle of things. But now you know what I want to do, what I feel I must do. I'll ask you all over again. Will you marry me and come with me?"

She looked at him a long time through half-shut eyes. "I want you to do what you think will make you happy," she said.

"I knew it!" he cried. "I knew it!" And he crushed her in his arms. "Oh, Sonia, my dearest love, I knew I could count on your understanding. We'll be so happy."

"I hope so, Jerry. Now I think you'd better go home. Tomorrow we can make plans."

"It will be a year till tomorrow," he said. "Must I go already?"

She smiled. "Yes." She kissed him. He pressed her to him. "Good night, Jerry dear."

"Good night, my own Sonia."

Gerald Shannon drove back to his apartment at a pace which, for him, was slow. He was in a state of exalted bewilderment. He could feel Sonia's lips still, like warm silk, against his. It was instinct that had taken him to her that night, and he knew now, he told himself, that the instinct was a right one. Sonia was wonderful. She understood him, loved him. All the pain of his meeting with Irene was gone now; even the memory of it seemed dim, as if it had happened a long time ago. He pushed the memory out of his mind; he had no time for memories now. A gate was opening ahead of him; he must make ready to enter it.

He reached his apartment. From the low, sad sounds which issued from Hondo's room, Gerald deduced that Hondo was still up, and was softly and diligently practicing his flute lesson.

He called Hondo.

"Yiss, Mis' Boss?"

"Call me early, Hondo, for I'm to be queen of the May."

Hondo, the imperturbable, bowed. "Yiss, Mis' Boss. Ten 'clock?"

"No; very early—say, half-past eight."

"Yiss, Mis' Boss," said Hondo, and by the barest flicker of an eyebrow betrayed surprise.

"Hondo," said Gerald, "did it ever occur to you that this is a funny world?"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"That man, the *genus homo*, is often something of a cuckoo?"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"Did you ever speculate on how inscrutable and unfathomable is the awful and mysterious chemistry of love?"

"I dunno, Mis' Boss."

"Did it ever occur to you that I am a most peculiar man?"

Hondo inclined a grinning head. "Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"I'm in no position to deny it," said Gerald Shannon. "Does it not strike you, Hondo, that only a highly peculiar man, indeed, could start out of an evening to become engaged to one lady and come home engaged to an entirely different one? I ask you now, should such a man be permitted to be at large, or should he be confined in an institution with padded walls, or what should be done with him?"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"Be sure to call me at half-past eight, Hondo. I've a large and festive day ahead of me."

"Yiss, Mis' Boss. What you like for breakfast?"

"You may serve me," said Gerald, "creamed rosebuds on toast and poached cherub wings. Good night, Hondo."

He vanished into his bedroom. Hondo went out to the kitchen, took down his fattest cookbook and began studiously to pore over its pages.

Mr. Thomas Waterlow had as nice a taste in dogs as he had in cravats. He kept abreast of the canine mode, and he would just as soon have appeared on the streets of Branton at high noon in a dinner jacket and a red tie as with an unfashionable dog. If pugs were the fashion, he had pugs. If Poms, Poms.

When New York society leaders placed their *cachet* on large, leggy, caterpillar-faced objects called Schnauser-Pinschers, Tommy Waterlow ordered one by wire, at once, and felt quite uncomfortable until it arrived. It arrived that morning, and Tommy Waterlow broke a habit of many years' standing and rose before nine to motor to the station to get the animal in person. So proud was he of his new possession that he strolled over to Sonia Brotherton's house to exhibit it. There was only a chance that Mrs. Brotherton would be awake so early, but Tommy manfully took it.

She, surprisingly, was awake and having her breakfast. "'Morning, Tommy. I just phoned you."

"Really? Well, here I am, bright, gay and at your service."

"Tommy, I've news for you."

"But, Sonia," he said, "aren't you going to notice Baden-Baden?"

"Oh, the hound? Yes. Very comical. But let me tell you the news."

"There's news every day," Tommy said, "but the first Schnauser-Pinscher in Branton is an epoch-making event."

(Continued on Page 92)

Eyes on the rails, testing hammer in hand, the track walker by day inspects the railroad's right of way and makes minor repairs. At night his task requires even more skill. His patrol is then reduced in length, the number of his tours is increased, and all his attention is concentrated on safeguarding the long trains that rush by in the darkness.

SENTRIES who guard a front 11,000 miles long

YOU HAVE probably never noticed him, even though you have traveled many thousands of miles by rail.

Or if your eye has been caught by the glow of his lantern, dwindling rapidly as you whirled on into the night, you have probably not known why he was there, plodding steadily down the ties with his gaze fixed on the gleaming rails.

But within a short interval of time before your train speeds over any individual rail on the Pennsylvania main lines, one of this army of two thousand watchers has examined with practised eye that rail, its joints, and the foundation that holds it.

Day and night, in baking heat or driving blizzard, more than 2000 Trained Men patrol the Pennsylvania's right of way

The track walker is the outpost of an army of 200,000 Pennsylvania men whose job it is to speed the flow of the nation's traffic, and keep it safe and on time.

HIS guardianship is duplicated and supplemented by every practicable safety device: automatic signals at frequent intervals that work with uncanny accuracy and dependability; two, four, six, even eight tracks at points of intense activity; watchers in a thousand signal towers who constantly direct the course of each train as it speeds over the road.

IN this way is safeguarded the passage of 3800 passenger trains each day—from the famous Broadway Limited to the modest little accommodation chugging up through the mountains—carrying every year a number of passengers larger than the total population of the North American Continent—carrying them with remarkable safety and regularity.

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(Continued from Page 90)

"The beast can wait," said Sonia. "There isn't news like mine every day, Tommy Waterlow."

"Uncork it," he said. "But, mind you, it must be good news. A jolly scandal, for choice."

"Gerald and I are engaged," said Sonia.

Tommy Waterlow gave out an exclamation of dismay. "That ruins my day," he said. Then added, "Oh, I suppose it was inevitable, and I congratulate you and Jerry, and wish you long life and happiness and this, that and the other. But it means that poor old Tommy gets his heart broken once more."

"Tommy, I'm touched," said Sonia, nibbling toast, "but I've an idea you'll recover. If you have a heart at all, it's been broken so often it must look like crackleware."

"I suppose," said Tommy mournfully, "I'll have to be best man and stand around looking as pleased as a cat at a rats' picnic, while the lucky Shannon leads you to the altar. Well, if I must, I must, but I'll get royally broiled at the wedding breakfast, I promise you that."

"You always do," said Sonia.

"I'll outdo myself," said Tommy. "Oh, well, life is always turning to cold tripe and horse-radish on me."

"Poor Tommy. Have a cup of coffee?"

"Yes; with a touch of carbolic and two lumps of arsenic."

"Sorry, but I've only cream and sugar."

"Very well. Thanks." He sipped the coffee. "I'll say this," he remarked: "it's a high-class egg you've landed, Sonia."

She raised her slender eyebrows. "'Landed' is hardly a tactful word, Tommy."

"Sorry. This is tactless Thursday. . . . When does the gladsome event take place?"

"In about a week."

"With all the trimmings?"

"Every last trimming."

"I'll give you Baden-Baden for a wedding present. He's a one-man dog, but from the way he nipped me just now, I'm not the man. You shall have him, to remind you of me."

"Thank you, Tommy. You're a darling. But I couldn't take the creature. Give me a couple of cases of canned beans instead. We won't be able to feed the lovely brute."

"What?"

"Can't afford such luxuries," she said.

"Dear me, Sonia," Tommy said, "has the old man gone bankrupt?"

"No, it isn't quite so bad as that. It's Jerry. He's planning to turn useful on me. Talks of love in a cottage, with him laying bricks and me baking pies."

"Was he tight?"

"Not a bit. He meant it."

Tommy laughed. "Jerry gets that way once in a while," he said. "Boils up with sudden alarming enthusiasms, but simmers down in no time. If he ever does any more work than squirting Seltzer into a tall glass, you may safely call me a porcupine."

"Do you really think that, Tommy?" Sonia Brotherton asked.

"Know it, my dear lady. Don't you worry. I know him—and I know you."

"What have I to do with it?"

"I venture to predict," said Tommy, "that you'll have a very great deal to do with it. Those little hands of yours look soft, but I've a sneaking theory they know how to twist a man the way you want him to go."

"Tommy, you're positively brutal!"

"Oh, dear," sighed Tommy, "women are always mistaking candor for brutality. Forgive me if I seem to sound like the scorned suitor getting in a few last dirty digs. I really have a most kindly feeling toward you, Sonia, even though you appear to prefer this wild Irishman to me. I know you're a smart woman—a lot smarter, if I may say so, than the excellent fellow who is shortly to become your spouse. He'll end by doing exactly what you want him to do, mark my words. You'll never have to touch off a single pie, and you'll soon persuade him out of his present passion for honest toil, or whatever it is that ails him. Just what does he want to do anyhow?"

"Go West," she answered—"to some perfectly poisonous place. To start a career for himself. Of course I said I'd go."

"Of course you would," said Tommy. "What else could you say? Still, even if you do go you could stand it for a time. They probably have at least one good country club and half a dozen civilized people out there. You'd be the queen of the place in a year and fling some parties that will have the natives pale and gasping."

"What with?"

"Charm and coin."

"You don't grasp the idea, Tommy. Jerry is fearfully earnest about this. At least he was last night. No halfway measures for him, said he. He talks of starting at scratch—pioneer stuff—with life in a three-dollar bungalow apron for Sonia."

Tommy grinned all over his rotund face. "I'll bet Baden-Baden against a deceased alley cat you'll make Jerry listen to reason," he said. "I can't understand, though, why you ever agreed to any such astounding scheme."

"Tommy," said Sonia. "I don't believe you ever were really in love."

"Young woman, I invented the pastime," he said. "Wish I had had it patented. Smart people know how to carry their love. So please don't try to bamboozle the ancient and canny Thomas."

"What do you mean?" She said it sharply.

"I mean, my charming Sonia, that I think it is not unlikely that you had your fingers crossed." Her look made him add hastily, "Subconsciously, of course—subconsciously. And I, for one, don't blame you."

"Tommy," she said icily, "you are being extremely unpleasant. If you don't stop it, you can take that hound and yourself out of here."

"Please don't have a tantrum, Sonia," he said. "I'm entirely in sympathy with you, believe me. Branton would be a desert of ashes and old razor blades without you. We'd miss Jerry too. You and he are its chief ornaments, and I hope will continue to be. In fact, I'm sure you will."

"Why are you sure?"

"I know Jerry. It seems to me I've made that remark before. He's a champagne man."

"What do you mean?"

"Shake him up and pull out the cork and wo-o-oah—he shoots up to the ceiling; but let him stand a while and he quiets down. You'll know how to handle him."

"Thank you."

"Oh, you'll have a job doing it. He'll get this bug—or some other one—every now and then. He'll need the touch of a woman's hand to keep him from trying to fly to the moon to see if it's really made of Gorgonzola. But you know your world, Sonia, and you'll see to it that he does the sane and proper thing."

She poured herself a fresh cup of coffee. "Do you know, Tommy," she said, "you've a lot more sense than a casual observer might think."

"Many thanks. That delicate bit of flattery will help me to get through the day. Now I must take man's best friend and be on my way."

She gave him an affectionate pat on the arm. "Let's always be good friends, Tommy," she said.

"By all means. Come, Baden-Baden." He paused a moment at the door. "Shall I keep it a secret," he asked, "or may I tell the world?"

"You'll tell anyhow," laughed Sonia.

"How well we understand each other," said Tommy Waterlow, and sauntered out and down the street to show his new dog to the Talbot girl, and to tell her his news.

Gerald Shannon woke that morning at 8:30. Hondo knocked at his door. Gerald bounded out of bed.

(Continued on Page 94)

NOT ONE AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO ~ NOT ONE

Three extra years to use or sell *that cost you nothing*

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(Continued from Page 92)

"I could not cookem dish you asked for," said Hondo sadly. "So I fixem bacon-eggs."

"Splendid," said Gerald. "We'll have the poached cherub wings another time. Great day, isn't it?"

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"Have we a covey of wildcats in the larder?"

"No, Mis' Boss."

"Too bad. I could lick 'em this morning. That's how I feel. And I didn't get to sleep till after three either. Bring on the coffee, Hondo."

He had, indeed, lain awake for hours. He'd been thinking, planning. "Get Mrs. Brotherton on the telephone," he directed.

"Yiss, Mis' Boss."

"No, don't do that. She won't be awake yet. Instead, trot round to the florist and have him send some flowers to her."

"Yiss, Mis' Boss. What kind flowers? Gellaniums?"

"No, not geraniums—orchids."

"Yiss, Mis' Boss. How many?"

"Oh, a hundred dollars' worth."

"Yiss, Mis' Boss. I go."

"Wait. I've changed my mind. Have him send her a bunch of violets—a small bunch."

"Yiss, Mis' Boss," said Hondo, bowing himself out.

He called up Harry Carstairs. "Morning, Harry. This is Jerry. How are you?"

Mr. Carstairs answered "Rotten," and went into detail. His head, he asserted, was as big as a prize pumpkin and was full of surly wasps. He was sure his tongue had turned to chinchilla during the night. He hoped, he said, that it would be a lesson to him not to mix Alexander cream cocktails and untamed applejack. He finished by asking Gerald what the devil he meant by ringing a man up at daybreak.

"It's after nine, Harry," said Gerald. "I want to talk business with you, and it can't wait. You made me an offer for my polo ponies last week. Do you still want them?"

"Yes. The whole string?"

"Right! Sold!"

"What's up, Jerry? Getting a new lot?"

"No. Go back to sleep. Good-by."

He dressed and set forth. He moved briskly, with the air of a man of affairs. He nodded and smiled to most passers-by, whether he knew them or not, and to all policemen. He was thinking to himself that his life was taking shape at last, and he was well pleased.

When he looked in at his father's office in the Shannon Building, a secretary there told him that Kevin Shannon was working at home that day.

"I suppose I shouldn't disturb him," he said. "Thanks. Good day."

Going down in the elevator, he debated whether he should go to his father's house. He frowned a bit as he admitted to himself that the real reason he did not want to go there was that he wished to avoid meeting Irene Thorne. He weighed the reason. Why should he wish to avoid her? What did it matter?

It didn't, he concluded. Moreover, he was a man of action now. He hurried to his father's house.

Annie Lawler's two hundred and thirty pounds answered his ring. She conducted him to the door of his father's room. There he hesitated, for inside he could hear his father dictating a letter to Irene Thorne. Gerald waited half a minute, then knocked.

Kevin Shannon greeted him warmly. Irene Thorne bowed and turned her attention to her notes. She was pale, he thought.

"Could I have a little of your time, dad?" he asked.

"Sure! Something special?"

"Very special," he said. He glanced toward Irene and discovered that she was watching him.

"Do you mind if Irene stays?" asked Kevin Shannon.

"Well," said Gerald, "my business is rather personal."

"I'll go," Irene Thorne said, and left the room.

It was all of an hour later when Gerald Shannon came out of his father's room. Kevin Shannon's long arm rested on his son's shoulder.

"Good-by, Jerry," he said, "and good luck to you."

"Good-by, dad." They shook hands.

"Aren't you going to say good-by to Irene?" Kevin Shannon asked.

"I'm afraid I'll have to hop along. Lots to do," said Gerald hastily.

Kevin Shannon gave his son a parting pat on the shoulder and returned to his room and his work.

As Gerald Shannon walked down the hall toward the front door, he met Irene Thorne. She had just come down the front stairs. She started when she saw him, and drew back. He stopped.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I thought you had gone."

"Just going," he said. "Good-by."

"Good-by," she said, not looking at him. As she turned her head away he could see that her face was set and white. He stood there irresolute. He was held there. Almost without knowing what he was doing, he held out his hand to her.

"You mustn't hate me, Irene," he said in a low voice.

She looked at him then with her dark, unwavering eyes. She saw his hand and took it. "I don't hate you, Jerry," she said. "You may hate me for what I've said, but I can never hate you."

He felt her hand trembling in his. "I don't hate you, Irene," he burst out. "I —— Oh, damn it all, what a fool I am!"

Then, with a sudden swift motion, he bent and kissed her—a short, fierce kiss on the lips. Then he threw open the front door, dashed out and slammed it shut behind him.

His motor car plunged away from the curb in front of his father's house. It was headed in the opposite direction from the one he intended to take, but he did not notice this until he had gone several blocks. When he did, he yanked the car to a stop and parked by the side of the street. He sat there, staring through the windshield and seeing nothing. He was shaken.

Gerald Shannon's sensation was that of a man who sees a stranger do a series of bizarre and unaccountable acts, and then abruptly realizes that the stranger is himself.

He put his hand to his head to assure himself that he had one. He remembered how when the enemy planes had been circling about him in the air, he had set his jaw and had muttered, "Steady, Jerry! Take it easy, old boy! Keep your bean!" He tried that now. It didn't seem to work. Airplanes were material things whose behavior he could gauge. But this situation had no rules, no rime, no reason in it. Thinking didn't seem to help. Trying to reason the thing out left him badly confused.

What was the matter with him? Was it love? Was this the way a man in love acted? It didn't make sense at all—what he had done and the way he felt. He loved Sonia, of course, he told himself, and was going to marry her. He most certainly was not going to marry Irene Thorne. That was settled. And yet there he sat, thinking of Irene Thorne, of her pale face and the look in her dark eyes, and their kiss, and the memory stirred him.

He must pull himself together. He could not sit there all day, staring through his windshield. Passers-by would think him unbalanced or drunk, or both. It struck him that he had better hurry to Sonia. He did not like the way he put it to himself. "Had better" smacked of duty. By every law of romance he should be eagerly speeding to her side at that very moment. Yet there he sat, incapable of motion, a mile and more from her house. He struggled to cast out of his mind a rankling heresy which tried to intrude there, and it was that he felt, just then, no imperious urge to go to Sonia.

(Continued on Page 97)

SHOWING THE WORLD
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The new

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TRIKL-AUTOMATIC "A" POWER UNIT

(Continued from Page 94)

He shook his head jerkily from side to side, the gesture of a groggy fighter who seeks to clear his brain. His eye lit on the clock set in his dashboard. Nearly noon. So much to do. In action, he must forget his thoughts. He straightened up, started the motor and sent his car humming toward Sonia Brotherton's house. She was not at home. Somehow, when he heard it, Gerald Shannon experienced a sensation of relief. She had left a note for him, though:

Jerry Dearest: I simply had to go to the dressmaker. I'll be busy there all day. You and I are dining—alone—at my house at 7:30. Until then, YOUR LOVING SONIA.

He tucked the note in his vest pocket and turned away. It was luncheon time, but he did not go to the club. Instead, he had a sandwich and a glass of milk at a soda fountain. He finishes his luncheon in two bites and three gulps, and launched himself into an afternoon of feverish activity.

At 7:25 he arrived at Sonia Brotherton's house. She was lovely in an evening gown of pale rose, and he took her in his arms and kissed her many times. "Do you still love me, Sonia?" he asked.

"Of course, dearest."

"I'm so glad."

"You look a bit fagged, Jerry."

"I've had a strenuous day."

"Doing what?"

"I'm going to tell you. It's a surprise. But tell me again that you love me." She kissed him. "You're sure?" he asked.

"Certain."

"And always will?"

"Yes."

"No matter what?"

"No matter what."

"Lord, I'm lucky!" he said.

"Now let's have some cocktails," Sonia said. They were served in the engraved silver shaker Gerald had given her for her birthday. "I'm wearing your violets, you see," she said. "It was sweet of you to send them."

"They're a symbol," he said.

"Of what?"

"Our new life. I was going to send orchids. Then I decided that we must get out of the orchid habit. We can't be at all extravagant for a while, dear."

She refilled his glass. Silently she regarded him, as he sat there in an old suit of brown tweed. Then she said, "You didn't dress for dinner. That's another sign of the simple life, I suppose."

"Yes; and there are other signs too."

Dinner was announced. "Let's not be serious during dinner," Sonia said. "There'll be time enough for that afterward."

"All right," he agreed. "Suppose you tell me all about what you did today."

"Such a day!" she said. "I've been measured and pinned until I feel like a ruin."

"You look divine," he said.

"Darling, I think you'll love my new dresses."

"Tell me about them."

She described them until his mind was a maze of chiffon, crêpe de chine and the colors of the rainbow. After dinner they went into the drawing-room for coffee and *crème de menthe*.

"You said something about a surprise," she reminded him.

He stood facing her. "I've done it," he announced.

"What?"

"Cut myself loose from the apron strings."

"Oh, Jerry, what have you rushed into?"

"Sonia, you know me. When I do anything, I like to do it up to the hilt. Last night you said you'd stand by me and help me make something of myself, entirely on my own. Well, I'm on my own now—and I feel free and glad."

Her lips tightened. "What have you done, exactly?"

"Today I told dad. I told him I was going to marry you, and he gave me his blessing. I told him that from this day on I'll take no more money from him—not a cent. I'm going to swim—or sink."

"What did he say?" she asked quickly. "Didn't he object?"

"He balked at first. Even said he'd like to increase my allowance. But I convinced him that I meant business and that I'd be happier on my own. Dad's a very wise and understanding man. I think he's pleased with my decision. It was hard to get him to agree to change his will though."

"His will? You didn't ask him to change it?"

"Yes, Sonia. Don't you see, dear, I'd be just bluffing at being independent if I knew all the time that as soon as dad died I'd come in for a whacking big fortune? So I persuaded dad, after mother was well provided for, to leave most of his money to Branton for parks and schools."

"And nothing to you?"

"Not so much as the price of a top hat," Gerald said proudly.

"Oh, Jerry!"

"Why, Sonia, what's the matter?"

"You do dash into things like a man who has lost his senses."

"But we agreed ——"

"I know—I know," she said impatiently. "But I never thought —— Oh, well, you've gone and done it."

"It isn't going to matter to us," he said. "We're going to make our own fortune. Lord, I had a tough day today! Giving up Hondo was the hardest thing I had to do. Ken Stuart is going to take him. Harry Carstairs took my ponies. Parker Howland bought my cars, and gypped me prettily on the price. You'd have laughed to see dad's face when I turned the money over to him."

"Did you do that?"

"Of course. All or nothing. That's our motto, you know. Now for the rest of the surprise."

"Wait till I've had a drink. Your surprises are so violent."

"I hope this one will please you," Gerald said. "Sonia, we're going away—tonight."

"What are you saying?"

"I know we talked of a big wedding," he said. "I hate to disappoint you about that. But don't you see, we can't have an elaborate wedding and all the things which go with wealth, because we're not wealthy? It will be much more fun this way, going away together in the night, like true lovers, instead of parading through a lot of stuffy ceremonies and formalities. Look here, dear." He fished into his pocket and drew out papers. "See those?" he cried dramatically. "This is a marriage license. These things are tickets West. I've planned everything. I've located a parson in Whiteford Junction who is all signed up to marry us any time before midnight. At nine minutes past twelve the Chicago Express stops at the junction. I've engaged a stateroom. My bags are in Ken Stuart's car outside. He loaned it to me for the night. I haven't told a soul about this, of course. Come on, dear, I think you'd better start packing now. I'll help. We haven't such oceans of time."

"Jerry!"

"Lord, you startled me, Sonia, crying out like that!"

"Sit down."

"You'd better start packing."

"I'm not going to."

"But, Sonia ——"

"How could you have acted so foolishly? You might have consulted me."

"But last night ——"

"We didn't agree to lose our heads completely. One of us has to be sane. We can't do a crazy thing like this."

"It isn't crazy. It's an adventure. It will be beautiful."

"Oh, you talk like a romantic schoolboy!" she exclaimed. "You should know, at your age, how life is really lived. It's folly to hurl yourself into half-baked schemes like this and trust to luck you'll come out all right."

"Sonia, I'm afraid you don't love me."

"Don't be silly. Of course I do."

"You thought I didn't mean to go through with this."

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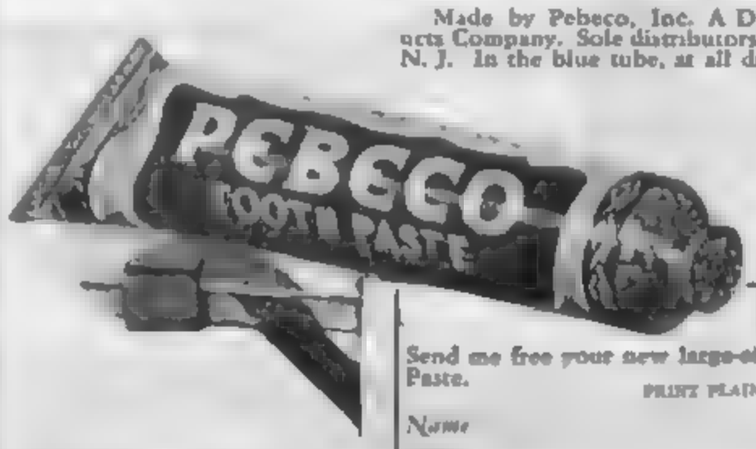

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ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

"I thought you had more sense than to dive in the way you have."

"That's my way," he said.

"It's a brainless way," she said. "Thank heaven, it isn't too late to change things."

"I don't want to change them."

"I'm not going with you then—under these conditions."

"Oh, Sonia ——"

"Have you thought," she said, "what this noble gesture of yours would cost me? Have you any real conception of what it means to be poor?"

"We wouldn't be poor long," he said.

"How do you know? Chances are we'd be poor altogether too long. What can you do? You've had some slight training in engineering, but I'll bet you've forgotten most of it. You're not in the habit of working. You've never had to do without things. You're a spoiled child, pitching yourself into a sort of life you don't at all understand. Let me tell you, Jerry Shannon, poverty has ruined a lot more marriages than wealth ever has. I know."

He stared at her, and would have tried to say something, but she went on:

"Let me finish what I have to say. Being poor is a weary, heartbreaking business. Nothing rusts romance so quickly as bills. Remember, I was brought up in a poor family. I've known the humiliation of having to sell old family furniture to pay the butcher. It was lack of money that turned my first marriage into a tragedy. I stood life in a nasty little flat, cooking liver over a gas plate, wearing cheap clothes, just as long as I could. The drudgery and bleakness of it broke my spirit. Paul and I both became cross and irritable, and began to quarrel. Once a man—a business friend of Paul's—sent me a dozen pairs of silk stockings. I was very young, and some people thought me pretty, and I loved pretty clothes. Paul was furious when he found out about it. After that our marriage went all to pieces. He wasn't really to blame. I wasn't really to blame. It was money."

"You poor darling," said Gerald.

"I'm not going to take that risk again," Sonia said. "I've certain standards now. Ralph Brotherton made a lot of money and he spent it freely. He gave me everything I asked for. I'm not cut out to be a poor man's wife. If I had an income of my own, it would be different."

"I thought you had," said Gerald. "I was going to talk to you about it."

"And suggest I give it up, I suppose. Well, I haven't one. I managed to save a few bonds out of Ralph's crash, and with them I've kept up appearances. They're about exhausted now."

"Sonia," said Gerald, "I know I'm asking a hard thing of you. It won't be easy for me either. But it will be best. We'll be poor together for a while, and then, unless I'm a dud, we'll be more prosperous, and we'll be a lot happier, because everything we'll have we will have made ourselves."

"More schoolboy talk," she said. "Haven't I made it clear to you how I feel? I cannot—I will not be poor again. Surely there is a middle ground."

"That would be compromising," Gerald said. "You've said I'm strong, and I like to think I am, but I know how it would be. If I start out on this new life as a sort of half-pay remittance man, I'll be just weak enough to slide back into a complete state of dependence again. Sonia, the decision I've made is a mighty important thing to me. Help me stick to my guns."

"You must change your mind," she said. "Jerry dear, please listen to Sonia. Be guided by her experience. After all, you're only a big, impulsive boy and you don't know so very much about life. There's a boat sailing for Paris a week from today. Let's take it, you and I. I think I could make you very happy, Jerry." She came to him, put her arms around him, lifted a pleading face to his. His body and face were tense. "Please," she whispered, "for Sonia"

"I can't," he said huskily. "I can't."

"For me?"

"Please, please, Sonia, don't ask it of me. I can't turn back now."

She held him away from her. "I think I see," she said, "how much you really care for me."

"Lord, Sonia," he groaned. "I do care for you. It's you who don't really care——"

"Let me go," she said. "It's no use, Jerry. I'm not going with you. If you'll be sensible, yes. But if you won't—well, I just can't do it, that's all."

"Sonia," he said, "I don't want to lose you this way. But I'm sure—as sure as I'm standing here—that if I married you and lived the life you want me to, I'd lose you, and I'd lose myself. I'm heartsick about it all. But there is no other way for me now."

She held out her hand. "We'd better say good night," she said. "I hate scenes."

"Try to understand—and be patient with me," he said. "Some day ——"

"Jerry, you say you like to do things decisively, all the way. You've made your decision. I've made mine. That seems to settle matters. Good night."

He stood there a moment, trying to find words for the conflict within him; then, without a word, he shook her hand, turned and left her.

When he had gone, Sonia Brotherton looked at herself in the drawing-room mirror. With a deft lipstick she renewed the color in her lips. She shrugged her white shoulders. Then she went to her telephone: "Hello, Tommy."

"Why, Sonia, is there a fire?"

"No. What are you doing?"

"Just sitting around with Baden-Baden, drinking and moaning," he said.

"Come on over and drink and moan with me."

"Charming notion, and I'd love to; but what about Jerry? He might get jealous and pop me in the nose."

"It doesn't matter about him any more."

"Oh, I say! Well, strike me pink! So something is up?"

"I am," Sonia said.

"Pour me out a glass of nectar," said Tommy Waterlow. "I'm coming right over."

Gerald Shannon drove his borrowed car straight to his father's house. No light showed there. He had expected that, had hoped for it. He stole across the lawn to the shrubbery beside the house, and beneath a window called, "Irene! Irene!" In the moonlight he saw her rumpled black head at the window. "Irene," he called softly, "it's I, Jerry."

"What do you want?"

It was like her, he thought, not to be alarmed. "I must see you."

"Now?"

"Right now."

"Why don't you come into the house?"

"It would be a pity to waste the moonlight. Are you coming?"

"I'm not dressed."

"Slip on a coat."

"All right." Presently she came to him, wrapped in a long cloak. "Anything the matter, Jerry?" she asked. "Are you in trouble?"

"Yes— I mean no. Irene, I must talk to you."

"Well, here I am."

"It isn't much I have to say," he said, speaking low. "Only this: I love you, Irene."

She started back. "Now, Jerry ——"

"I had to tell you tonight," he said, "because I'm going away."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"For long?"

"I don't know."

"But, Jerry ——"

"I'm mad tonight. I'm raving. Bats are dancing in my dome. I'm full of wild schemes and lunatic dreams. I'm going away. I'm going to do things. I don't know what. Some day I may tell you. That's all, Irene. You know I love you. That's what I came to tell you."

She was about to speak, when he stopped her: "I know what you think of me. I don't expect you to love me as I am. I can't ask anything of you—now. But if you'll wait—a little while—a year—oh, if you'd do that ——"

He saw her smiling in the moonlight. "I wish you'd tell me what you think of doing," she said.

"I'm going to hunt for the golden fleece," he said. "I'm going to make a paper rowboat and row to the moon. I'm going to follow the rainbow. I can't tell you more than that."

"And when you do what you plan to?"

"Then you'll know," he said.

"I'll be waiting to hear," she said.

He kissed her then, just once. "Good night, my heart's darling," he said.

Quickly, then, he sprang away, and went dancing across the lawn to his car, while Irene Thorne stood there in the moonlight, and her eyes were very bright.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

drainage ditch. And now look at her! Calls herself a Shasta daisy, and is always talking about her foreign blood. Great, big, overgrown thing! Enough to give you the blight to hear her talk."

"My dear! And have you seen anything to equal the alligator pear since she changed her name to the avocado?" replied a calla lily.

"Nasty stuck-up creature! What did she do that for?"

"You know what they say? Avocado means lawyer in Spanish, and down in Florida all the alligators have been replaced by lawyers."

The poppy chuckled. "Reminds me of the grapefruit. I can remember when she was just a shaddock, and nobody would eat shaddocks except Florida hogs. Now they've changed their name to grapefruit, and everybody eats them except Florida hogs."

"It just shows how much a name can do for you. The only difference between a mushmelon and a cantaloupe is fifteen cents. The business men have taken homely old pie plant and got her into society by calling her rhubarb. And, my dear, surely you know the old name of the Brazil nut?"

The flower bed swayed and rippled with mirth. A dahlia, whose disagreeable smell Burbank banished but whose disagreeable character he could not change, snarled evilly:

"See what business is doing to the old families! It's bringing in all sorts of strange new creatures, plumcots, loganberries, and pomatos. I suppose the eggplant growers will force the public to call their product Globes o' Dusk. Good old punkin, a sound, unpretentious fellow if there ever was one, will probably be dressed up in tissue paper and marketed as the Digesto Joyball. Business is stamping out all our old family traditions. What chance has hairy vetch got in modern competition, with that name? Call him a yummibean and he'll do better in business, even though he forgets his ancestors!"

Miss Cabot awoke with a start, her face crimson. Her name had once been Rosenthal, but she had changed it for business reasons. She had given up a name meaning "valley of roses" for the name of that familiar and uninviting fish, the bullhead. But perhaps there was a certain rightness in it. She reminded one more of a bullhead than a rose.

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BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT

(Continued from Page 9)

But a dagger in the form of humor had been plunged into the little girl's side. She dived down, bent double in a paroxysm of unseemly mirth. Homer was confronted by a maiden aunt's vengeful countenance. The lady's eyes showed frightful white all round the eyeballs ——

"Well, as a matter of fact," he said now, throwing out a big cloud of smoke, "I'll probably have a busy day tomorrow. J. K is in financial straits, he tells me; and here I am with twenty men and forty horses, high and dry. Short a pay roll. I'll have to drive through and have a talk with Thaxter, I guess."

But he had not gone when she came home from church at noon next day. Instead, he had busied himself getting dinner on to cook. He waited on her by inches when she would permit. Yet he must know she didn't actually love him, she reflected. His patience was enormous. He told her now that she was religion enough for any man.

"You tell me that black is white, and I'll believe you," he stated. "I wouldn't need to sit an hour and have that preached into me, by George."

As soon as dinner was over he wanted her to go and see the Jewetts with him. Mrs. Jewett was boarding some of his men, and his horses were in her stable. But Allie was reluctant. He seemed to have no conception, she breathed, of the damage he had done to Minnie Jewett's heart by his unexpected marriage. Everybody was saying that Minnie's latest vagaries were all the product of a woman's natural despair at being thrown over by the man she loved.

It was true that Homer had been friendly enough with Minnie; he still was; he had been seen in public with her. Propinquity, neighborliness, is often three parts of marriage, however little it may have to do with love, and Homer Wilkes had certainly been neighborly. When he had given Mrs. Jewett the boarding contract people had said that now the marriage with Minnie was a foregone conclusion.

Now he laughed Allie's fears away.

"Minnie's all right. There was never any idea ——"

"On your part."

"On anybody's part. Min's got a better man than I am, now going with her. I saw 'em sitting in that Gloucester hammock on her porch last night."

"Who was it?"

"Captain George Foster, sweet."

Allie felt the rush of a vexatious tide snatching the last hope out of her breast. With dry mouth she tried to mutter indifferently:

"George Foster? He's that dark solid-looking man, isn't he?"

"Yes. It's his lumber schooner out there at the dolphin. He owns three four-sixty-fourths in her. He'll take care of her all right."

"I don't think it could be any satisfaction marrying a man who will be away from home all the blessed time," Allie said, wide staring.

"This George Foster isn't going to be away from home, though. He means to settle down ashore."

"So he says. I imagine he's said that to other women in other ports," Allie said, and would have bitten her tongue off if that could have recalled the words.

"Can't say as to that," Homer laughed. "One thing certain, he's got to stop ashore a few weeks, where he's been drawn on the jury. His name hadn't been struck off the list, and the town clerk drew it out. He happened to be standing by, and told them to let it go at that. Might as well loaf one place as another, he said. It's hard for a seagoing man to know what to do, once he sets foot on land."

They were walking slowly toward the Jewett house. It was a gray structure with a long barn, and a lot of blue wheels with rusted rims leaning up against it. One or two old buggies were half lost in weeds there. In the driveway stood a frightfully decrepit motor car, which went with the hood ripped away entirely in an effort to air-cool the engine. This was Homer Wilkes' machine.

Allie made a grimace at it. She thought petulantly that where he was doing things on such a big scale he might really not be quite so shambling. It must be the Wilkes in him, the shiftless element, that cared nothing for looks, nothing for externals, nothing for the sensibilities of the women of his household.

She was horribly afraid that she would see George Foster's feet on that porch railing; but the porch was empty. Oleson, the stableman, who had in addition a milk route and got up in the middle of the night to fill his cans, was busy putting a prop under the southeast corner of the barn. His sulky face, with its pale eyes, the clotted red mustache, glared at Homer's question.

"They're inside," he muttered, and went sledging in the prop.

Allie had agreed to ride with Homer as far as the river, and come back on the regular bus that ran summertimes in care of Jim Filloon's younger brother George. Until today she had been shy of coming to the Jewetts' house, fearing they might still harbor resentment for the loss of Homer. Mrs. Jewett at least was cordial enough.

"Hello, stranger," she called, coming out through the back door. "Have you deserted all your old friends just because you've got to be a married woman? Come in a minute."

Mrs. Jewett was as perfectly amiable where she hated as where she loved. It was a principle of conduct, gracious in itself, but on occasion misleading to an embarrassing degree. In the nature of things, she couldn't feel toward everybody alike. She and Minnie had been prepared to forgive Homer even the sins of the Wilkes family, they would forgive him anything for that mitigating circumstance of his prosperity; but he had dropped off the hook; he had snapped at bait not one whit more alluring, in their opinion; and Minnie at least had not been able to feel the same toward him since.

She was a tall, well-formed girl with a full chin, round dewy eyes, an extreme length of lower limb, it seemed to Allie, who saw her reaching up to hang cups on a line of hooks in the china closet. Her bare knees were slightly chapped, but her hands were like velvet to the touch. She was excessively perfumed; a penetrating and audacious odor swarmed after her, with a dash of sophistication in it. She inspected her nails during most of the conversation.

Mrs. Jewett drew Allie into the sitting room by the hand, beseeching her to sit down, since Homer had a little monkeying with the motor to do. She would have done as much for the Wilkes murderer if he had come to murder her.

But by this time she had discovered that Allie had no diamond.

"Mercy, don't you know, child, it's bad luck to take your ring off?"

"It doesn't exist," Allie said calmly. "Everything we have is going into that terrible fill."

"Isn't that a burning shame?"

"I don't care for jewelry especially," Allie said.

But the strange beauty of her yellow head, poised on those strong shoulders, was augmented by a sudden flush. She hadn't told the truth. She was mad about jewelry, and about diamonds especially, and Minnie, she knew, could not be ignorant of that fact.

"Do you expect me to believe that?" Mrs. Jewett said. She saw Homer leaning in the doorway. Not intimidated by his lionlike aspect—there was a dark flush on his own brow—Mrs. Jewett said:

"I think the least the men can do is blow themselves a little at the start. You just hold on. I want to show you the diamond Moses Jewett brought me from the Argentine. I guess you'll think it was what really decided me. Still I never would wear it, because I never had the other things to go with it."

"I've got to catch the ferry, Mrs. Jewett," Homer said.

"You hold your horses. It won't take a moment. Here's my safe, right here."

The sitting room had formerly been a kitchen, and at the right of the cavernous brick fireplace was the iron door of a brick oven. From a compartmented cigar box in there, full of screws, door hinges, locks, springs and nails, she drew a purse of black leather, and from the purse she rolled out into her hand a diamond in a twist of tissue paper. It was blue white, of three carats or better, and evidently genuine.

"What's it worth, do you suppose?" she clucked.

Homer Wilkes looked over his shoulder, as if thinking that Oleson might have tracked him in there. "It might be worth anything. It might be worth a thousand or three thousand. There's no telling what it is worth. I guess it's valuable enough."

"It goes to Minnie on her wedding day," Mrs. Jewett said happily. "Here, take it into your hand. It can't bite you. It's a diamond of the first water, Mose told me; and when I expostulated with him, he said he had bought it as an investment."

"How many people have you showed this to?" Homer Wilkes wanted to know, lifting it in his palm for closer inspection. "You'll wake up with your throat cut one of these fine mornings, object like that in the house. There's a rough gang working on this fill."

"I don't show it only to a selected few," Mrs. Jewett said.

"But look here, that's no place to keep it."

Mrs. Jewett said she would take her chances on that. She had no confidence in banks or vaults, with all the yeggmen there were about.

"You don't know who you can trust nowadays," she added. "I guess this oven is as safe as most safes. Nobody would think of looking for a diamond there."

"Not so long as you keep it dark where you've got it, no," Homer said. "But if I had an object like that, I wouldn't tell my blood brother, Mrs. Jewett."

"I guess your views of human nature are well known," she said.

"Just the same, you find a rat hole, and tuck it in there when nobody's looking. Why, I'm tempted to muckle onto it myself where I know its address," he whispered, dropping it back in Mrs. Jewett's hand.

"Everybody knows what you think of law," she sniffed. His cynical opinions were common knowledge. And then his record as a dealer in short lobsters was notorious. But aside from this, his practices were ethical enough. The law, he said, had not so much as grazed him yet. He began to quote cases where it had leaned over backward in meting out justice to poor devils who didn't have a friend at court to whisper in the judge's ear. Mrs. Jewett, who had heard him going on in this strain before, put the diamond back in its purse, and the purse in the cigar box, and the cigar box in the oven; and clanged to the oven door.

"Just to show you how much confidence I place in you," she tittered. And certainly, although he was one of the light-fingered Wilkeses, nobody would ever dream that Homer Wilkes would ever break that law for which he was voicing his contempt.

Allie Wilkes went to bed with the vague trouble in her heart increased a thousandfold. She had the feeling that Homer was

(Continued on Page 102)

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(Continued from Page 100)

in worse trouble with his contract than he had given her to understand. Not that he was reticent about business matters, as some ridiculous men were with their wives, but unless she asked him outright he didn't usually bother her with these harassing details. She had understood that everything was going as well as he anticipated; he was as confident as ever that he could make the fill, if only J. K. Thaxter's pocketbook held out.

He would not be home until sometime in the middle of the night. Lying by herself, and listening for the roar of his motor with its novel air-cooling device, she wondered nervously what success he was having. A kind of pity for him filled her breast. If it had not been for the tantalizing figure of Captain Foster on the scene, she admitted to herself, she might be by now half in love with Homer Wilkes. As it was, that dismal sense of bafflement, of life gone wrong, forced into a channel not intended for it, continually haunted her; as did likewise that underlying doubt of Homer himself, a feeling that defeat might make him desperate, might bring out the Wilkes in him.

She could see against her eyelids that grim horde of sinister Wilkeses crowding up and filling all the little windowpanes. Her bedroom was on the ground floor; and suddenly, self-reliant woman though she was, she felt scared and unprotected. In turning restlessly, her elbow knocked against the painted wooden headboard of the bed; she sat up rigid, the whirling fragment of a silly ghost story dancing in her blood. A little fog shower pattered on the leaves outside the window, held open by a little half screen in two sliding panels.

Exactly then she heard the sound of Homer's motor. She sank back, reassured at once, and pretended to be asleep when he came stumbling into the room, knocking against chair legs and other impish articles of furniture. He undressed in the dark, whistling under his breath; and from this she drew the inference that he had had good luck with J. K. Thaxter.

When she opened her eyes it was morning, and Homer Wilkes was up and dressed, and crouched at the low glass brushing his hair. A discarded shirt of his was hanging from the bedpost, she noticed with a frown. His untidiness was a specific Wilkes trait.

"How did you come out?" she murmured, with her eyes closing again.

"Finer'n frog hair," he cried, whirling on her. "We've got the money, Allie, with a red rubber band around it."

"J. K. advance it?"

"No, J. K.'s in a hell of a dilemma."

"Who did then?"

"Man you don't know, I guess. A Captain George Foster."

George Foster. Allie let one foot fall out of bed, and instantly in her nightdress of yellow crêpe de chine was standing bolt upright a few paces from the bed, her yellow hair tumbling in her eyes.

"Captain—George Foster. You mean—the man you mentioned as having—taken a liking for Minnie Jewett?"

"Yes, same man. As a matter of fact, I guess it might have been Minnie that had kept him up to that time of night when I ran across him."

"You ran across him?"

"Yes. Sitting on that settee in front of the grocery. Seems he'd been looking the fill over, and he offered to come in of his own accord."

He swarmed with curious details. Thaxter had been hopeless, as he had feared; but then coming home, Homer had run across Captain George Foster in the ferry. Foster's car was two or three cars ahead of Homer's, but the two men met in the smoking room. There had been plenty of time to talk because the ferry had broken a link in one of its after rudder chains, and there was time out for repairs. Foster hadn't agreed to come in then; he had done that later sitting on the settee in front of Waldron's; but the hopes he aroused by his interested attitude had made Homer forget that his radiator needed water; and the car had boiled dry when he had got about opposite the Jewetts'.

"I had to break and enter," he chuckled, "to get a piece of rope to lower a can down into that well across the way from the house, and after all, I had to get out my chains from under the seat to sink the neck of that can down under the water."

"But you say—George Foster will advance it?"

"I'll have the money by noon today, yes, with a red rubber band around it."

"I didn't know you knew him."

"I never did. But he's a mighty approachable man, I can tell you."

When he came back, near noon, he slipped a diamond on her finger, which he had got of the local jeweler.

"Let's see what the old lady will say to that," he shouted.

"How can you be so reckless with money advanced to you?" she murmured.

"Didn't pay cash down for it," he said, leaning forward on his big bared forearms. "Only I can see my way out of the woods now, Allie."

She felt that she was a silly woman to harbor resentment against such a man. Naturally, if he had spent his money to hush up Melviny's crime, he had not done it simply to get an old lady out of trouble. Allie Sorensen had been his consolation prize, certainly. He had confessed to her that if he had had a million he would have parted with it to get her in his hands. His naïveté was perfectly dreadful, a thing as shocking as his irreligion. But having got this far, he had stuck fast; he was abashed at her sulks, as she could readily see; his gayety was the pose of a man secretly nonplused, and even apprehensive.

Melviny, sticking her head through the doorway, broke the oppressive silence by saying that a man was waiting at the back door to see Mr. Wilkes.

"I'm a much-sought-after man these days," Homer said hilariously. He got up and went out. Allie stared at the diamond shining on her finger. Was she the kind of woman to think better of a man simply because he gratified an impulse to heap jewels on her, which he could ill afford?

Her mind returned to the image of the benefactor, George Foster. She had half a mind to seek him out and ask him deliberately why he had made this strange loan to Homer Wilkes. Without having had the least assurance of it, from that one look of his in Waldron's grocery, she nevertheless felt that Foster repented her marriage as bitterly as she did herself, and perhaps his share in the quarrel which had, by a kind of inexorable process, led up to it. If Homer Wilkes could be banished from the earth, that would not displease Captain Foster, she was certain; yet he had sought him out in the middle of the night and lent him money.

Or—was Homer lying to her? All her dark thoughts of the Wilkeses flooded over her again. Had there been some transaction which Homer was unwilling she should know; and had he playfully inserted the name of Captain Foster into his narration to disconcert her and blind her to the real issue?

She was minded to seek Foster out at once and ask him point-blank if he had let Homer have the money. But then she remembered that this was Monday, the day he began his court attendance. She recalled now that when Homer had started on his way to Thaxter's she had reproved him for negotiating business on Sunday.

"The better the day, the better the deed," he had chuckled.

He could be warmly loyal to friends, or to somebody like Allie Sorensen, whom he could take in his arms and reason with; but principles, laws, stiff-necked customs, all such invisibles he shouldered away contemptuously. In his view, in all the world there was no such thing as wholehearted adherence to them.

A day or two later, when Allie had come in from drying her hair in the sun, the unexpected happened. She was sitting brushing her hair still and wondering what her life would be like now if there had been no quarrel with Captain Foster, and if she were sitting here in Captain Foster's house, as Captain Foster's wife, instead of Homer Wilkes'—for she had made up her mouth for that particular fruit, and here it was still hanging on the bough—when Melviny came in with her apron crumpled in her shaking hands.

"They've got him in charge," she gasped.

"They've got who?"

"Homer Wilkes. He's gone home to dinner with the sheriff. He's in custody."

"What for?" Allie whispered. There was a rigid interval of suspense which the old woman filled in with a crazy burst of sobbing. Allie took her by the shoulders and held her toward the light. "Haven't you got a tongue in your head?" she faltered. "What is it?"

"It's your fault," Melviny answered. "You would egg him on to do such things, always making out you were such a martyr to be married to him. The man would have killed a dozen men if that would have made you happy, let alone take a diamond."

"My diamond," Allie gasped. "Then he ——"

"No, not that one," Melviny moaned. "He took another one, they claim, and disposed of it. He took old Mrs. Jewett's diamond out of that oven where she kept it. I guess they got him on half a dozen counts."

Allie Wilkes, sitting on one of the hard settees reserved for witnesses and interested relatives, saw that the court was getting ready to try Homer Wilkes on a charge of larceny and breaking and entering. These were charges that it was easy enough to associate with the name of Wilkes, and even people who had stood by Homer in the past condemned him now and said that evidently nothing could prevent that black streak in the Wilkeses from cropping out.

The man was lawless. He had a contempt for law and order, he had before now openly defied the law, and officers of the law, to do their worst; and he had broken the law, there was no question about that, by selling short lobsters contrary to a statute made and provided. Only, he had never been caught at it. Plenty of women, who had bought of him, recalled how he had brought lobsters round in a sugar barrel after dark, on the back seat of his old rattletrap of a car with the rain curtains on, and wet sacking stuffed in at the top of the barrel.

Amby Gault, county attorney, had charge of the state's case against him, and a thin acid-looking man, Mr. Horace Daggett, was looking out for Homer's interests. He couldn't get anybody from his home town to defend him, people pointed out significantly.

Allie sat very still, watching her husband, who sat just outside the railed inclosure for the attorneys. Homer Wilkes had an ironical smile on his lips. Admit nothing and deny nothing—that was the principle he went on with the lawyers. It was doubted if Daggett himself knew much more than others about the true state of the case he had been called on to defend.

When the fish commission's case was over, the clerk of the court began immediately to fill in the jury box for the case of State versus Wilkes. The jurymen, Allie saw, were not prepossessing-looking men. They seemed practically all to be drawn from the ranks of those who had pressing need of the juryman's fee. They preserved wooden, faintly hostile, closed-up faces against the quizzing of counsel.

Suddenly George Foster's name was called. Allie dropped her head forward with a ringing in her ears. Captain Foster strode past her, close enough to reach out and touch her with his hand; he nearly

(Continued on Page 105)

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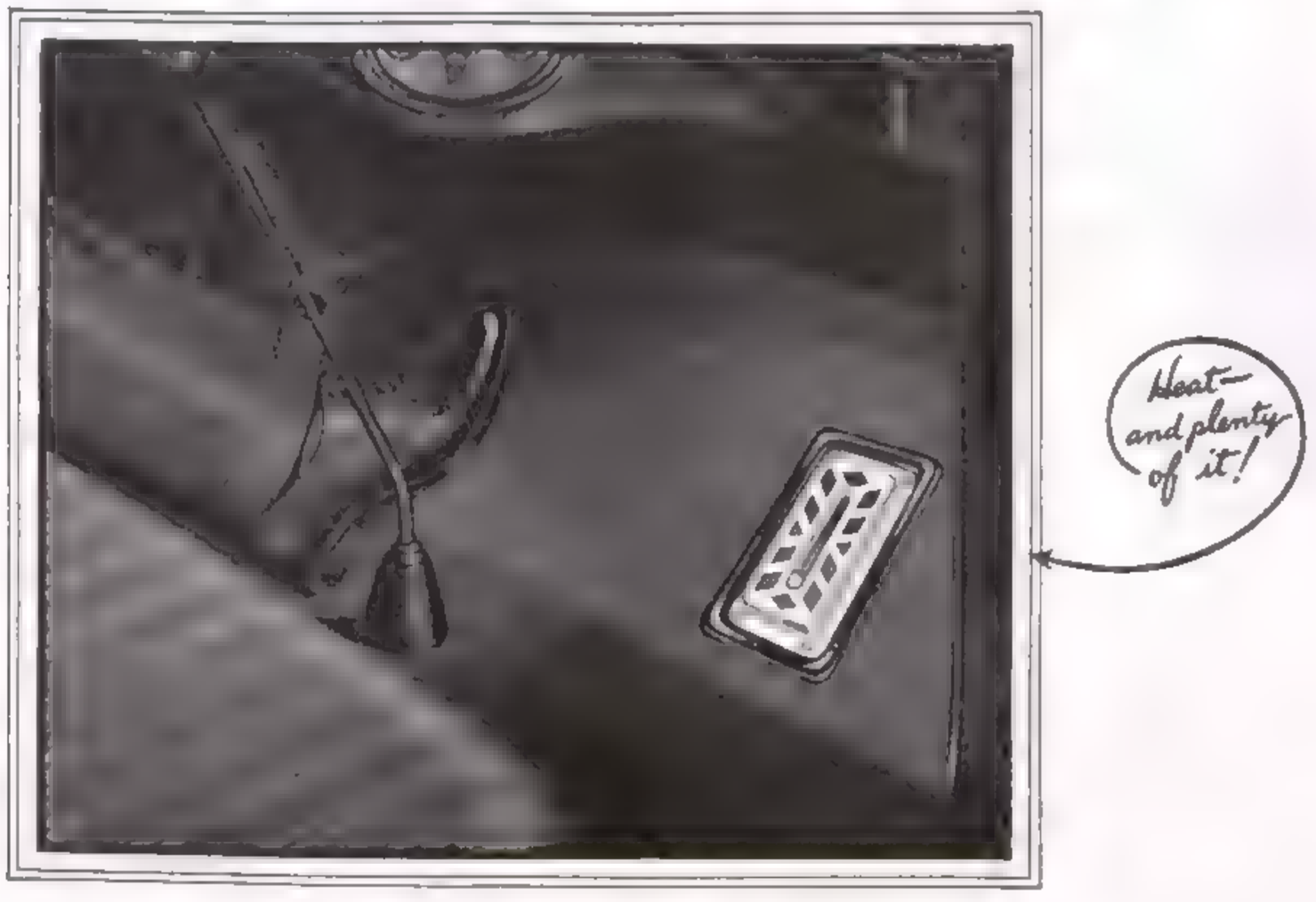

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RUGS & CARPETS

(Continued from Page 102)

did, by accident; and then he was standing before the clerk of the court, his arms folded. A solid, masterful personality, as hard as nails.

Mr. Daggett, rising, inquired of him:

"Do you know this defendant?"

"I may have met him."

"Have you read anything about this case?"

"No."

"Have you formed an opinion?"

"No."

The questions came in at Captain Foster's right ear, and his answers went out at right angles to that, and hit the clerk of the court smack in the face. Mr. Daggett did not challenge him, and he went into the jury box. The judge made him foreman and had him change seats with the horse-faced juror in wrinkled brown clothing, who made the shift with bad grace, since this would put him too far away from the jury spittoon to be certain even of his practiced aim.

The judge said severely, "If anyone in the jury box is a second cousin or better of the defendant, he is within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, and must step out of the box."

Nobody stirred. George Foster, the foreman, folded his arms across his broad chest, and resettled his jaws.

Allie Wilkes did not know what to think. She had an instinct to jump up and challenge him herself; but she sat stiller than ever. How could she possibly, in open court, proclaim the fact that she and Captain Foster had been lovers? She looked at Homer secretly. Sitting back in his chair, he had not seemed to move a muscle at George Foster's appearance on the jury.

Allie thought swiftly that if George Foster were a friend of Homer's and had truly lent him money, then the man's presence on the jury might not be an unmitigated evil; and she had a right to assume it, since Homer had expressly told her that he had. Yet it was much more likely that Captain Foster was her husband's enemy, by this strange chance sitting in judgment on him.

Allie caught sight of Minnie Jewett, ghastly pale, sitting forward on the edge of the adjoining settee. Mrs. Jewett and Oleson, who were among the state's witnesses, were just beyond her. These were people who had been dependent for the very food that went into their mouths on Homer Wilkes' bounty. Her glance shifted to the jury.

"Hate to have my fate depending on that lot," she heard a whisper behind her.

"They got the right man for foreman though."

Allie Wilkes wanted to cry out that they had got anything but the right man for foreman; yet she held herself in check. The county attorney was opening the case by handing round two or three photographs of the locus—what in real life he would refer to as the place—of the crime. The defendant, he acknowledged, had not been caught *flagrante delicto*—in the act, so to say—but circumstantial evidence irresistibly pointed to him as the criminal. He would proceed to discuss the *modus operandi*.

The jury paid exactly the same attention to the Latin words that they did to the English. Those who had been jurymen before knew that it was like being at a play—always more or less mystification just after the rise of the curtain. In due time a man got his bearings in the midst of all these facts.

The case against Homer Wilkes was simple but damning. There was first his pressing need for cash, as a motive. The men working on the fill would drop their shovels if cash were not forthcoming; and that would mean the end of everything for Homer Wilkes. He must have cash; and on the very night in question, by his own confession, he had gone to beg cash of Mr. J. K. Thaxter and failed to get it.

Then the state would show that Mrs. Jewett had revealed the hiding place of her diamond in Homer Wilkes' presence; that subsequently in the night, after an unsuccessful conference with J. K. Thaxter, he had forced his way into the Jewett home, pretending, when found there by Mr. Oscar Oleson, that his car had boiled dry, and that he was hunting for a piece of rope wherewith to lower a bucket into the well across the road. This explanation had allayed Mr. Oleson's natural suspicions until sometime next day when, in the light of the theft of the diamond, he reviewed that midnight episode.

Finally there was the fact that Homer Wilkes, unaided by Mr. J. K. Thaxter, had got money for his pay roll, overnight almost; and in addition had bought his wife a diamond.

"This is the last link in the chain, gentlemen," the county attorney said. "The human eye is subject to hallucinations; a man's tongue often trips, and hearing is liable to mislead; but facts speak for themselves. Circumstantial evidence is often stronger than the actual testimony of eyewitnesses."

The case proceeded. Homer Wilkes sat through it placidly. Everything was worked in against him, his heritage, his known views on law and religion, his dickering in short lobsters. The state even tried to insert the fact that Homer's great-uncle had attempted murder in his day, but the judge ruled that out. The jury were not to consider that fact in reaching their decision. They must perform a mental feat like that involved in frying an egg without thinking of Alexander the Great.

Homer Wilkes made a good witness for himself on direct examination. He made out a plausible case for his presence in the house. He was able to show that his car did frequently boil dry; that it would not be too easy to lay hands on anything in the dark barn; that it had been easy enough to open the kitchen door, held shut as it was by nothing but a tenpenny nail driven into the jamb and bent over to take the place of a defective latch.

He spoke in clear tones, with a trace of contempt for all this proceeding, as if he knew well enough that it could have but one end. He was fascinating in his sangfroid. But it was just as if some creeping thing had got him in its toils, Allie thought. Certainly the law's visibles were not imposing. That pale sickly-looking judge, for example, would be a child in Homer's hands. The sheriff was no better. Homer Wilkes might almost break these visible bonds, fling his accusers right and left, knock their heads together, and escape—yet he submitted, and seemed content to submit.

Allie did not dare ask herself what she believed. Suddenly the cross-examination commenced, and almost at once the county attorney asked her husband if he would be willing to say where he had got the money to go on with, since by his own confession he had been at the end of his rope.

"I prefer not to answer that," Homer said with a blithe smile.

"That's all," said the county attorney, sitting down with a lingering look at the jury. George Foster's face, Allie saw, was perfectly expressionless. Something of the judge's weary lethargy seemed to pervade him. But the other jurymen looked all at once unusually intelligent, as if something had come to light at last that really had a handle to it.

Then at last the judge, serene in his black robe, was getting on his feet to charge the jury, who likewise stood. After a sentence or two he motioned them to sit down.

The judge was seen to tower intellectually above all the others in the room.

He reviewed the facts. Some were undisputed. It wasn't disputed that Homer Wilkes had been in need of money. Nor was it denied that he had actually got it from some quarter. The fact that he had paid his men their wages was proof enough of this.

The question obviously was: From what quarter had he got it? The state had one theory, and the defendant another. That is, the defendant knew and wouldn't tell. The jury had to ask themselves, as reasonable men, whether, on the given set of facts, an innocent man wouldn't have been only too eager to come forward with a candid statement.

"On the facts then," the judge said in conclusion, after dealing with some of them in detail, "you must be convinced beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant is guilty of this theft. And that doesn't mean a whimsical doubt, an absurd doubt. Nothing in human affairs is absolutely certain. No, it means exactly what it says, a reasonable doubt; that is, a doubt such as you, as reasonable men, might be reasonably expected to have."

The judge uttered these words with great distinctness, as if the elusive definition of a reasonable doubt resided rather in the clarity of his tones than in the soundness of his logic. He said finally in a tone of accusation, as if they had secretly contradicted him, "You all as reasonable men know perfectly well what a reasonable doubt is."

The jury retired. Allie Wilkes felt as if she had been lowered into cold water suddenly. Mr. Horace Daggett, bending over her, muttered behind his hand that the worst they had to look for was a disagreement. She said nothing, but the wild, guilty, frightened feeling persisted that she should never have let George Foster retire with the other jurors. In less than an hour there was a rap from the jury room. They were ready to return with their verdict. The judge was called. The clerk of the court, motioning the jurymen to rise, invited the foreman to deliver his verdict.

George Foster with his arms folded, without the vestige of an expression on his face, said calmly, "Guilty as charged."

Homer Wilkes threw back his head, and his great defiant laugh rang across the court room.

Allie Wilkes felt all at once deathly sick inside. The scene had a kind of terrible finality about it. As far as Homer was concerned, it was as if the stroke of death had riven him from her side. To her surprise, that stroke was an affliction to herself, a dumb anguish. It must be that she was in love with Homer Wilkes, now that he was so cruelly lost to her. Getting hold of Daggett, she said desperately:

"We must appeal."

Daggett seemed confounded by the verdict.

"I made sure I had them," he muttered. "I can't understand it. The longer a man practices, the bigger puzzle juries get. Mrs. Wilkes, I was cold certain that I had that jury to a man, with the single possible exception of the foreman. It seems I didn't."

"We must appeal."

"He won't appeal. One mock trial is enough, he says."

"You think," Allie whispered with numb lips, "you think then the foreman might have—swung them over ——"

"Never any telling. I've seen men who could do a lot of clever strong-arm work single-handed in the jury room."

There was a stir in the crowd a little distance off. Minnie Jewett, Allie became dimly aware, had actually fainted. Mrs. Jewett was calling out for Captain Foster; but the foreman of the jury had already gone outside. One of the deputy sheriffs bore Minnie's limp body out into the sunshine.

"She did love him then," Allie thought. "And she ought to have had him."

She went slowly toward Homer Wilkes, her hand dragging on the walnut rail. He was sitting dead silent, his head sunk, his damp hair hanging in a great rough lock over one brow. Her hand fell timidly on the back of his. Still he didn't move, and didn't look at her, but he had recognized her.

"Well, they've hung it on me, Allie," he said. "Not much a man in my position can say."

She realized that he had never once asked her to believe him innocent. Did he assume

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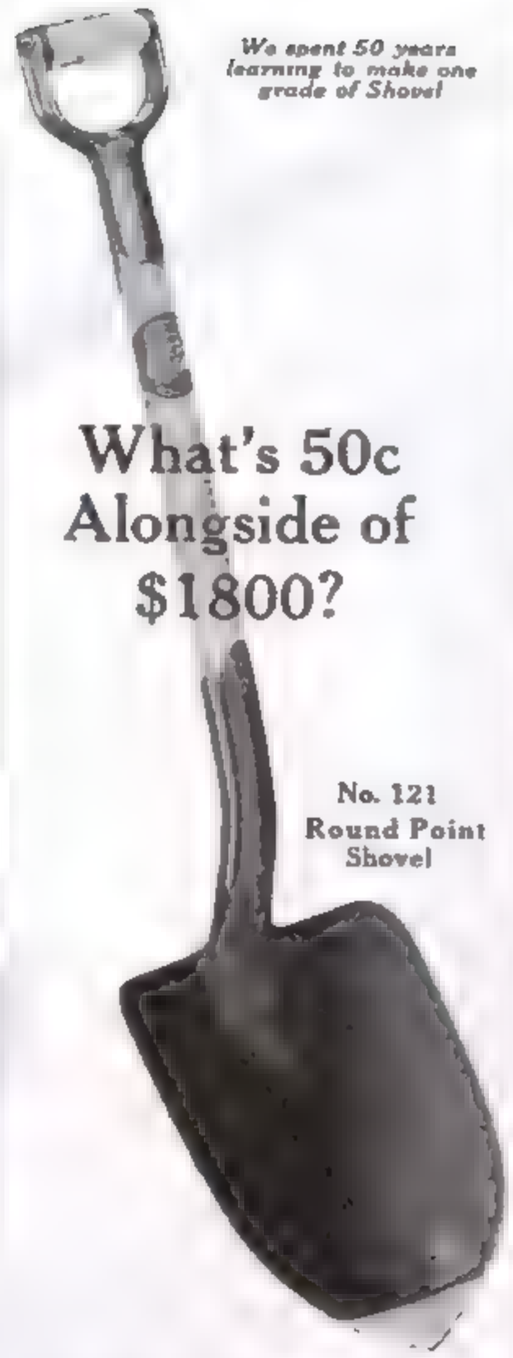

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(Continued from Page 105)

that she thought him guilty? Looking into the past, she could hear him saying that he would believe black was white if only she would tell him so.

"Homer, you didn't do it," she whispered. "It's a cruel lie. You couldn't."

"Steady over the shoals. It's been proved," he answered with a repetition of his shocking laugh. "You've heard 'em. You've heard these twelve men stand up and say, Allie, guilty beyond a reasonable doubt."

"No."

"How are you going to doubt it?"

"I don't believe it."

"Allie, girl, thanks, but it'll do you no good to stick to the bad Wilkeses. I absolve you. You poor thing, you cut clear of me as quick as ever God will let you."

"You mustn't—talk—like this," Allie panted. It had been on the tip of her tongue to say that only rats desert a sinking ship. A sinking ship. He seemed so literally that. With her hand against her side she looked down at him, profoundly beautiful in her distress. Her cornflower-blue eyes were brilliant with unshed tears. Perforce, if he was not to be unmanned, he turned his head away.

"Respectability has got the jump on me at last," he muttered. "I always knew it would some day. You cut clear, Allie. You can. Only now and then—you offer up a little prayer for me."

Allie Wilkes faltered:

"You can appeal it, honey ——"

He stood up, abrupt and fierce, threatened with utter collapse if she continued in that vein. He put her hand away from him.

"No. Not where they wouldn't have my second cousins in the jury," he said grimly. "I guess they hand-picked it, right from George Foster down."

George Foster. Allie Wilkes wanted to confess to him what had probably been in George Foster's mind; but as before, when the foreman of the jury had been appointed, so now her voice was sealed up in her throat.

"This is a pitcher that has gone once too often to the well," Homer was muttering with head averted. "I made a mistake when I asked you to marry me. I was greedy, and I saw I had you in a corner, and that was the only way one of the Wilkeses would be likely to get hold of a woman as good as you. If they were to take and hang me by the neck until dead, that wouldn't be half punishment enough. Jim, take me away."

Allie Wilkes swallowed hard. A queer thrilling swarm of impulses shot through her; now that he was lost to her, she saw that there was no man in all the world but Homer Wilkes; even his most exasperating traits were lovable. The world was all against him, but Allie Wilkes could still believe that black was white if only Homer would give her one more chance. If he would only look at her, or let her hand rest in his

But he had grown hard. In so many words he had rejected her. He affected to be talking over ways and means with the sheriff. Suddenly they began to walk away together. She had not convinced him then that she at least still thought him innocent.

And that was true, even though she felt equally sure that Captain Foster had not been the man to advance the money in question. George was close with money. He didn't part with it to every Tom, Dick and Harry, much less to a man who had supplanted him in the affections of a woman on whom he had set his heart.

And strangely, in the circumstances, she was confident, from minutest signs, that Foster's love for her had been fanned into new flame at seeing her another man's possession. He couldn't possibly feel toward Homer Wilkes as any man not under the sway of passion would.

Allie Wilkes felt a crying fullness of affection for the condemned man. For now that her husband's position was fixed at last as one of the bad Wilkeses, now that he was himself in the very predicament from which he had so skillfully and mysteriously saved Melviny and—who knew?—perhaps herself, now at length she could acknowledge to herself that she loved him with all her heart and soul; so desperately indeed that if she could not have him back she wanted to die. So capricious is the haphazard machinery for interlocking souls.

All these weeks and months when she might have showered affection on him she had been cold, she had played the martyr with him. She had affected to be asleep when he came in late; she had been headachy and lain with a wet towel over her eyes if he had an hour off from the cares of that devouring fill; she had let him see that he had taken a base advantage of her necessities in making her his wife. Once, when Melviny had cried shame upon her for her heartless attitude when she had such reason to be grateful, she had cried bitingly:

"Was the bargain so one-sided? Do you think he would have done what he did for just an old lady in trouble? If you do, you know less of man nature than I gave you credit for. He was playing for bigger stakes."

Now she stared after him, her eyes blinded with tears. She couldn't get near him. She had willfully thrown away her chance. Homer Wilkes was walking away, no doubt with a satirical gleam in his eye. He had an unmixed contempt for the self-preserving and self-coddling instincts of mankind. Dog eat dog—that seemed to be the motto of his fellow man. He had been for years, for his entire life, on his guard against that sort of thing; but now, through his love for this perilous woman, his wife, respectability had got the jump on him at last.

"That was once my foot slipped," she heard him saying ironically to the sheriff, without knowing in what connection he was saying it. The door shut on him.

She found herself outside the courthouse. Mr. Daggett was mouthing his last consolations. He would get in touch with her as soon as Mr. Wilkes should reconsider his decision not to appeal.

"We're certain to come to that," he muttered.

"He will never appeal," she said distinctly. George Filloon's bus was standing by that ruin of a horse trough just north of the queer little band stand which had been put up by a jigsaw on a frolic. The bus, finished in the natural wood finish—light oak—had six or eight seats thwartships with a narrow aisle, and an entrance from the rear by two or three hanging steps. It was well filled already.

Allie Wilkes took the last seat on the left-hand side, but there was still room for one more beside her. Mr. Wincapaw, the barber, was just ahead of her. She fixed her eyes on the dazzle of his celluloid collar. George Filloon's bus began to gather speed when Allie heard someone running after it. It was actually Captain Foster, but for a second or two she did not know that, her attention having been drawn to another car which sounded its horn and drew abreast of them. For the second or two of its passing, Allie saw Minnie Jewett lying back, pale as death, and with an exhausted tragic look under her full eyes. Really Minnie looked the part of the stricken wife much better than she did herself, Allie thought.

George Foster lunged aboard—he had only caught the bus by the skin of his teeth—and tumbled into the seat beside her. She could feel the commotion of his fast breathing, that special cigar scent of his clothes was in her nostrils. She couldn't think by what unlucky chance they two should be sitting practically in each other's arms, and after such a session as that in which they had both just taken part.

To make matters worse, the driver, George Filloon, was snatching them around curves that even at a lower speed were quite enough to break a snake's back. First she was thrown up forcibly against the heart region of her former lover; and next he was catapulted fairly into Allie's arms.

While extricating himself he whispered against the roar of the car:

"I hope you don't think I —— Look here, this business has damned us all in a heap, Allie."

"Please don't mention it," she said icily. "I was on oath. On oath, remember."

"I'm not likely to forget it."

"Well then, you ——"

"Please let's have no talk about it," she said, feeling, and with reason, that Mr. Wincapaw's amply convoluted ears could easily stretch to this.

They fell silent and sat taut, with frequent mutual bodily readjustments, until Captain Foster got out at Hobb's Lane, near where the portable sawmill had left a noble sawdust cone the winter previous. That was the nearest point of departure to his ship, no doubt, since he was still living on board. A moment or two later Allie, in a daze, found the car stopped, and George Filloon looking back at her inquiringly. This was as close as he would come to the Wilkes place, since he turned off at right angles a hundred yards or so beyond this.

She had scarcely got out of the bus—it hadn't yet disappeared round the corner—when Mrs. Jewett came out of her house across the way and looked up and down the road in a distracted manner. She had her fat hands clutched together under her apron.

"There's no end to our troubles," she moaned. "The girl will talk as if I had hounded him into—I didn't want to prosecute, I swear I didn't. I simply received one of these fail-not-at-your-peril notes, and what alternative did I have? Now I ask you. Minnie's fairly sick over it. Would it be too great an imposition on you to ask you to ask Doctor Sterritt to step round here as you are going home, Mrs. Wilkes? He might be able to give her something to quiet her. She'll simply rack herself to pieces if she goes on as she's going now."

Allie nodded, with a burning in her throat and the taste of salt tears. If it had been Minnie Wilkes instead of Allie, Homer might have appealed his case. Worse; there might have been no need for him to appeal it. But she had had no time, and no art, there in the open court room, to convince him of this new sentiment kindled in her breast, pity and passion and love all together; where he thought of her as indifferent to his fate as she had seemed all along, and of himself as a good riddance.

It had been like the rest of life, makeshift and make-believe on his part; houses of cards, jackstraws moved at a breath, a spell that could be broken by a whisper or the slant of a lash. A fool's paradise he had once said was better than a wise man's hell. All that jollity of a happily married man he had put on for others' benefit; for his own, too, quite likely, since he called himself an adept in the art of self-delusion. He would know how to take his medicine.

Homer Wilkes' two-horse teams began to tramp past her from the fill. They were still dumping gravel there then. They would go on with that, impassive and unconcerned, as long as somebody else could beg or borrow or steal a pay roll for them in place of Homer Wilkes. Fiery hatred of that stolid procession darted from those eyes of cornflower blue. Sitting high in cast-iron seats fixed to dirty trucks, the men averted their eyes from her, or touched their hats dumbly. They spoke only when they had got well down the road, and even then in abashed tones.

They had heard the verdict then, Allie thought, and they were attributing Homer's downfall to her influence. And they were right to do so. She stared at the broad haunches of the horses, and winked away tears at a sudden thought of how Homer had solved the problem, in the first place, whether to use horses or motortrucks in hauling his gravel. If he used motortrucks, he had cried in his big voice, what the devil were the Baltimore orioles going to do for horsehair, where up to now they had always built their nests of horsehair and reckoned on horsehair? Didn't they have a right to reckon on horsehair? A man couldn't very well ask the birds of the air to change their habits overnight.

And that, of course, hadn't been his real reason. He would have had to send out of town for motortrucks, where the home people could furnish him with horses, at a profit to themselves. And he would make it appear as if they furnished him horses as a special act of kindness to himself.

Amby Gault was on the porch of Doctor Sterritt's house. When she had deliberately given her message to the doctor the county attorney said diplomatically:

"I hope you don't lay it up against me, Mrs. Wilkes, for my part in this sad business."

With a shiver she saw that what the man expected of her was some secret sign of gratitude. It was evidently common knowledge that she had not been too hopelessly in love with Homer Wilkes; and now it was assumed that the jail sentence would relieve her of the need of associating further with him.

She murmured, "No doubt you only did your duty, Mr. Gault."

She turned her back on him without more. Home again, she found Melviny sitting at the foot of the front stairs, moaning gently, with an apron thrown over her head, as was customary with her in the praying fits she indulged after attending a religious revival.

"Now I suppose you're satisfied at last," the poor old thing whimpered.

"Satisfied?" Allie repeated, aghast. "You talk as if you thought I thirsted for his blood."

"If it wasn't for you, do you think he'd be where he is today? He had money enough. He spent it all, every red, to get us out of trouble when we were in up to the neck; and what thanks did he get for it? You wouldn't let him touch you with a ten-foot pole. What were his last words?"

"You speak as if he were dead," Allie whispered.

"If he was mine I'd rather see him in his grave than where he is," Melviny wailed. "He'll get the prison taint onto him, and he'll never be the same man again when he comes out. They sour on the world. If you had had a spark of love for him he wouldn't have been brought to try such desperate things But no, you were always cool. And now here's Minnie Jewett taking on like a mad woman, tearing the clothes off her body and fighting for air, they tell me; and here you stand like something made of ice."

"Aunt Melviny," Allie cried faintly, "I can't take on when it isn't in me to. I always fight off tears; I don't know why Even when I'm at the movies I turn my head the other way if the picture gets too pathetic"

"I guess, though, tears ain't any great deprivation to you in this case," Melviny snuffed "You'd just as soon as not see him incarcerated for good and all How long did he get?"

"Three to five years," Allie answered in dull tones. She stood silent. Incarcerated Shut away from the light of the sun and the heave of the sea, shut away from men and birds and horses, cramped into a narrow cell to live on bread and water: that was a Wilkes paying the penalty of his inheritance.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

TOUCHDOWN!

Continued from Page 29

nothing resembling it, and would not, both for honesty's and for policy's sake, but presumably it had its effect.

There is a well-known coach who could qualify for the All-American anonymous-letter-writing team. Getting the other fellow's goat is half the battle, he argues, and annually he is accustomed to writing a letter to his more formidable opponents, signed, perhaps, Truth and Honor. The content varies. Sometimes the rival coach is warned that there is a traitor on his team, that his signals and trick plays are all in the hands of the enemy. Anything calculated to break down the morale of the other coach and team serves his purpose, and he does not lack ingenuity. Annually he writes a scurrilous anonymous letter to himself and posts it to an agent in the college town from which he wishes it to seem to come. When it returns to him he opens it before the team. "Listen!" he thunders. "Here's what Punxsutawney thinks of you!" And he reads the letter aloud. Just before the game or during the intermission, he reads them the letter again.

That is one form of goat-hunting strategy. Percy Haughton once used another and a smarter brand on Yale. As the crowd was gathering for the 1913 game at Cambridge, as I have heard the possibly exaggerated story, Haughton had something like three dozen footballs distributed widely over the stadium field. This done, Charley Brickley of the miraculous leg and the patent-toe right shoe, booted out and is said to have booted them one by one over the crossbar, without a failure, leaving two on the center-field line until the last.

Propaganda

NOW he lifted one over the north goal post, turned around and kicked the other over the south goal—and trotted off. That was showmanship. Harvard won the game 15 to 5, Brickley kicking five field goals for the Crimson's only points.

There are as many different methods of keying a team up to concert pitch for a game as there are coaches to do the tuning. Some are legitimate, others are illegitimate. As both sides in the recent war—or in all wars, for that matter—did not hesitate to lie officially to their peoples and their armies if it served a military purpose, so some coaches hold that the end justifies the means and add football to love and war. That is a matter of taste. Personally I can't say much for the coach that has to lie to his men to make them play, or the team that has to be lied to. It wins sometimes; so does an occasional race horse, made frantic by a hypodermic or an electric battery beneath its saddle blanket, win.

Pat Page, Chicago End, in Full Flight in the 6 to 6 Cornell Game of 1909 on the Old Valley Field at Ithaca

Dolly Gray Running the Ball Behind Pete Russell's Interference. Chicago 22, Illinois 7. November 1, 1913

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF PARKE H. DAVIS, EASTON, PA.

Vic Kennard of Harvard Kicks a Field Goal and Wins From Yale on the Old Yale Field, 1908

Going to New York in March, 1924, to attend a meeting of the rules committee and to speak at an alumni dinner of the Big Ten universities, I met Frank Whiting on the train. Whiting was an end on the Chicago elevens of 1913, 1914 and 1915, and a good one.

"Do you remember that time I caught a forward pass in the 1915 Minnesota game, ran about fifteen yards with it, then dropped the ball just as I was crossing Minnesota's goal line, and a Minnesota man fell on it for a touchback?" he asked.

"Perfectly," I assured him.

A Vain Search

"DO YOU remember how you treated me the following week, before the Illinois game?" he went on.

"I'm not sure about the details, but I imagine I didn't give you much chance to play end that week," I told him.

"I'll say you didn't," Whiting mused. "You gave me no chance at all. You played me at guard and tackle and carefully ignored me all week. I was scared to death that you weren't going to let me into the Illinois game, the last of my career, and I was so worked up before Saturday that I could have chewed nails.

"Then we gathered in the tower room before the game. You talked to the squad like a Dutch uncle. When you finished, you began to call off the line-up. You started with the back field and named them. Then you moved clear over to right end. You named a right end, right tackle, right guard, center, left guard, left tackle—and then you paused. By that time my heart was pounding like a Salvation Army drum.

"You waited a minute, then said, 'I'm looking for a left end.' No one said anything, but I felt like thirty cents.

"'Does anyone know where I can find a left end?' you asked.

"Still no answer. You sort of looked under the bench, in the corners and out of the window.

"'Is there anyone here who knows how to play left end?' you persisted. I tried to say something, but nothing would come out of my mouth.

"'In that case,' you said, 'I haven't any left end. I guess I'll have to pretend that this man Whiting is one, but I'll never fool Illinois.'"

This was pretty rough on a good man, but as Whiting told me, "By that time I was keyed up so that I would

(Continued on Page 113)

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In the pageants, fêtes and tournaments of history, always has Velvet sounded the dominant decorative note. For costume and covering, it has been the leading color-element. Throughout all the centuries, it has been known as "The Cloth of Kings."

A. T. Baker & Co., Inc., was one of the first American makers of Velvet. In 1888, in a small building in the outskirts of Philadelphia, in which were but ten narrow looms, a start was made.

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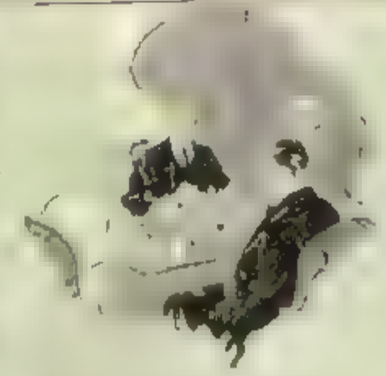
Sensing a new day in the furniture tastes and requirements of the American home, many months ago A. T. Baker & Co., Inc., inaugurated perhaps the most intensive study that has ever been made of the furniture industry . . .

From a small building in Philadelphia's outskirts to one of the largest plants in the United States

Neither time nor expense was spared . . . Leading furniture manufacturers were called upon, furniture designers were conferred with, important merchants were consulted, the advice of the country's most expert interior decorators was sought . . .



Leading furniture makers and designers, important merchants and expert interior decorators were consulted

Styles and preferences in furniture were due for a change. A radical change. That much was clear . . .

From those responsible to the public for the interpretation of its furniture tastes, A. T. Baker & Co., Inc., learned what the new requirements in coverings would be . . .

More wood to be shown—the craftsman and wood-carver to be given broader scope for self-expression . . . Furniture of finer, more graceful lines to replace that of heavier design . . .

The day of the heavy overstuffed "sets" was waning . . . Not only individual pieces but entire sets with bright colorful coverings would cheer and enliven the room, supplanting the dull and neutral effects . . . The plainer, heavier fabrics had had their day . . .

In the modernly furnished living-room and boudoir—spots of lightness, brightness and color combined with rich plain fabrics were to be the order of the hour.

* * *

Armed with this foreknowledge, the vast resources of A. T. Baker & Co., Inc., were concentrated upon a single goal . . . To produce these new fabrics, colorful, decorative, in line with the modern trend—in anticipation of the modern demand.

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The new Baker fabrics are works of art . . . New subtleties of design . . . New niceties of figuring . . . New and wonderful colors, intriguing in their beauty, unexampled in their exquisite good taste . . . New luxury with the same high quality and value that have characterized Baker fabrics since the beginning . . . Only so many years, only such great resources, only such vast experience could produce such materials as the modernized Baker line of coverings presents.

The new Baker fabrics are being shown to the furniture trade at this time and retailers of furniture will have suites covered with the new material on display.

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(Continued from Page 108)

have broken my neck gladly." And as a matter of fact, he did smash his shoulder against an Illinois knee in the first ten minutes of play and had to be taken out.

The scene in the tower room of Bartlett gym described by Whiting occurs before every Chicago game, although not always with such concentration on an individual. But I never select my team until the day of the game. My motives are both tactical and psychological. Conditions may change at the last moment; and in any event, I purposely keep the men in suspense as long as possible in order to heighten their emotional tension

In the midst of one Princeton game I had to derrick a veteran out of the game for poor work. He showed his resentment, but we were in New York the next day and I did not see him, and on Monday at workout the team was in a celebrating mood. On Tuesday I noticed that my man was sulking. As we were leaving the field he overtook me and demanded hotly, "Mr. Stagg, why did you take me out of the game on Saturday?"

"I took you out because you were not doing your best," I told him frankly.

"I was, too, doing my best," he argued.

"Do you remember when you went down the field at half speed under that punt?" No, he did not remember.

"Do you remember when Rafferty was dragging So-and-So along and you stood within two or three yards and did nothing?" He didn't recall that either.

"Do you remember the second time you loafed under a punt?" No, I was all wrong.

"Well, that's the time I took you out," I added.

He continued to argue resentfully until I turned on him. "Heaven help you in your later life if you don't take a tumble to yourself," I said. "You are a self-satisfied, opinionated young jackass who is bigger than the team, the coach and the school together. Go take a good look at yourself – and come back when you see what I do."

This was spoken to the man alone; but once I had to lash a man before the whole squad, a task all the more distasteful in that the victim was a weak and diffident soul with no tough coating of ego to protect him. He was an only son, the darling of a foolishly fond mother. Sometimes these only sons of overfond parents are vicious; sometimes they are only soft, flabby and characterless. This boy was the latter. The team was a weak one, but he was a sensational drop kicker and punter, so extraordinary that had there been a heart behind his good right foot the team might have been formidable. In practice he could stand in midfield and drop the ball over the bar repeatedly, but in a game he lost his nerve. Nine times, against an opponent we strive particularly to beat, he had an easy shot at a field goal, and nine times he flunked it. The opposition finally booted a goal and we lost by that three-point margin.

The Need of Temperament

The Young Prince was another such only son. He was as magnificent a piece of athletic timber as a coach might dream of, weighing 225 pounds of bone and sinew, stripped. He had size, speed, coördination, power. He had everything, on the field and off, for he was the handsomest man on the campus, genial and possessed of a portfolio of parlor tricks. Without ever having known a day of training, he stepped onto the field and tossed the hammer, shot and discus farther than the best we had.

This genial young giant had been brought up in cotton batting by a doting father and mother, who yanked him off the football squad the moment they heard he had turned out and before he had played a game.

Conscious of his gifts and resentful of the unnatural prohibition, he just dropped his oars and drifted, with such poor grades that he never again was eligible for any team, until finally he quit. For fifteen years better than a passing grade has been demanded of athletes at Chicago. We have five grades—A, B, C, D and E. C is the lowest graduation or eligibility grade.

D is a recognition of the fact that otherwise fine minds have no capacity for certain subjects.

Bulk, strength, grace and speed are so much lath and painted plaster if they are not backed up by football temperament, and imagination is the prime ingredient of that temperament—imagination to dramatize the conflict and one's own part in it, imagination to anticipate what and where the foe's next move will be, imagination to capitalize instantly on any break in the game.

Football is a game apart. Baseball, tennis, golf, lacrosse or soccer, are all fine sports, but they lack the direct impact, the hand-to-hand struggle, not of individuals but of massed groups in which virtually every man is engaged up to the hilt in every moment of play. To vary the figure, football is the infantry of competitive sport. Baseball, tennis and the rest are the artillery, the engineers, the signal corps, and the like. Each is essential, each has its own attractions; but it is the foot-slogging infantry that goes over the top with fixed bayonets to meet the shock troops of the enemy.

Born, Not Made

Within its limitations football is an art, and players are born, not made. It is easier to manufacture a halfback than to fabricate a poet, a painter or a concert violinist, but only relatively. Certain physical attributes enter into being a football player, but a manufactured tackle or fullback always will remain an automaton, a mechanical piano. On the other hand, a boy weighing only 110 pounds automatically is debarred from college football. No amount of football sense can overcome such physical slightness, and this has grown more true as the tackling defense has improved.

Yet for the most part relatively small men, weighing 160 pounds or less, have been the most spectacular players Conference football has produced. Eckersall weighed only 132 when he reported on the squad, and never more than 145. His successor, Wallie Steffen, Rollie Williams of Wisconsin, Oliphant of Purdue and the Army, Pete Russell, Paddy Driscoll of Northwestern, Chick Harley of Ohio State, John McGovern of Minnesota, Harold Pogue and his Illinois co-star, Pottsy Clark, Kipke of Michigan—all were in this class. Aubrey Devine of Iowa and Grange weighed 170 and 175, respectively.

The small man carries his weight in better balance, is more agile, more graceful. Running in a shorter stride, as a rule, he can check, pivot, swerve, stop and get under way again without loss of equilibrium. Superficially, long-legged men would seem to have an advantage in sprint races; but Abrahams, the English winner of the last Olympic 100-meter final, is one of the few tall and rangy sprinters to set a record. Their stride is longer, but they don't get as many revolutions a minute, as an engineer would say.

Although they reach college earlier, boys are larger than they were in my youth. They are taller and heavier on an average and in particular I have noted the steadily increasing size of their feet. Our statistics show a similar increase in height and weight among women students since 1892. They should be larger; children are better nourished, better cared for, surrounded by sanitation and preventive medicine. It may be that a difference in the New England and Middle Western physiques has something to do with it.

The enrollment at Yale in 1888 was 1026. All were men and all eligible for athletics. This approximates the male undergraduate enrollment at Chicago from which we have to draw for our teams, but our men come in much larger sizes. When I was in England first in 1900 nothing struck me more forcibly than the physical disparity between the upper and the lower classes. The English aristocrat usually is a fine physical specimen, the English clerk and factory hand usually the reverse. Generations of good housing, good nourishment and open-air sport have produced the one; generations of poor food, poor housing and cramping work have produced the other, until the line of caste demarcation is physical as well as cultural and financial.

No one blanket will cover all the unimaginative football candidates. Some are merely clods, with no emotional nature and no capacity for losing themselves. Once we had a big boob—no other description fits him—on a Chicago eleven. He was a splendid physical specimen, weighing 220 and fast for his size. We had fought a great battle with Cornell on our own field, coming from behind to tie the score 6 to 6 in the last minute or two of play on a touchdown from a triple pass followed by a forward pass.

The next year we went to Ithaca keyed up to win. The game was played on the old Cornell field in the valley, overlooked by a high cliff on which several hundred deadheads had gathered.

We were almost on Cornell's goal line, with the team on fighting edge and the tension breathless, when this man looked up interestedly at the crowd on the bluff and speculated to the man alongside him: "Say, what do you suppose would happen if that bluff should cave in with all those people?"

There was imagination, but sadly out of place. There are many men of superb imaginations in other respects whom football leaves cold. "After all," they tell themselves, "this is only a game; let's not get too excited about it." Meanwhile a true player will have become so engrossed that the game is as real as life and death, with honor and all at stake.

Other men are superb for five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes. Their capacity for imagination, for forgetting themselves, is limited to these periods. For that long they play magnificently, but on a false emotion—the stimulus provided by the crowd, or an exhibitionist complex. But when the doggedness of the fight sinks in and they become conscious of some physical discomfort, they suddenly turn realists. "What am I getting so steamed up about?" they ask themselves. "What's all the shooting for anyway? The sun will come up tomorrow morning, children will play and the furnace ashes will have to be hauled just the same whether we lick Mugglesdorfer or Mugglesdorfer licks us." From that moment they are worse than useless.

The real player, on the other hand, never feels his bruises. He is enjoying himself hugely. The hotter the battle, the more his body glows with a physical exaltation and his nerves thrill to the impact of flesh against flesh.

Gridiron Automatons

Sometimes it is a man's physical endurance that is limited. Bubbles Hill, a rip-snorter tackle, one of the best on defense I ever had, was good for not more than twenty-five minutes his first season; then he collapsed. The second season he could last out a half, the third year he could finish a game. His trouble was purely physical and it was cured, but no psychologist has yet learned how to cure the mental hazards of a player.

The mechanical player we have with us always. It is a fortunate coach who is not compelled to use one or more every season. They master the technic and perform perfectly in practice, but they cannot transfer the technic to a game. Such a man lost us a touchdown in a Michigan game once. To take a forward pass, the Michigan receiver had run beyond this Chicago half. The pass was short and fell right into our man's hands. Most backs would have been off like a shot with it; but though he had played five years and though he intercepted the ball prettily, he now had to stop and

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Your hair—literally sick before—will in only a few days begin to look and to feel cleaner, more vigorous.

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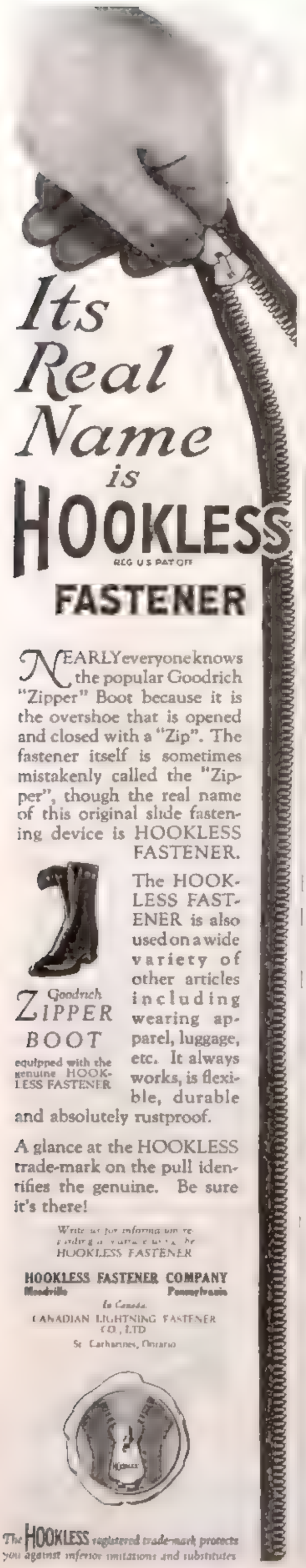

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ask himself what to do next. In that moment his opportunity passed.

We had another man once whose technic in line play was nothing less than perfect in practice. He performed to specifications in a game, too, just as long as his opponent played as expected. At any variation in tactics he was lost. He knew only how to play by the book. A pianist goes through certain exercises, so does a football player; but when the notes change, both are expected to follow the music.

Eleven men 100 per cent in ability are too much to hope for; but given a sizable squad, any coach can see to it that he gets 100 per cent in spirit. All I ask is to have enough men fighting for places on the varsity to insure none of them being certain of his job. Every now and then we get a man who is indispensable, but who will not give his all in every game, nor all the time in any game. When I possibly can do without such a man, even if he is a football genius, I won't have him around. The conscientious player never is a substitute for the genius, but give me plenty of them is my prayer. The boy who is worth his weight in gold is he who is always in every play and every game up to his neck, and I will forgive him if he falls short of All-American brilliancy.

There are two divisions to football psychology—the pregame preparation of the team for battle and the maintaining of this high tension throughout the game. There was little pregame psychology when I played except the hate propaganda of the old grads who came back before the big game to pump poison into us. They recited all the dastardly deeds of the enemy in years past, predicted more to come, and assured us that none but a scoundrel could survive in the fetid air of Princeton and Harvard. Meanwhile the Harvard and Princeton elevens were being informed of what a crew of blackguards, burn burners and strike breakers they might except from Yale.

Often the old grads were pathetically sincere. They had come to believe that Yale, Princeton or Harvard, as the case might be, was populated half by contemptible milksops and half by horse thieves and train wreckers. That was the correct way for a college man to feel, and the Big Three set the styles for all American colleges. We used to sow a fine crop of dragons' teeth ourselves in the Conference in the first fifteen years. That hatred that once glowed at white heat has been cooling steadily and surely, but it still will raise an occasional blister around big-game time. I hope it may pass altogether in my time; but every college has one, sometimes two games, that do not inspire a philosophic calm, and some of the strafing spirit will survive, I suspect.

Soft Snaps and Overconfidence

This poison gas indubitably has accomplished miracles at times where nothing else would have availed, but it is not essential to the best results, and it is not a credit to the coach or the school that employs it. The better plan lies in an appeal to the loyalty, sentiment, love of the university, love of one another and self-pride of the players. They are potent enough for any purpose if you know how to use them.

I stress this pregame preparation, but I concentrate largely on the big game, experience having taught me that a team cannot be kept at concert pitch safely for a longer period. I always hope that my teams can win without evangelism, but I never neglect that mental preparation. Before a big game I use every legitimate weapon I can command to rouse the heart, mind and temper of every man on the squad to a point where he can exert his supreme effort.

Every coach is not capable of inspiring this intensity always for even his big game, and no coach can do it for every game, for there are other factors than the coach. He can count usually on united support for the crucial game, but he may have the student body, the fraternities and the newspapers to combat before the lesser contests. Occasionally he is confronted with defeatist propaganda, but much more often he has to go to the mat with overconfidence. He may foresee great danger in a specific game, but because the opposition commonly is weak or has shown little that far in the season, it is underrated by the newspapers and the student body, and the coach's warnings may not be taken too seriously by the team. There are no more soft snaps on our schedule. The time has passed when I dare to ease up one Saturday to save something for the next.

Most rooters never concern themselves with more than the game in hand. A coach must plan a campaign. Periodically he is bombarded by demands from the student body to run up a score on a certain relatively weak team because a major opponent has walloped this eleven 30 or 40 to 0 earlier in the season.

That is a form of competition which never has interested me. I prefer to make my showing against the major opponent when the time comes.

The Bellowing Bull

During the intermission the coach, in a very brief period, has to point out both his own team's and the foe's weaknesses and strength, and to rewind the emotional clockworks of his men. I first get the reports of my assistants. With that addition to my own observations of the first half, I ask my linemen why certain plays have failed to work. I point out errors of judgment in the stationing of our own players on offense, but particularly on defense, and blunders of the opposition which we have failed to capitalize; analyze failures in our strategy and advise changes and additions to meet the conditions that may be expected to arise in the second half, judged by the first half's play.

Then I endeavor to key my men up again, first talking to individuals, then to the team as a whole. If any has failed to do his best I tell him so bluntly. Often I am only well into my talk when an official will pound on the door and shout his warning, "Two minutes!"

The coach is expected by the students to make his own contribution to the drama of the game. He is a bellowing bull, by popular picture, and if he does not blow fire through his nostrils and toss an occasional player on his horns, there is disappointment. It is exciting to watch and looks important, but it is not necessarily so. The coach may be more concerned with getting his moment in the spotlight than in getting results. A certain amount of this showmanship sometimes is necessary for its effect on the team, but it is no mandatory part of the equipment of a first-class coach. The team should be allowed in the picture too.

It is not uncommon for coaches to curse their teams with everything in the index of profanity, both for its supposed goading effect and because many men cannot express themselves emphatically without recourse to profanity. For several reasons I do not do it, and never have. I am not a profane man in the first place. Secondly, I have observed that, like all forms of overstatement, cursing is an opiate and progressively increasing doses are necessary for effect, soon defeating its own purpose. Thirdly, when cursing really does get under the skins of the players, it is likely to leave a permanent wound. Many men have left college with an abiding hatred for a coach who probably bore them no malice whatever and who had cursed them quite impersonally.

At a monthly board meeting in late October or early November of 1901, one of the two worst football seasons in Chicago's annals, I was dumfounded when President Harper, who always presided, said to me, "Mr. Stagg, I understand that you are doing a lot of swearing on the athletic field."

"Doctor Harper, I never swear at any time; I don't believe in swearing at a team, and I can't understand how such a report could be circulated or credited," I replied.

Professor Thatcher, of the history department, a football fan who watched the practice daily, rose to my defense. "I am sure, Doctor Harper, that you are misinformed," he said. "I am on the field every day, and in years I never have heard Mr. Stagg utter an oath. The only thing I ever heard him say that would even approximate an oath was 'Oh, the devil!'"

Up to now the president's face had been perfectly straight. "Perhaps that is the trouble," he suggested with a grin. "Mayhe the team would do better if you cussed a little."

"It is true that Stagg does not swear at his men," Coach Zuppke told his class in coaching once. "But he calls this man a jackass, then that man a jackass, then another a jackass. By the end of the workout there are no human beings left on the field."

I do use that epithet. John Schommer, who was on the '08 football team, now a widely known football and basket-ball official, advanced the claim at an alumni meeting some time back that he was the original member of the Jackass Club. "I not only have been called a jackass but two jackasses," he boasted. He inquired if any fellow members of the club were present. There was a large showing of hands, and Schommer elected himself president of the club.

Zuppke's course in coaching includes a study of the personalities of various coaches. I was told once that he described me to his class as a gambler. This was at a period when I had a very light back field and was forced to take chances. I vary from taking a lead-off to hugging the base, depending entirely on the sort of material I have. It is true that Chicago teams have played as open a game as the Conference ever saw, but lately I have been much criticized by the newspapers and students for the closed safety-first style of our tactics.

A coach is a semipublic character and a legitimate mark for criticism and advice. After a game he is the recipient regularly of anonymous insults and signed glorifications; but criticism, praise, abuse or advice—I go my way. A coach worth his salt knows his problem a lot more intimately than any onlooker; and knowing it, he must hew to the line, let the alumni, student, newspaper and opposition chips fall where they may.

Free Translations

I have the name locally of being a bear, so much so that Stagg Fears Purdue is a byword and a jest of the Conference season. Because we have beaten Purdue regularly for thirty years, my sincerity is impeached when I decline to assume that we will do it again. Purdue grows more formidable annually and is less and less to be taken lightly; but apart from that, it never is safe to assume that you can defeat any team. You may have eleven faster, heavier, headier men, but the other fellow may land on you with intangibles that can't be shown on any form chart. He may, for instance, be taking, with the high resolve of a crusader off to the holy wars, a game which you have thought of only as an interlude between two Saturdays of importance.

I have still further reason to guard my tongue. The newspapers have a way of freely translating a coach's comment. If I am asked by a reporter what I anticipate from Purdue and I say "We ought to win," I am more likely than not to find myself quoted in the next day's headlines thiswise: Stagg Says Maroon Will Smear Purdue. "We ought to win" is tame and tasteless, and reporters, with a professional instinct for the dramatic, rewrite it for you.

A coach does not need the gift of tongues to exhort his team to tearful tautness, for the bigger games, at least. We are, contrary to tradition, one of the most emotional of peoples, and the whole atmosphere of

Continued on Page 117

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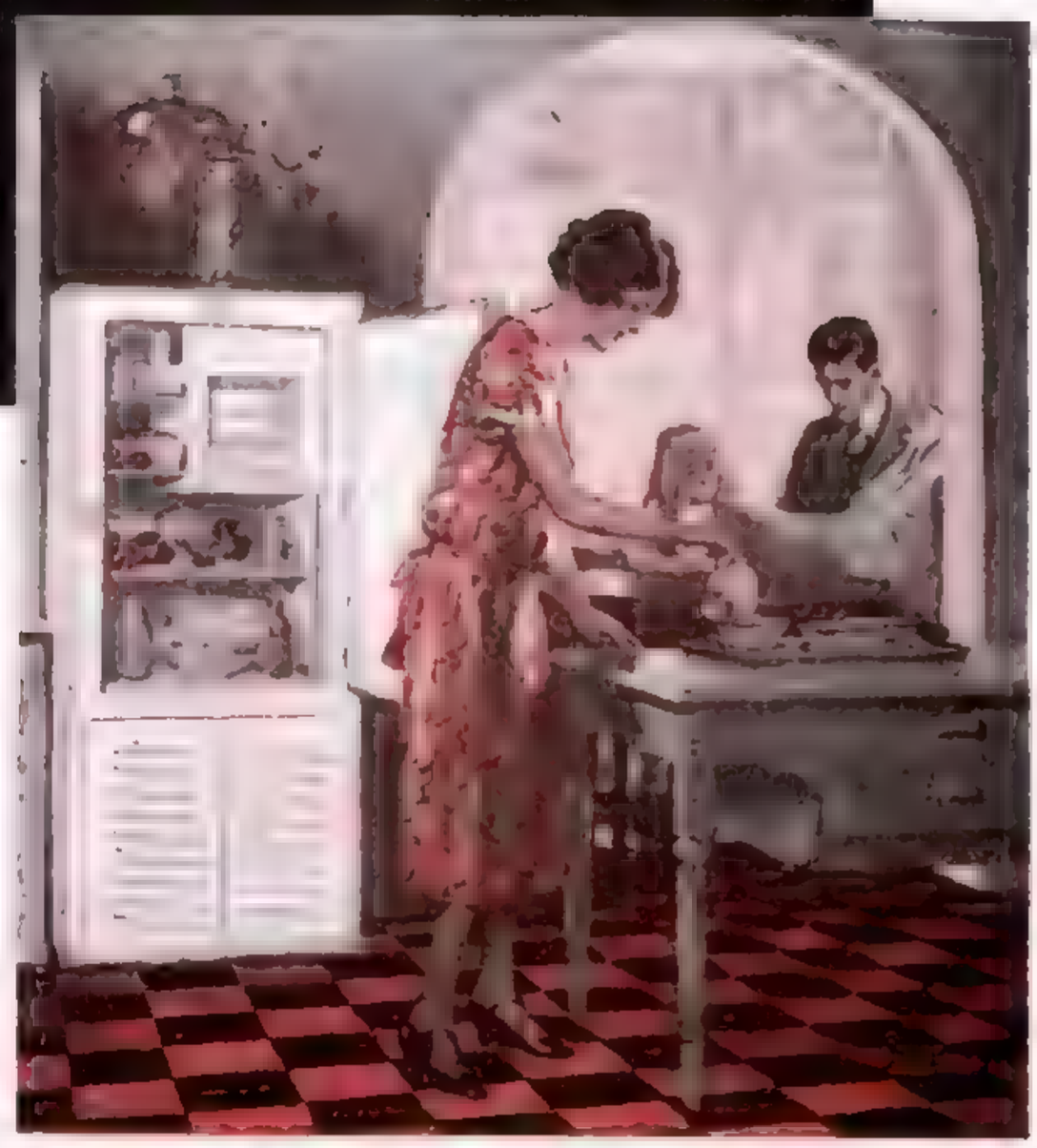

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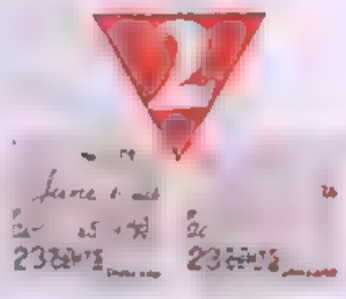

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(Continued from Page 114

college life conspires toward this end. The day the impressionable freshman arrives on the campus he is caught up in a sentiment more vocal at any rate than anything he will experience in life. He may, and will, I hope, love his wife, his children, his parents, his country and even his work more than he does his alma mater, but he will not be so openly demonstrative. He is trained to curb his outward emotions toward his family; too loud insistence on his love for his country only will discredit his sincerity, but he is accustomed and expected to embrace his university in public without inhibitions or self-consciousness.

I have seen more tears shed on football fields than an East Lynne matinée ever set loose—even have found it necessary to clamp down on team crying before a game. Chicago was highly wrought up before the Princeton game of 1921 at Princeton. The Tigers came on the field and we followed. Suddenly the home team withdrew, for no apparent reason, after a few moments' warming up, leaving Chicago waiting for something like five minutes. I sensed something unusual about my men, who were huddled together in midfield, and I found some blubbering and talking wildly. I stood by and watched them closely until Princeton came trotting back. "Here they come; now snap into it," I told them. The sudden withdrawal may have been part of the Princeton psychology, but I doubt it. More likely Roper merely had called his team back for a final word. Before the final game of the season, when the team is playing together for the last time, sentiment is unusually strong, and often I have found the men tearful before I opened my mouth in my pregame talk.

The most ready weepers are not necessarily those who are the most deeply touched, of course. Some men merely have less control than others. Frank Morse, of Princeton, writing in Edwards' book, testified that the team howled dismally in the dressing room after each of the five defeats in which he participated. He quotes Johnny Poe as having said: "This sob stuff gives me a pain, but it's like seasickness—when the rest tune up, it's hard to keep out of it. Besides, I don't want to get a reputation of being too stuck up to do what the rest of the gang do."

Poe was a Richard Harding Davis hero in the life. A surpassing football player, he became a soldier of fortune, to die gallantly in action with the Black Watch at Loos in 1915.

It is told of him when he was a coach at Princeton, although he was a small man, that he would stand without padding and force the heaviest men on the squad to tackle him at full speed. Smacked to earth, he would rise with a "Come on, men, hit me harder," and be a mass of bruises all September.

Sob Stories

I'd Die for Dear Old Rutgers has come to be the catch line of football heroics. It was authored by Phil Brett, captain of the 1891 Rutgers eleven. Rutgers was using the old V wedge against Princeton. The Tigers broke it up, and incidentally broke Brett's leg. Brett was both heroic and mock heroic. Sitting on the ground, waiting for a stretcher, he asked insouciantly for a cigarette, then added, "I could die for dear old Rutgers." The story runs that a Princeton player counseled him, "Die then"; but that sounds apocryphal, and Johnny Poe, who played in that game, officially denied it.

When Edwards was compiling his book he asked Poe for his version. Writing from Nevada shortly before he enlisted in the British Army, Poe told of encountering Brett fifteen years after that 1891 game. Brett confided in his old foe that his life had been a burden ever since, and that he was one with Job. At least once a week he had to steel himself to the greeting: "Hello, Phil, old man; dying for dear old Rutgers these days?"

As far back as the 80's, Alex Moffatt, that ambipedextrous Princetonian, had to counsel his mates, after a disastrous first half, to "cut out this blubbering and get to cussing." Jim Horgan, now dead, was captain of the Yale 1904 team, which lost to the Army, after whipping Harvard and Princeton. He broke up a cry fest in the dressing rooms at West Point by exclaiming, "Quit being sorry for yourselves and start figuring out how it happened so that it won't happen again."

After Princeton's defeat of Yale in 1893 one of the Princeton coaching committee held up his arms for silence in the Tiger dressing room at Manhattan Field and said, "Boys, I want you to sing the doxology." Standing as they were, naked, muddy, sweaty, some smeared with blood, they sang that hymn of praise and glorification without a thought of irreverence, from beginning to end.

Stolen Signals

Bill Edwards tells of an experience of his coaching days at Annapolis. Rear Admiral Grant was commandant of the academy. The first half of a game with the Carlisle Indians had ended 11 to 6 against the Navy, and Edwards was exhorting the team during the intermission, when the bluff old sea dog burst in and made a blistering speech of his own, built around his opinion of white men who would take a licking from Indians. Smarting under the commandant's quarter-deck language, the Middies went out and won, 17 to 11. Another time, Ingram was coaching at Annapolis. The September day was hot and the squad was listless at work-out. One player called for water, then the whole squad stopped and yelled for water.

"Water! Water!" Ingram raged. "What you need is fire, not water!"

In 1896 we won the Illinois game at Champaign in the last half minute of play, after we twice had held them on our three-yard line and defeat had seemed certain. On the march to the Illinois goal, a steady procession of hammering through two and three yards at a time, Gordon Clark had been used over and over. Illinois had known each time that he was going to carry the ball and pretty well where he was going to carry it, but he was inspired as players rarely are, and the 147-pound boy could not be stopped. Herschberger had broken a bone in his foot in the first few minutes and gone out of the game, a vital loss to us, and Clark had risen to super heights in this crisis. He was so terrifically wrought up that he was unable to relax after the game. We had training quarters on the top floor of Snell Hall in 1897, and I was so disturbed by Clark's emotional tension that I decided to spend the night there. He could not sleep, and I finally had to crawl into bed with him and talk all night with him. I never have known a man so keyed up.

This was no sensitive, flowerlike plant. Clark was the ringleader of the crowd that kept me in hot water in the late 90's, and won our first championship. Though frank and honest, he was a handful, a dare-devil and a bravo. I caught him smoking once and had to fire him off the baseball team, costing us the championship that season.

I keep a tight rein on my own emotions, the result of years of self-control. A coach must keep his mind on the strategy, not the immediate score. To be carried away by either despair or joy would be fatal to his performance. There will be time enough after the game to mope or exult, if he feels like it.

The crying of individual players in the midst of a game is not a commonplace; but Harry Thomas, Chicago right half, cried from beginning to end of the Ohio State contest of 1922, all the while playing one of

the most brilliant all-around games I ever saw. They may cry from general rage or over a specific break in the game. In 1919 Wisconsin scored a touchdown on us in the last two minutes of play. Our captain, a six-foot-four giant lineman, was substituting for the regular safety man, who had been injured. He punted, a Wisconsin man ran the ball back through a broken field and our man missed his tackle. He could not justly be held responsible, for he was unused to the safety position, but he leaned against the goal post and sobbed pathetically.

Had the fault been entirely his, I do not know that I should have taken him to task. I do my utmost to bring the men to the top of their form physically and emotionally for a game, but when it is played I close the book if I can. If a man turns yellow it is another case; otherwise I have no desire to haunt him like the ghost of Hamlet's father the rest of his natural life. I once selected for the highest honor within my power a man who had failed me ignominiously, but not for lack of courage, in a big game, costing us the game. I gave him the award because it was justly his. Despite this one catastrophe, he had deserved the honor more than anyone else.

I take my football very seriously, but I try to preserve a sense of proportion. Unnatural rivalry used to be aggravated in the Conference by quarrels over finances. The team managers trusted one another's honor as little as the respective student bodies and teams. The rigid eligibility agreement in the Conference removed one source of poison. We have scotched the tramp-athlete evil, although there is some grumbling over snap courses here and there. Three times a year the athletic directors of the Big Ten meet for a frank interchange, and once a year we have a rules-interpretation meeting. The presidency and secretaryship of these bodies shift alphabetically. Five years ago we created a commissioner of athletics, with a biennial appropriation of $25,000 to defray his salary and expenses. His office is a clearing house for the athletics of the ten universities. There is no more newspaper quarreling between the schools. The number of scouts allowed to a team has been reduced to one, and he is not a spy but an official observer. In my time at Chicago I have had three different sets of opponent signals sent me by men interested in Chicago. I said nothing to my team and tore the signals up, unread, in each case; but that day is done with.

Just Before the Battle

One of the earliest important gains for the good of the game made in the Conference was the host-and-guest agreement. This gentleman's agreement first was adopted by Harry Williams, of Minnesota, and myself in 1906. The following season Wisconsin came into the compact, and by 1911 it was universal in the Big Ten. The agreement stipulated that the home team in each case should manage the business end of the game, rendering a detailed statement of receipts and expenses to the visiting team, which should accept it without question.

The night before the Minnesota game the two teams dined together. Much newspaper fun was poked at this purity banquet, but the idea spread. We introduced it to the startled Cornell eleven when they played us in Chicago in 1908. When Cornell came to Chicago for the fourth of that series of games in 1911, however, we discovered that they were carrying a social team for fraternizing purposes and an entirely distinct squad for playing football. This discovery was made gradually in the course of the dinner, when Chicago players asked to have this and that opponent pointed out to them. The eleven men who played against us the next day and lost, by a remarkable coincidence, all had been detained unavoidably.

The ball belongs to the victor of any game. In case of tie it used to belong to the

—straight talk

I confess to a fondness for thoroughbreds—that is, pedigreed stock. A horse or a cow with blooded ancestors compels my admiration. They always show their class.

I think it's something like that with large industrial institutions. Only in place of pedigree, we call it background. Any American business enterprise without a substantial background labors under a handicap.

I am justly proud of the background of the Oregon City Woolen Mills. They were founded sixty-two years ago by my father and his brother . . . and they have been in continuous operation ever since.

In the old days, exclusive custom tailors used Oregon City woolens in the making of fine garments. Keeping abreast of the times, we today tailor these splendid woolens into Jacobs Oregon City suits and overcoats. The primitive mill of pioneer days has become a national institution.

Virgin wool is the basis of it all. Wool right from the sheep's back . . . new, lively, vigorous wool from healthy, sturdy sheep . . . grown in the heart of the world's greatest wool country.

Virgin wool adds character to clothes. Virgin wool garments are better value because they wear longer. They hang right and hold their shape.

And Jacobs Oregon City suits and overcoats are smartly tailored, too. As a matter of fact, our head designer, inspired by the sight of these wonderful woolens coming fresh from the looms, keeps a few jumps ahead of current styles.

Seeing is believing. If you are skeptical, any Oregon City dealer will convince you that my claims are justified

F. R. Jacobs

P. S. If you're fond of fishing I shall be glad to send you a little folder telling about those 30 and 40-pound Royal Chinook salmon we land right below the Falls, not 100 yards from the mills. Address me personally, A. R. Jacobs, President—

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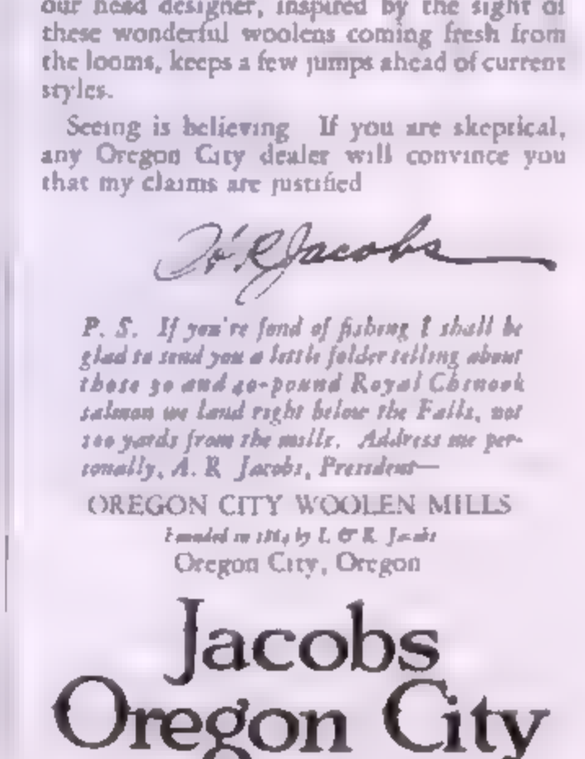

Perfect Feet are a Precious Birthright

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THE shoes that your children wear are the most important item of their apparel. Better economize anywhere than on their shoes.

Buster Brown Health Shoes train childhood's tender, easily molded feet to grow as nature intended they should. They are scientifically designed to keep the feet healthy. They guard against foot troubles and also against those minor ailments of adult life which are traceable to feet which have lost their natural perfection.

Conserve for your children the priceless heritage of perfect feet. Select their shoes with utmost care. For the sake of their health, let price be a secondary consideration.

Buster Brown Health Shoes come in the season's most delightful styles for children. The health features *add to* rather than detract from the smart appearance and beauty of the shoes.

Sold by the Better Shoe and Department Stores Everywhere

Important Health Features

The rear of the shoe (the counter) is shaped to nature. It holds the heel firmly in an upright position. It prevents rolling, blistering and gaping. Inside is a [illegible] steel heel seat which cushions the heel and guards against constant shocks to the spine.

The rubber heel further cushions the foot. It is specially constructed flanged to guard against [illegible] and keeps the whole body out of proper alignment.

A "sprung up" flexible shank allows natural exercise of the delicate ligaments, muscles and bones of the arch.

Scientific last measurements distribute the body weight evenly. The wide tread through the ball gives freedom at [illegible] important point. The straight line of the inside forepart trains the feet to "track" naturally.

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ST. LOUIS *Manufacturers* U. S. A.

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16 Great Specialty Factories. Daily Capacity 60,000 Pairs

most belligerent, and battle royals sometimes followed the final whistle. Two teams worked up to big-game tension, with their very souls concentrated on that leather oval, are not always to be snapped back by a whistle to the rational view of it as a routine item of merchandise to be had at any sport-goods shop for twelve dollars. In 1908 Chicago set the precedent of waiving the ball at the end of a 6 to 6 game. Cornell gave us the ball after another 6 to 6 tie the following year, and we gave it to Jack Wilce, now coach at Ohio State, the Wisconsin captain in 1909, after still another 6 to 6 draw. The tension has eased since then, but after the epic 21 to 21 battle with Illinois in 1924, we waived the ball to our visitors.

Old-timers batted their eyes at the spectacle of the Wisconsin student body meeting the Chicago team at the station at Madison in 1908 and dragging the bus to the hotel. In 1910 the entire student body of Purdue met the Indiana team at the station with expressions of welcome that had been strikingly lacking in previous years. In our 1908 game with Wisconsin, Pat Page was thrown against the fence and hurt. The Badger team, instead of holding him to the two-minute-time-out rule, urged him to take all the time he needed, and Keckie Moll complimented Steffen on a superb tackle at Moll's expense. Two years later Captain Crawley, of Chicago, interceded with Umpire Wrenn to permit Buser, of Wisconsin, who had been disqualified for roughness, to remain in the game. The women of Chicago gave a luncheon for the coeds of Wisconsin before the 1909 game at Chicago, and the Wisconsin women returned the compliment at Madison in 1910.

The Creed of C Men

All this, following on the revolution of 1906, when the life of the sport was in peril, was just a little too good to be true, perhaps. Pre-1906 veterans demanded to know what the game was coming to. They have had their answer. We no longer banquet one another on the eve of battle and it has been some time since we have been given a Brother Elk welcome at the station, but these amenities have served their purpose and there no longer is need for them.

Prior to 1905 we awarded a new sweater with the C to members of teams at the close of the season of the specific sport, without ceremony. We still give them their sweater and letter as before, but since 1905 we have invested all C men with a maroon blanket centered with a white C at the annual university sing on the Quadrangle at commencement. As the last event the C men march in in a body, singing their Song of the C, and I enrobe each in his blanket. The ritual is mine, a part of my effort to dramatize the sport. It has been copied widely. The blankets are woven to our order. Each sport is represented by a different-colored star, with black reserved for captains.

The letter system already was in vogue when I played at Yale, but there was no ceremony. If a man played on a Yale team, he wore a Y sweater as a right. The practice varies now with different colleges, but in the Big Three the letter now is reserved for men who have played in the big game of the schedule. One instant in the line-up qualifies as I understand it, and it is not unusual for a coach to send in men for a moment merely to qualify them for their letter.

In 1904 I organized the Order of the C, the first athletic-letter club ever formed. The members meet once a year at a dinner. Their pledge reads: "We hereby denote ourselves as members of the Order of the University of Chicago C Men, avow our steadfast loyalty to our alma mater and pledge our enduring support of her athletic honor and tradition."

The award of the C is made by the Board of Physical Culture and Athletics on my recommendation. Occasionally I have denied it to men who played full time in every game and given it to others who served much less. The first class were men whom I had to use for lack of better, but I told them frankly that they failed to qualify in manhood.

With the C goes a code. A man must be an amateur in spirit and in act, disdainful of subterfuge and dishonesty and ashamed to sell his athletic skill. He must be a gentleman and a sportsman, unwilling to win by cheating or unfair tactics. He must train hard and conscientiously and willingly make personal sacrifice to produce the best that is in him, then give it freely and loyally to the team and to the university. Finally he must have attained distinction in his work on a varsity team, or have done a good quality of work and rendered valuable service to the university over a period of two years or more.

I have a form letter of notification which reads in part: "—— because of your athletic service to the university, along with a certain measure of athletic proficiency, your faithfulness to practice and to the rules of training, your fidelity to fair play and good sportsmanship, and your loyalty to the athletic ideals of the university. . . . The honor carries with it the continued responsibility that you live worthily of it, since it represents manly achievement, generous rivalry, good sportsmanship, fidelity to amateurism and loyalty to the university."

A man who subscribes to this creed is not likely to turn professional, and scarcely more than half a dozen C men have traveled that road in the university's history. There is nothing intrinsically dishonorable about it, but a boy who has earned a college degree and his letter ought to have an equipment of character, knowledge and fight worthy of a man's size job, instead of snatching at the first roll of soft and easy money in sight.

I never did a wiser thing than refusing the $4000 a season offered me by the New York Nationals in the 80's, when that sum just about represented the national wealth to me. If it is money that the college man wants he ought to be able to make more on a real job than by peddling a physical skill. If it is fame let him go after a brand that won't turn green and shiny in the seat before he is thirty, and isn't common to beauty-contest winners and local pie-eating, horseshoe-pitching and Charleston-contest medal men.

Professional Football

Just now we are seeing a renascence of professional football which flourished twenty-five years ago in the steel towns of the Pittsburgh region and has fluctuated fitfully since, losing more money for its promoters than it has made. So far there has been no continuity to it, but it is being financed on a new scale now, and the outcome remains to be seen. It is purely a parasitical growth on intercollegiate football, an attempt to commercialize the enormously increased popularity of the college game, and it recruits its players very largely from college ranks. Personally I shall be a bit surprised if it succeeds. Though it came into competition with the college game last season, it usually made money only in cities where Sunday playing is permitted.

In the first place football is so indissolubly tied up with college life that I doubt that it can live in professional soil. The spectacle is as much a part of college football as the game itself, and the spectacle is the spontaneous product of the campus. It is youth, incarnate, dramatized. The synthetic counterfeits of collegiate enthusiasms which some professional clubs have been trying to manufacture have been as rollicking as a sinkful of dirty dishes before breakfast.

More tangible is the fact that they play a pretty stuffy brand of football, inevitably. You may have heard the story of the youngster fresh from varsity romance, ramping about the field on his first day as a pro and being frowned upon by a fellow pro, now four years away from a campus.

(Continued on Page 120)

DANDRUFF?

Now you can control it!

You need worry no more about dandruff, that unsightly nuisance, so embarrassing to both women and men.

As you probably know, dandruff is a germ disease that no intelligent, fastidious person can afford to neglect. Because so often it is a warning of more serious scalp trouble—possibly baldness.

There is one ideal treatment to control dandruff conditions—the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. It really works wonders this way.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. You'll enjoy the cleansing refreshing effect. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics. And it is not greasy.

Try Listerine for dandruff. You'll be delighted with the results.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

Well—it worked! For quite a while we challenged people to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Sales now show that when they try it they stick to it!

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

(Continued from Page 118)

"How do you get that way?" inquired the veteran. "You're no hero now; you're just a hired man."

That sums up the professional game and always will, so far as I can see. I have argued all along that football is a sport distinct in character. There is no reason why a man can't play baseball or tennis or run the 220-high hurdles as well for money as he can for love of his college and the sport; but they have no such emotional basis as football, nor do they demand a like physical condition.

Professional football players do not begin to give their all. Men can't be expected to run to arms in defense of their boarding houses. If they are hurt they are off the pay roll until they are whole again; a serious injury, and they are done for good. Meanwhile they have annoyed the management by forcing them to scurry up a substitute, for there are no benches of eager subs on the sidelines. They are, furthermore, more susceptible to injury, because they are growing older and, as a rule, slacking off in their training. When a man shakes off the emotional compulsions, the close scrutiny and the ethics of college athletics, he cannot be expected to take training rules too seriously. They call for too many sacrifices and they are not strictly necessary to the professional game.

Heart Interest in Athletics

I know of a former college athlete who should not weigh more than 200 pounds in training. Weighing 250, he is captaining and playing with a professional eleven, and taking tender care of a paunch. The college athlete, with his name on a contract and an assured income in sight, frequently marries at once—another complication. Love of wife and home are admirable social qualities, but they do not stimulate to deeds of high emprise on the football field. I know by general report among coaches and players, and by circumstantial evidence, that a tacit understanding to give the best show they can at the least expense to their bodily comfort is not uncommon to both sides in a professional game.

Football on such terms is a travesty, a Shetland pony rodeo, a vegetarian guzzle. I know the temper of the customers of other professional sports, the hooting, scornful taskmasters who crack the whip over boxers and baseball players, and I wonder.

But my lively objection is not so much to the sport as to its attempt to associate with the college game, and exploit it. Should it succeed, it may easily destroy collegiate football. Once the college game becomes a nursery for professional gladiators, we shall have to plow up our football fields. Now it is a training in character and a moral asset to the school. The day boys play with one eye on the university and the other on professional futures, the sport will become a moral liability to the colleges. No great thing ever is accomplished without a sustained background of deep feeling. This is the intangible, imponderable underlying motive, the heart interest, of college athletics. The only analogy I think of is love of country. Mercenary troops are serviceable for routine fighting, but when they come to grips with patriots on anything like even terms, they break and run. I fancy that many a fine boy playing professional football has had his moments of chagrin as he contrasted the imitation with the original.

In the Conference we have drawn the line as sharply as we have known how and have made ineligible for any coaching position anyone who has played for hire. That alarm has not extended to the East. Arnold Horwein, who became head coach of the Harvard squad this fall, played professional football under the name of McMahon on the Chicago Cardinals up to the time of his Harvard appointment. The Chicago precedent of making a coach a full faculty member at a faculty salary, now almost universal in the West and South, is a healthier condition than competitive bidding for coaches with a record. Harvard, Yale and Princeton have found it necessary to agree to limit a football coach's salary to $8000 and the total football salary list to $21,000 a year. The most ever paid a coach, I believe, was $15,000; the present record is $12,000, being paid on the coast—these sums for ninety days' work a year.

Professional Coaching Schools

I came to Chicago at $2500 a year, refusing $3000 at Pennsylvania, and my salary was not increased for six years. As athletic director, I took the place of a graduate manager, coached the track, baseball and football teams and conducted gym classes. I am the athletic chief executive, answerable to the president of the university. That state of affairs prevails today outside of Harvard, Princeton, Yale, California, Stanford and a few other colleges. At California and Stanford the Associated Students, with a graduate manager as executive, run athletics. In the older Eastern colleges there is an alumni committee of great power for each sport. Yale three years ago and Harvard more recently have added a director of athletics, but neither has created a department of physical education in the sense we understand it in the Conference. At Yale, Tad Jones, the football coach, is responsible to a committee of the alumni and to the captain, who has no little power at New Haven.

Coaching is a routine occupation today, with professional schools of its own. Doctor Sargent's course for physical directors at Harvard, including a course on football, was the first, I believe. Since 1906 I have taught classes in football, track and field athletics in the summer quarter at Chicago, but only to regularly enrolled university students. About 1914 George Huff inaugurated his coaching school for all comers, with a faculty of distinguished coaches, at the University of Illinois, and there are half a dozen such today.

This has made for better coaching, and, in turn, for better football the country over. Coaching is the primary factor in football. I should put school traditions second and the raw material not better than third; that is, two schools of approximately equal enrollment start the football season on even terms physically, unless one should chance to have a phenomenon in its student body. The school with the better, deeper traditions will get the great emotional response from its students. The coaching will tell the rest of the tale.

How to be a good coach is just as much a mystery as how to be a good general or captain of industry. Like all other jobs above common labor and office routine, it requires a native gift, a feeling for the task, for success. An occasional great coach has been a mediocre player and a number of great players have failed signally as coaches. The two jobs have nothing in common except a knowledge of and a love for the game.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Stagg and Mr. Stout. The eighth will appear in an early issue.

THE EFTEST WAY

(Continued from Page 25)

Loved fishing, too, and was a fisherman of parts, it appeared. I thought Chet himself had almost a mystic mystery of the art, but Chet assured me that Uncle Joe could fish a pool which he himself had fished most diligently, and take fish of noble girth and powers in waters Chet would have sworn were dry. And Uncle Joe was a fox hunter, and he had a hound which he sometimes brought to the farm above the village; then he and Chet would start the dog on a track in the valley along the river, and sprint like younglings to their vantages, to wait for the long chance of a shot that sometimes came.

"It'd surprise you to see him get up the hill," Chet told me, chuckling at the recollection, "big as he was. He'd be red in the face and look like he was busting, but he got there just the same."

A man, I came to see, who lived robustly; who found in life a gusto; who ate, drank and took his pleasures like the giants of old. A man, in short, of whom it was necessary to disapprove.

The fare at the farm is hearty fare. Mrs. McAusland is a cook beyond comparison; her soda biscuits are a confection; her baked beans are an orgy; her salt pork fried in its own fat is delicious beyond imagining; her pies are as comforting as a caress; and there is a certain cake which she makes, of which the icing is compounded of cut raisins and sugar and the white of eggs and a little cream, which might have ruined Saint Anthony. Such viands are fit to make a man willing to swing a double-bitted ax all day, if only in order to create a vacuum which may be filled. Yet it is not necessary to swing an ax. One may tramp diligently through the coverts or along the brooks, and scant his luncheon, and thus persuade himself that it is meet and wise to eat his fill. This new sin of eating is not yet firmly seated on its throne; a casuistic conscience may yield a point at times.

But Chet, as a matter of fact, has no patience with such scruples at all; he is irritated by my occasional half-hearted abstinence.

"I've et all I wanted all my life," he assures me, "and it never hurt me any. I've lived on doughnuts and cheese and soda biscuits and butter. A man as big as you needs to eat. And you don't eat as much as me."

This is scarce true. Chet is longer at his eating, because he has so many things to say, but the quantity he eats is small. I try to point this out to him, but he is a man not easy of convincing.

"Never did anyone any hurt to eat wholesome victuals," he insists. "Another piece of pie won't hurt you."

Mrs. Mac sometimes takes my part. "Let him alone, Chet," she will say. "He's et all he wants. He'll eat more if he wants to."

But this is so manifestly untrue that I point out its falseness to her. "No, no! I could eat everything in sight, and relish it, and beg for more. But if I did I'd weigh three hundred by Monday."

"Sho!" says Chet. "You're walking all day."

"Well, I sat down now and then to smoke a pipe," I confess; "and I lay watching a trout in that pool by the bridge for an hour."

It is an old quarrel, this, with no solution in sight, but it led at last to my hearing the end of the tale of Uncle Joe. So has its uses still.

I had been pointing out to Chet that the authorities advocate temperance; that a man may dig his grave with his teeth. I quoted to him this opinion and that and the other. He laughed scornfully enough.

"Sho!" he retorted. "That's what the doctors used to tell Uncle Joe."

"I should judge, from what you've said, he needed telling," I commented.

"He never paid any heed to them," Chet assured me. "He used to play poker one night every week with some men in Rockland, and they had a bottle of whisky apiece, and finished it before they quit, toward morning. That was the rule, a part of the game with them. And the doctors told them it'd kill them all. But Uncle Joe never paid them any heed. And up here he ate three times what you do."

He hesitated a moment; and his tone changed, quickened a little as he swung into the tale. "I mind," he assured me, "he told me once. It was when he first started coming up here. 'Chet,' he says to me, 'sometime when we're out gunning together we'll get separated, and when you get back to the buggy I won't be there. Don't let it bother you, Chet.' And I asked him what he meant, and he said he expected to die that way any time.

"'They tell me I will,' he told me. 'Like a birch leaf in the fall, breaking off and settling down on the ground. Without any noise at all, the way they do when the dew's on them.'" And Chet added parenthetically: "Uncle Joe was a great hand to put things in a queer way."

He puffed at his pipe. "It bothered me some," he continued slowly. "I liked Uncle Joe, and I used to tell him he'd ought to drink less, or none at all. But he said it wasn't just the drinking. He said they wanted him to stop that, but they wanted him to stop smoking, and they wanted him to stop eating, and to stop gunning and walking around. They said exertion might do it, or anything. He'd say: 'They want I should set at home in a chair all day.' And he'd shake his head at that, and he'd say: 'Set ten years in a chair! I'd ruther gun one day and let the chair rock in the wind the next,' he'd say.

"I talked to him and argued with him some," Chet went on. "It looked like to me it was common sense to try to live as long as he could, and I told him so. It struck me for a spell he was contrary, and I used to get kind of mad at him, but he'd smile at me the way he had and shake his head. And he'd tell me not to get excited. 'It's nothing to bother you, Chet,' he'd say; 'and I don't aim to let it bother me.'"

He was still. Mrs. McAusland had come in from the kitchen, her dishes done; she said gently, "I used to see him up here, before I married Chet. He was a man you couldn't help liking. It was a wonder the way he stuck at it, too. Where most men would ha' been in their beds."

"Was he sick?" I asked; and Chet considered.

"Well," he said at last, "I don't know that you'd say he was ever real sick, unless he weren't ever well. But after a while he had something the matter with his leg. Fell on it and banged his knee and it stiffened up on him, and he used to kind of drag that leg. I thought, first time I saw him after, that he couldn't get around at all, but he did. It would look like he wasn't making much progress, but he covered the ground. Only I'd work the dogs and go into the covers, and he'd stay more out in the open ground, that was all. He would have it that we'd go gunning, and I couldn't make to talk him out of it, and after I see that he got around I didn't say any more.

"He was that way two—three years," Chet assured me. "And sometimes he hadn't hardly any feeling in his leg at all. And he used to say: 'It'll still keep me up and get me around,' he used to say. 'And when it won't I'll get a wooden one that will. There's old stubs in the woods been standing a long time, Chet.'"

Later, it appeared, Uncle Joe had some trouble with his eyes, and particularly with the left eye. Years of plunging through the birch and alder covers had tortured it sore; the sunlight glinting on the twigs, the twigs slapping at his face, the dust of dried bark, all these combined to produce a long-continued irritation. "He got to wearing glasses," Chet explained. "And he had a time with them. The doctor give him double-vision spectacles, and they'd slide down his nose so he couldn't see without throwing his head back; and finally he got another pair and he used to tie them on, but they didn't fit someway. He didn't shoot so good; got to missing birds that he would have killed. But he liked it just the same."

(Continued on Page 125)

FAUCETS · ARE · THE · *VITAL* · *SPOTS* · OF · PLUMBING

She is planning wisely —for her *new* springtime home

This young matron well deserves the compliments her architect is paying her. Wisely, she has made a note of every lacking feature where she is now living. She is determined to have real comfort and convenience all through her new home. Frequently, home planners overlook *some* things but not a detail of any room is escaping *her* attention. For example, at every water outlet, whether in bathroom, kitchen or laundry, she wants faucets that are quiet, manageable and leak-proof—the superior kind of faucets that the Mueller people produce.

While modern Mueller Faucets can be quickly installed in even the most old-fashioned building, it is a pity to build a new house without them. The faucets, as you may know, are seldom part of the stationary plumbing equipment. The way to make sure of getting Muellers is to ask your architect or contractor to use them—which he will be pleased to do.

Mueller Faucets look well, work dependably and close positively—which means eliminating wasteful, expensive leakage as well as all disturbing faucet sounds. Sixty-nine years of quality manufacturing traditions make them worthy of your confidence. Whether new home or old, the cost of equipping all water outlets with Muellers is agreeably moderate.

Dependable hot water also

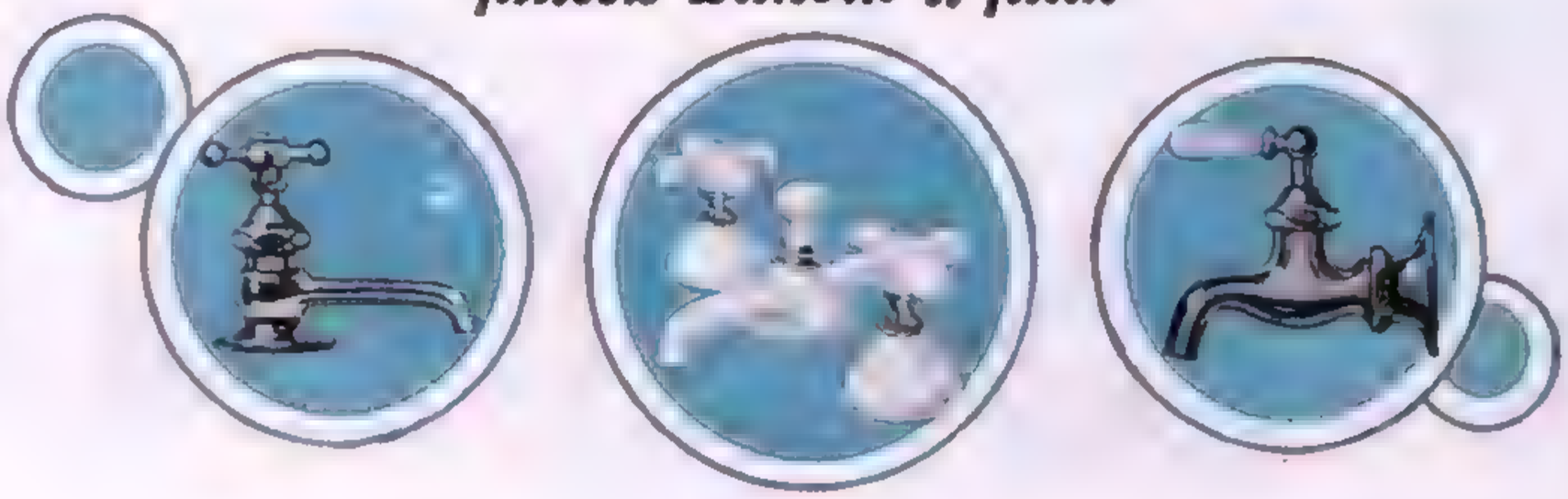
This November weather is a reminder to make sure about your hot water heating system. The simple, practical solution of this problem is Mueller Automatic Hot Water Control—the modern, economical system for all residences, whether already erected or under way. Its reliability recommends it.

MUELLER CO. (*Established* 1857) *Factories:* Decatur, Illinois; Port Huron, Michigan
Branches: New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles *Canadian Factory:* MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia

MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

The *merchant* plumbers of this country are believers in Mueller quality. Over 300 plumbing jobbers in the U. S. and Canada can promptly supply their needs—assuring you of quick, economical, efficient service whether on Mueller Faucets or Mueller Automatic Hot Water Control.



© 1930—Mueller Co.

YOUTH is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

Through the Years—

Don't let your youth slip away—start now by preserving it in this simple way that has proved to thousands that one need never be "middle-aged"—unless she chooses.

THE art of never growing old is the art of preserving youth in *natural* ways. Which means, correct skin care every day of one's life.

That is the prescription of Youth, according to foremost skin specialists of the day . . . and the habit of the modern woman. Youth *can* be preserved. Scores of thousands of women are doing it; scores of them your own acquaintances.

The rule starts with proper cleansing of the skin and pores with bland and gentle soap—with Palmolive and its gentle olive and palm lather used in this way.

Do this regularly, and particularly at night

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.

Retail Price 10c

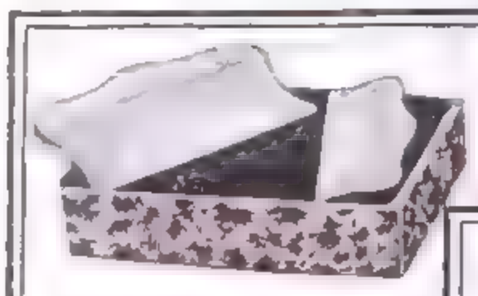
FULLER BRUSHES

A helpful service in the wise selection of acceptable and desirable Christmas gifts is brought to your home by the Fuller Man. Among his many suggestions not shown here, are a number so new it was impossible to include them in this page. Better than ever before, he is prepared this holiday season to bring a Merry Christmas to you and to those whom you wish to remember.

The Fuller Brush Company, 1058 Windsor Avenue, Hartford, Conn.

The white manicure brush is a gift that has a real place on any dressing table

The Fuller white hand brush with [illegible] ing surfaces is a nice gift [illegible]



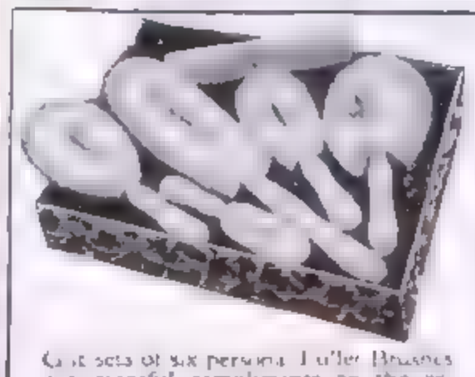
A satiny-smooth Fuller Tray and Scraper of ivory Fullerex to whisk the crumbs from the fastidious housewife's table.

What is more refreshing than a shower at just the right temperature! The Fuller Shower Brush is a welcome gift. Requires no extra plumbing

In this ivory Fullerex brush and [illegible] the comb rests upon it on the [illegible] brush when not in use

A comb, brush and shiny trench mirror set to slip into the Boy Scout's knapsack is a gift with a real "he-man" appeal

The [illegible] strong fibered Fuller Broom that sweeps so thoroughly and wears so long is a useful gift



Gift sets of six personal Fuller Brushes are graceful compliments to the receiver — for lovely hair, well-kept hands, refreshing baths, immaculate [illegible] Sets of ivory Fullerex [illegible] are more adapted to masculine taste

The chemically treated Fuller Dry Mop is a practical gift. It slides under radiators, and into difficult corners with [illegible]

Pocket comb of ivory Fullerex with shell Fullerex back and case is a handy little accessory for both men and women

To the home-maker who prides herself on the glowing finish of her furniture, give a Fuller furniture set.

Fuller Kitchen Sets to keep sinks, bottles, pots and pans bright as new—gifts to delight recent brides

The well-groomed man likes the shell Fullerex Clothes Brush that flicks off dust and lint like magic

Please the men-folk on your list with comb and brush sets of Shell Fullerex. They're easily kept clean

Genuine Fuller Products carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark

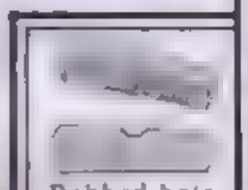
Fuller

Look for both!

The Fuller Flesh Brush is stimulating and refreshing—for dry massage or bath—a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness

Fuller Clothes Brushes are shaped to fit your clothes—a thoughtful gift for the busy business woman

The shell Fullerex four-piece set of comb and brushes for hair, nails, and clothes starts the well-dressed man's day right



Bobbed hair needs a comb made expressly for it—and this is why this ivory Fullerex with the matching sheath is such a welcome gift

The littlest girl's own "Little Lady's" Set of smaller comb, brush and mirror

Shell Fullerex pocket comb with matching sheath—for those who prefer the shell finish

Softly shining hair, exquisite hands, clothes free from dust and lint—if she loves these, she'll like this ivory Fullerex set for Christmas

© THE F. B. CO.

(Continued from Page 120)

I asked abruptly, "What sort of looking man was he, Chet?"—trying to conjure him up before my eyes.

"Well," Chet told me carefully, "he was big. Must have weighed two hundred. And not very tall. Not much taller than me.

"And he used to wear an old, ragged gunning coat and long, loose pants. Black serge, I guess they had been. They kind of sagged around his shoes. Boots was too heavy for him, so he wore big shoes. And an old faded hat, and his gun over his arm. See him from behind and he looked kind of funny. Knock-kneed, and his legs fat, and one leg dragging, and them old pants of his. Only you couldn't help thinking he done well to get around at all."

Added, something like contrition in his tones: "I used to laugh, sometimes, watching him. It weren't so funny either, you might say. I never laughed so's he could see"—and sat a moment silent, and said thoughtfully: "I liked Uncle Joe a lot. We had some good days together." And again: "He was a man that had ideas about things. And a way of talking." And again: "He did like gunning better than anything." And after a further silence still: "It was a sight that would astonish you, to see him get around, crippled, and half blind; and to hear the way he'd laugh. He liked gunning." And finally: "I set out to tell you ——"

So came to the ending of the tale.

It was, he said, the year after Old Tantrybogus had the distemper and was still unfit for any strenuous work afield. Uncle Joe came up from Rockland to stay a day or two with Chet at the farm above the village. Season was late October; the woodcock flight was on.

Uncle Joe drove up in his buggy behind his slow old farm horse; and a three-year-old setter dog sat on the seat beside him, nosing the air currents by the roadside all along the way, his nostrils quivering, saliva dripping from his eager jaws. This pup, successor in Uncle Joe's affections to the she dog which had mothered Old Tantrybogus, was called Don, and a good dog, Chet said. Well broken, easily handled, a slow worker and a close one. Uncle Joe would not permit him to retrieve, but Don was trained to find and point the dead bird. A black-and-white dog, his markings great splashes of glistening ebony against his gleaming coat.

"You could see him in the brush, four—five rod," Chet told me, "marked the way he was. Uncle Joe never used a bell on him at all."

Uncle Joe's old ten-gauge gun lay in the bed of the buggy, half beneath the seat, in its battered case so frayed by usage that the stiff leather had become like velvet. The old man wore his gunning clothes; three or four boxes of shells were all his luggage. The day was fine and crisp and fair, with a sky like wine and a friendly sun, and the bright mosaic of late-autumn coloring upon the hills and in the valley of the river there below the farm. When the buggy turned into the farmyard and Chet went out from the kitchen Don leaped bounding to the ground, touched Chet's hand with his nose in swift greeting, and considered the case of three hens scratching by the pump shed with a half-concealed interest inherited from his puppy days. And Uncle Joe called:

"Chet, my boy, what a day!"

"Indian summer," Chet assented. "There'll be a frost tonight. The birds'll be on the dry knolls in the morning."

"I tell you, Chet," Uncle Joe cried, "I've been singing to myself this last three miles. Even Don here has been whining like an old fool. A man forgets the way the hills can look, one year to another, seems to me."

"I been gathering apples this afternoon," Chet said, "and watching the shadows over on the mountain, crossing there."

"Any whitewash in your garden this morning?" Uncle Joe was out by now, Chet leading the horse to the barn.

"Two or three woodcock in there last night," Chet assured him. "They're everywhere."

"A great day tomorrow, Chet."

"We'll find birds," Chet agreed.

Uncle Joe drew a brown parcel from beneath the seat. "I brought some sausage," he explained. "We'll feast tonight and gun tomorrow. What's wrong with a world like that, Chet?"

And—"Not a thing," Chet told him. "Not a thing at all." They were both warm with friendship, with the pleasure of this renewed companionship; they talked like boys of the great sport the next day would bring. And they cooked the sausage—loose sausage freshly ground—and Chet boiled potatoes and made pancakes and brought a flake of honey from the cellar, to serve instead of syrup; and they feasted together while Don sat at attention by his master's side and had his supper, too, and then slept on the rug beside the table. And sometimes as he dreamed his tail tap-tapped upon the floor. They sat late, and there was a well-filled glass at Uncle Joe's right hand and a broad beam of pleasure in his eyes.

Before sleep they went out to view the stars, serene and high, and to feel the low wind that blew soothingly. "Not enough to keep it from freezing in the swamps and wet holes," Uncle Joe opined, and they saw good promise for the coming day.

The morning was like the fulfillment of a pledge in measure bountiful. A rime of frost on the grass in the orchard at dawn; the still leaves falling soundlessly; the air a liquid, lovely pool of iridescence; the far hills near and friendly in their festal garb; and the sky a blue that eased the eye. The horse was fed, and Don too. "I wouldn't even scant a dog," Uncle Joe used to say. And themselves finished the sausage and had fresh pancakes with honey, and coffee, but they ate not so long; were both afire to be afield. Chet wrapped biscuits for their nooning, and while the sun still hung low above the mountain to the east they turned the buggy toward the cover where their sport began. And forthwith struck birds.

This was one of those days of which the gunner dreams, when sky and wood and earth and the game combine to make all delight. Before they had crossed the first stone wall Don made game and brought a woodcock to stand, and Chet walked up on the bird and crumpled it as it topped the low birches on the knoll. Uncle Joe, outside the covert, waited to shoot if there were need.

"It was the way we'd gunned last two, three years," Chet explained. "I'd walk up the birds and shoot them if I got a chance, and if I missed he'd pick them off with that old ten-gauge of his. Mighty few that ever got away. But I shot better than I knew how that day."

At the end of an hour Chet had half a dozen birds and Uncle Joe had not pulled trigger, and Chet began to be ashamed. So when the next one whistled upward he held his fire, and he heard Uncle Joe's gun roar and roar again, and then he heard the old man laugh aloud and call:

"Missed, by Harry! Missed him clean. What good's a man with glasses on?"

Laughed at his own failure. Said he must be getting old.

It was one of those days when, unaccountably, a woodcock may be seen upon the ground. There are such days, and there are other times when you know where the bird must be and look till your eyes ache without being able to discover his form against the background of the leaves, so cunningly his plumage blends against their browns. But now and then, for no reason, you see bird after bird. It is hardly possible for the dog to hold a point without your being able to discover the game there before his nose.

And this was such a day; the birds lay close; they would scarce be driven into flight. You could, if you moved near, stand still and watch their wonder there, and see their bright black eyes.

Chet saw the second bird he shot, before it rose, and thereafter others. Toward noon Don got a point in the fringe of alders near where Uncle Joe was posted, and Uncle Joe called Chet to come and see. Don was still as stone, and half a dozen feet from his nose the bird crouched, eyes alert, moving not at all.

"Ain't that a picture, now?" Uncle Joe cried. Chet nodded and filled his pipe, and Don held his point and the bird waited to see what was to come. Chet filled his pipe and looked about, and said almost regretfully:

"He's got to fly off in the open."

"Watch him," Uncle Joe bade. "Watch his eye, Chet."

These two loved gunning, but it was because they loved the coverts and the hillsides, the bright October days and the brown birds. They watched for minutes on end, and Don rolled his eyes on them reprovingly, wondering at this long delay, but held his point. And at length Uncle Joe went slowly forward, step by cautious step, till he was within one pace of the bird. He extended the barrel of his gun very slowly, and when it drew near the woodcock opened wide its beak, as though it would have bit the steel. And Uncle Joe burst into a delighted shout of laughter, and Chet too.

At the loud sound the woodcock rose; rose and hung like a ball of feathers on a string, and flew away, and neither lifted gun.

"Now wa'n't that comical?" Chet cried.

"I've seen 'em that way in nesting season," Uncle Joe commented. "Never this time of year."

Don looked at them in some disgust, and with an affectation of indifference he scratched his side. And they went forward upon their business again.

There were other moments in that day. Once Don roaded a partridge through birches to a hemlock fringe with open ground beyond and pointed there, and Chet, thinking to drive the bird into the open for more easy shooting, burst through the fringe past the pointing dog. But the partridge rose and beat up within arm's length of Chet's head, and back through the fringe and away, and they laughed together over this.

"I could have shot him," Uncle Joe confessed, "but he was so clever, ducking back on you that way, I let him get away."

A little later in an open birch growth another partridge rose wild to their right, and Uncle Joe fired so quickly Chet called: "Did you get him?"

"Didn't even see him," Uncle Joe confessed. "If I got that bird it's as good a shot as I ever made. And I think I did."

They found the bird, in fact, and Uncle Joe was immensely pleased. "If I can nail 'em like that I'm not through yet," he said exultantly, and Chet gave him full meed of praise, and the old man was as delighted as a child.

And again, following a wood road through a thick swamp they discovered Don was not at heel and went back and found him at point, standing in the very road.

"Caught the scent as he went by," Uncle Joe pointed out, "and never moved, except his head. That's a picture, Chet."

"There's the bird," Chet whispered, and they saw the woodcock squatting on the leaves, three feet away. Beyond him was thick cover—hemlock and spruce and cedar, with leafless alders all between. The odds were with the rising bird. When he did rise he flicked behind a hemlock, but Uncle Joe, following patiently his flight, caught a far flash of wing and fired, and Don found the bird a full forty yards from the road, stone dead.

"And that's a good shot, too," said Uncle Joe.

There was fire in them, and youth, and zeal, and they hunted diligently and they traveled far. The day drew on. The sun began to send more level rays dancing from the birch twigs toward their eyes. The farther hills were purple, deepening as the minutes drew away. So they came, toward

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the end of the day, to a covert covering many acres, on a lofty hilltop where an old farm once had stood. There were many apple trees, some in the open, some half smothered in the creeping growth of poplar and young birch, and from the open land the eye could sweep for miles. To reach the spot they had driven deep into the wood, and then climbed afoot the steep and arduous hillside; and Uncle Joe was heavy-footed with fatigue and had to rest awhile.

"Maybe we'd best not gun any more today," Chet suggested. But the old man shook his head.

"I like to save this for the last," he said. "It's the best cover I know; rather gun it than any of them. I like to look off at the hills, and the birds are here, Chet—the birds are here."

So, when he was rested, they worked Don through a clump of poplar saplings and stirred a partridge out and heard him wing far down into the run, through the thick growth. Chet, listening, said:

"He lit in a tree'"

"Heard him," Uncle Joe agreed.

"I'm going after him," Chet suggested. "I've shot many a partridge that lit in a tree, creeping up on them, listening for them to whit-whit at me."

"Go on," the old man assented. "I'll work Don up toward the wall."

And so they parted there.

Chet turned downhill into the black growth, and for a hundred yards or so he went swiftly, and it was very still. There was no air stirring. Above his head the topmost twigs were laced against the sky, motionless as though they were wild things affrighted by his presence there. He slowed his steps and began to listen, advancing by short stages, listening long between. His eyes scanned, bough by bough, the trees before him, seeking the hidden bird.

He knew it must be near; knew what to look for. A high, lean shape with head thrust upward like a stub, motionless as a stub might have been. And he looked and listened; listened for the low nervous call which would give warning before the bird should fly.

He scanned the wood, noting where there were open aisles through which a shot might be had, and he lost some sense of the swift pass of time.

He stopped at last, resolved to move no more. The partridge must be here, within gunshot now; would, if he waited, make its presence heard.

"And it seemed to me," said Chet, "I'd never known the woods to be so still. When a leaf come down it was like it thumped the ground, and I could hear a squirrel, or something, way down in the run, twenty, thirty rod away."

And then he heard the ten-gauge roar, once and then again; two shots, spaced not too close together, as though deliberation pointed them; somewhere behind him, up atop the hill. Unconsciously he turned his head and he heard the partridge burr away behind his back; swung too late to catch even a glimpse of its departing form.

While he was still looking after it a sudden wind came sweeping across the trees above his head, stirring their boughs so that they swayed and lifted like the arms of cheering men, like a gesture of farewell to a departing friend. "A puff of wind from the south it was," he said, "and warmer. I could feel it, warm like spring. Only there was just this puff of it, and then the branches settling down again till they didn't move at all. And it got still."

So he turned back to rejoin Uncle Joe, and by and by, when he was come to the top of the hill, he hallooed and had no reply. Moved on and hallooed again, and his heart began to pound as he advanced upon his way.

"There was a little clump of birch," he explained. "Good-size trees; and the sun struck through them kind of red on the white bark. There was an old apple tree in there, and a little wet hole, and there'd usually be woodcock there. I found him there"

He saw Don before he saw Uncle Joe. Don was at point, rigid as stone, and Chet approached him and he saw the dog's eyes roll doubtfully to one side, and so discovered the old man where he lay.

"He was down kind of on his side," Chet told me, "like he'd fell on his face and rolled a little over. His gun was there beside him, and his right hand was out, and after a minute I see there was a dead bird right there under his hand."

A moment later he perceived that Don was still on point, and so was led to the discovery of another dead bird, half a dozen steps away.

"So I knew Uncle Joe had made a double," he explained. "There was a kind of a smile on his face; the way there always was when he'd made a good shot."

Added: "He did like gunning better than anything."

And a moment later, clearing his throat, told me how he went down to lead the horse painfully up through the wood to the top of the hill.

"Don stayed there while I was gone," he explained, "and I guess the whole thing kind of satisfied Uncle Joe. He wanted it that way."

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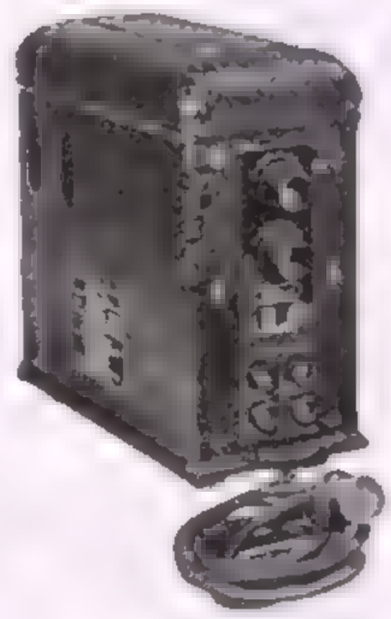
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Fox-Chicken and Sauerkraut

H. FOX, popular waiter in the Brevoort Hotel, Chicago, is one of the famous old-timers in one of Chicago's famous old-time restaurants. Here is a bit of interesting conversation between Fox and a customer (a stranger to Fox) just as it actually happened.

* * * * * *

"That breast of chicken sounds all right, waiter; now let's see, what will I have with it?"

"If I may, sir, I would suggest that you try it with Sauerkraut."

"Never heard of that combination before. Do you serve chicken that way?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. It's quite a favorite with many of my customers."

"All right, let's have it! By the way, do you serve much Sauerkraut here?"

"I'll say we do. In fact, we serve more Sauerkraut and Sauerkraut combinations in this hotel than any other dish."

"That's interesting. Why all this popularity?"

"This is my own opinion, but people order it the first time because they've been told it's good for them. After that they order it because they like it—and it's so healthy. If you like, sir, I'd be glad to give you one of our popular recipes."

Here is Fox's Recipe. Try it!

Take three pounds of round steak, cut one inch thick. Sprinkle salt and pepper over it, cover with thin slices of bacon; place as much kraut on this as possible and roll up or fasten with skewers. Put in double roasting pan with a pint of water and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Then thicken the liquid with flour. Serve on a hot platter garnished with parsley and lemon slices.

* * * * * *

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SALVAGE

(Continued from Page 27)

him. "Hello, Art. Got the car outside, if you want a lift anywhere."

Gregg managed to contain his expostulations until the runabout was in its smoothly purring progress. Then, affected against his will by Morton's calm impenitence, he approached the matter obliquely.

"What's the use of sending flowers to a girl, if she doesn't know you did it?" he demanded, avoiding for the moment any reference to the basic extravagance of sending flowers at all—especially when you were doing it with money you hadn't any right to waste. Morton shook his head.

"Mystery stuff goes across big," he explained. "Keep 'em wondering a while, and then let 'em find out. Try it yourself, if you don't believe me."

He chuckled as if the suggestion amused him. For an instant Arthur Gregg contemplated it almost seriously; there was something insidiously, insanely fascinating in the thought of sending mysteriously nameless orchids to Leila Drew. One of these days, when they'd cashed in on those options—he made a pushing gesture, as if to thrust the thought out of his affronted brain. Morton stopped the car before Garfinkle's.

"Got to try on a suit," he said. "Come on in. Like to have you tell me how it fits around the collar."

Arthur Gregg opened his mouth and shut it again as the futility of protest became apparent. He had no personal experience with the ways of custom tailors, but he knew that when a suit was ready to be tried on it was too late to recant the error of its ordering. He followed Morton into the shop with a sense of treading unhallowed ground. He listened, gloomily aloof, to an exchange of pleasantries between M. Garfinkle and his patron, and, under direct question, grudgingly admitted that the new coat fitted perfectly in the doubtful spot between shoulder blade and collar button.

"It couldn't wrinkle," declared M. Garfinkle. "Not even if it wasn't cut special to your measure, Mr. Morton. We should have it a pettent on how our garments fit around the neck. It would fit your friend here as good as you, Mr. Morton."

The statement, under chaffing question on Morton's part, became the subject of a wager. Scowling, Arthur Gregg suffered the serge jacket to be removed, slid his arms through the caressing new silk of sleeve linings, observed, in the opposed leaves of a triple mirror, an Arthur Gregg who had mysteriously become two different people. There was no visible kinship between the upper and nether sections of those mirrored semblances. J. Hobart Morton nonchalantly confessed defeat and paid his losings. Still hypnotized by the unfamiliar image, Arthur Gregg saw in the glass the passage of that five-dollar bill, the thickness of the roll which Morton returned to his pocket.

He turned a deaf ear to M. Garfinkle's blandishments, struggling back to the sanctuary of the old coat as one who toils to safety from a sucking quagmire. Retreating to the doorway, he unwillingly admired the technical finesse with which M. Garfinkle closed the transaction.

"Send it right up," said Morton negligently. "Might need it tonight."

"Sure," said Garfinkle. "I tell you what, Mr. Morton, I don't feel right I should win it money off a good customer. A bet is maybe a bet, but—look, Mr. Morton, you should pay me now a hunnert twenny, and this here five we would call it a keah discount, hunh?"

Behind the beaming benevolence of his countenance, it was apparent to Arthur Gregg that there would be no delivery of the suit unless his proposal was accepted. Gregg's lips tightened; that was what it got you to waste money putting up a front. J. Hobart Morton might look like a million, but there were two men right here on whom that appearance made small impression. He watched the transfer of more bills from the fat roll, conquering a persistent feeling that it was his money that was wasted. Morton had given him better than fair value for every dollar he was now engaged in throwing away. It was evident, to be sure, that he had overstated the extent and perhaps the urgency of his need, but Arthur Gregg had no right to complain on this score

Nevertheless, the wanton prodigality of spending a hundred and twenty-five dollars for a suit so displeased him that he refused Morton's good-natured offer to drive him on to the office. It was after six when he had finished his desk work and he rode uptown instead of walking. The dreary dinner table at Mrs. Toomey's seemed, after his luncheon at the Seneca, a little drearier than usual. He discovered a persistent distaste for the stuffy little bedroom on the third floor and yielded, after a brief struggle with his conscience, to the restlessness that urged him out into the amiable coolness of the street.

Daylight saving had advanced the clocks in triumphant proof of Binchester's urbanity; it was still light when his wandering, carefully aimless, led him past the wide lawns of Walter Drew's half-timbered house on the Parkway. As usual, his heart endeavored to climb up into his throat at the sight of Leila on the terrace; he swallowed it back into place by main force as he obeyed the cheerful summons of her lifted arm.

Their kindergarten acquaintance had been kept alive by a succession of just such accidental encounters—the meetings still more or less inevitable even in Bigger Binchester, justly celebrated as the fastest-growing city between Buffalo and Binghamton. In each of them, however, Arthur Gregg detected, as in this, the naked hand of guiding destiny. He felt its pressure on his shoulders as he crossed the lawn, and in reply to Leila's inquiry as to the state of things in general, he spoke with almost reverent fervor.

"Fine," he said. "Just fi——"

His voice forsook him, and his eyes hung helplessly upon the splash of deeper color against Leila's dress. One orchid, perhaps, might narrowly resemble every other, but there was in Arthur's Gregg's mind no shade of doubt as to when and where he had last seen these that Leila wore.

A fierce heat of anger burned up in him toward J. Hobart Morton. Daring to use stratagem and guile against Leila! Scheming to keep her wondering, to—— Her glance, following his, lowered to the flowers, lifted again. Its want of any speculative quality comforted him; he might have known that Leila couldn't be influenced by any such cheap device.

"You—you like orchids?" he asked.

"Oh, I wear 'em when I get 'em," said Leila. "Pretty, aren't they, sort of?"

She spoke so indifferently that Gregg's indignation melted to a pitying contempt for Hobart Morton. He shook hands with the formidable Walter Drew, and, under inquiry, repeated, with more conviction than before, his declaration that everything was fine. Drew's eye contemplated him deliberately. Vaguely, Arthur Gregg was aware of certain quickening of interest in that scrutiny. There was, he felt, a thoughtfulness behind it that had heretofore been wanting in the casual glance with which Walter Drew had favored him.

"Thought business must be picking up for you," said Drew. "Saw you eating at the Seneca this noon, didn't I?"

To Arthur Gregg's ear there was an implication of reproach in the question; Walter Drew's public utterance in print and from platform was uncompromisingly stern with the rising generation's disregard of frugality and thrift.

"Oh, I went there with Hobart Morton," said Gregg hastily. "I usually eat off a chair arm at the Maryland, myself."

He guessed that the contraction at Drew's eyes was due to the mention of Morton; Walter Drew would see through that counterfeit semblance of prosperity.

"Mean to say he paid for both of you?" Drew seemed surprised. His eye held a shrewdly speculative quality. "Trying to make a quick touch, was he?"

"From me?" Arthur Gregg laughed and was pleased to see that the absurdity of the idea was also apparent, on second thought, to Drew. The older man chuckled.

"Didn't know but he might try it. Guess this new-station business must have hit him pretty hard. Been taking one of his shoe-string flyers in canal-basin property, hasn't he?"

"He—he did say something about it, seems to me." Arthur Gregg's forefinger loosened the microscopic saw teeth along the edge of his collar. Drew laughed again.

"Should think he might. Must have felt nice and happy when he found out that they're going to put the new station out at South End. All over town this morning."

"It's—it's decided, is it?" Gregg moistened his lips.

"Been decided for three—four weeks, I guess. Long enough, anyhow, for the inside crowd to get half the South End under option. Control about everything out there except old George Watson's holdings, by what I hear. He was too many for 'em, as usual."

He moved away to inspect his rosebushes. Arthur Gregg managed, somehow, to preserve a deceptive calm as, much more competently than usual, he accomplished the task of saying good-by to Leila. Her casually amiable wave reassured him, when he turned at the sidewalk, against a dim fear that she might have guessed.

He broke into a stumbling run when he had passed the corner, his feet carrying him blindly toward the pleasantly expensive bachelor-apartment building where J. Hobart Morton lived. He had no clear intention; his mind clung stupidly to the memory of trivial shifts and sacrifices in the history of his stolen savings—the time he had walked all the way in from the car shops to put an extra nickel in the bank; the two boards under his mattress that pressed his trousers without subsidy to any hireling sadiron; that day, just after graduation, when he had stayed home from the class picnic at Willow Springs in spite of Leila Drew's own invitation—surely one of those five thousand stolen dollars must still be acid with the bitterness of that afternoon! Hardly another of them but must bear its private mark of the dogged self-denial that had bought it.

He could not visualize them as a mere sum and figure; they were separate symbols of days and hours, of petty humiliations, little forgone hungers. Passing in swift, blurred review before his mental eye as he ran, they seemed to charge him sadly with a kind of treason. He had no coherent train of thought; it was no more than blind instinct that drove him forward on what he knew, for all the turmoil of his mind, must be the errand of a fool.

He recognized Morton's car before the apartment building, and his hands tightened at the evidence that Morton must be in his rooms. The negro hall boy knew him as a privileged visitor and offered no objection to his passage. Morton hadn't even locked his door. Arthur Gregg shut it after him with his shoulder and, as he stood with his back against it, breathing hard, one hand mechanically twisted and withdrew the key. Hobart Morton, in a soft silk shirt and the new Garfinkle trousers, came to the door of his bedroom.

"Hello, Art. What's up?"

He spoke with his normal jaunty unconcern, but his eye flickered uneasily away from the accusing glare that Gregg turned upon him. He abandoned the attempt to dissemble, grinning as he spread his hands.

(Continued on Page 131)

RELAX

"FOOTBALL," says Hurry-up Yost, Michigan's famous coach, "is largely a matter of pressure, give and take."

It is a game of pressure upon both the mental and the physical systems. Action is fast, quick thought is necessary, and contact is violent. The smart player relaxes at every chance. One of Yale's most famous, hard-playing captains used almost every moment when time was called to rest and relax at full length on the ground.

"I teach my men to keep relaxed physically at every opportunity," says Knute Rockne of Notre Dame. Those unable to relax are soon worn down. Nerve tension drags them into slow-footed weariness. Inability to relax largely accounts for the dizzy upsets that feature each fall campaign.

Grantland Rice

EXPERIENCED football coaches differ widely in their theories and methods; but on this one point, at least, they are unanimous. There must be relaxation to offset the strain and pressure of the game.

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The laboratories and shops of industry are the sources of many of the enduring attainments of our times. In the General Electric organization is an army of 75,000 persons, co-operating to make electricity do more and better work for you.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 128)

"I see you've heard the bad news. Tough, all right, but that's how it goes."

"You knew it when you sold me that extra share," said Arthur Gregg. "You had a good guess at it when you got the first three thousand out of me, but this noon you weren't guessing—you knew!"

"I was afraid you'd be a rotten loser," said Morton, more in sorrow than in wrath. "I expected you to yelp, but —— "

"You knew," said Gregg again. "You just stole that money from me."

Morton's features had begun to arrange themselves in the aspect of injured patience, when, as if suddenly weary of the pretense, he threw back his head and laughed It was confession, contempt, defiance, all at once.

"Prove it," he said. "Squeal, you piker, and see what it gets you."

"I'm not going to squeal," said Gregg slowly. His breath was coming back, and he spoke almost mildly. "I just want my money back, that's all."

Again Morton laughed. "All right. Go get it. I'm not stopping you."

He was still chuckling when Gregg's head, lowered in his diving plunge across the room, collided with his chin. The crash of that impact served to offset some measure of his advantage in weight and strength and skill. The surprise attack, the triplicate armament of a just cause, accounted for the rest. Morton staggered backward and sprawled across the footboard of his bed, his arms wasting, in a wild effort to regain his balance, the split second that Arthur Gregg required to fasten furiously upon his throat. He tore uselessly at that suffocating clutch; he battered at the face that pressed against his chest; he managed, with a mighty effort, to roll over, but not even the jarring force with which they struck the floor so much as loosened the grip of Arthur Gregg's crazed fingers.

Presently, when Hobart Morton was able to spare thought for something less important than the renewal of relations with the outer air, a towel had been knotted crudely between his jaws, another lashed each of his ankles to a leg of the big chair before his desk, and his left wrist was bound with a necktie to the chair arm. Arthur Gregg was talking.

"Sit up and write, I tell you, before I start on you in earnest." Morton felt an admonitory pressure of the arm that crooked about his neck. He made eager, wordless sounds of surrender and consent, and his right hand, groping on the desk, found and clutched a fountain pen. Arthur Gregg, leaning over his shoulder, dictated deliberately:

"I hereby voluntarily confess that I obtained from Arthur Gregg the sum of five thousand dollars by fraud. I acknowledge this of my own free will and declare that the said Arthur Gregg, in accepting as partial restitution the sum of $1658.77 in cash, together with certain personal property described in the bill of sale I have this day signed in his favor, does so at my request and without prejudice to any civil or criminal proceedings he may subsequently bring against me."

"Sign it," said Arthur Gregg. His elbow tightened a little. J. Hobart Morton signed. Under the same persuasion he proceeded to write out a formal bill of sale, transferring to Arthur Gregg his right and title in a certain Mixler runabout, its serial numbers duly copied from the license in his pocketbook; he drew up and signed a promissory note for two thousand dollars. Allowed to breathe now, without the encumbering elbow, he executed a second bill of sale, setting down the items as Arthur Gregg, packing them compactly in a pig-skin kit bag that headed the list, called them from the bedroom:

"One full-dress suit; one dinner jacket; one business suit, dark-gray; one blue, double-breasted ——"

"Told me to go ahead and get my money back, didn't you?" Arthur Gregg paused in response to expostulatory gurgles from behind the gag. "Doing the best I can, that's all."

There were more gurgles, eventually intelligible. J. Hobart Morton was drawing attention to the totality of the levy. Arthur Gregg chuckled grimly.

"Don't you worry about that, Morton. I'll leave you something to wear, all right."

He carried the crammed kit bag out to the car, tying Morton's right hand to the chair arm and locking the door of his rooms against the chance of a stray visitor during his absence. The hall boy paid no heed as he passed him. Returning, he untied the lashings that bound J. Hobart Morton's knees and ankles, and, deaf to plaintive, protesting gurgles, achieved the removal of the new Garfinkle trousers.

"Saw you pay for 'em with my money," he said "Fit me first-rate too. Lucky we're built so much alike—wouldn't wonder if this old suit of mine would fit you better than me. You're welcome to it anyhow."

J. Hobart Morton stared helplessly at the unfamiliar figure that presently replaced the bonds at his knee and foot.

"Leave you one hand loose," explained Arthur Gregg. "Guess by the time you get these knots untied you'll see the sense of taking your medicine. Might make some trouble for me, maybe, but it's just your word against mine, and I've got written evidence to back me up too. Go ahead and squeal, though, if you think it's worth while."

He freed Morton's left hand and went out. There was a tall mirror in the lobby. Passing it, he squared his shoulders and threw out his chest.

II

"'SALL," said George Watson. The remark, however, wanted its usual quality of dismissal. Arthur Gregg, still dimly incredulous as to the reality of the interview, rose without haste; somewhere in the back office of his mind a purely clerical staff calculated the profits, gross and net, on the formidable list of policies to be handled hereafter through his agency. Through a grimy window his eye dwelt possessively on a runabout parked beside the curb; he endeavored to oppose the heretic belief that there was some connection between that car and the conquest of George Watson's confidence.

Watson was too smart to be influenced, except adversely, by such considerations. It was just silly to imagine that he'd switch all his insurance business merely because Arthur Gregg had encountered him afoot among his holdings at South End and given him a free ride back to lower Main Street in the motor that had been Hobart Morton's. Even now, with the transaction safely closed, Gregg was minded to explain and excuse his temporary possession of the car, to tell Watson that he'd had to take it over as salvage of an otherwise bad debt and was only driving it until he found a good chance to sell, because there wasn't any sense in letting it stand idle, running up storage bills while its owner walked or paid car fare. But Watson spoke before he found the right approach to the topic.

"Glad to see y' gett'n' ahead," he declared. "'Swhat I like—see a young man s'ceed. Been wait'n' to see how you turned out. Might' near had me fooled, too—thought you could'n' be earn'n' y' keep."

Arthur Gregg felt his eyes widening; his respect for George Watson's discernment underwent an abrupt downward revision, and he had a dim sense of injustice. He resented this counterfeit Gregg, reaping, on wholly superficial grounds, the rewards for which the real Gregg had slaved and scrimped and struggled. Yet, as his glance lowered to the Garfinkle raiment, as, rising, it dwelt again upon the car at the curb below the window, he entered a defense. This resplendent Arthur Gregg wasn't counterfeit. He stood in his own clothes, certainly; that car out yonder was his both by right of purchase and by the forcible replevin of his naked hands.

For the first time, as he pressed the starter, he had no uneasy sense of guilty masquerade. At his office, dealing mechanically with the desk work incident to the Watson windfall, he even came to entertain a dull anger toward that other Arthur Gregg, going about with his shiny hand-me-downs, giving people like George Watson the idea that he couldn't earn his keep. If he had fooled Watson he'd probably deceived a lot of others, too—others whose opinion might be just as important.

Later, leaning forward in the wicker chair that stood in the late twilight of the terrace, he found occasion to amend the phrase. There were others whose opinions were distinctly more important than even those of George Watson.

Walter Drew, for instance, treated the Arthur Gregg who drove a car and wore a snappy dinner jacket distinctly otherwise from the caller who had polished half-soled shoes against blue-serge trouser legs. It was impossible to deny even a certain change in Leila's friendliness.

"There's something I've been wanting to ask you," she said. "Do you remember one night when I was wearing orchids and you asked me if I liked them?"

"Remember? I'll say I do!"

Arthur Gregg scowled in the semi-darkness, and the rankle of his revived grievance gave his voice an injured bitterness. He had salvaged a good deal, to be sure, from the shipwreck of his dealings with J. Hobart Morton, but, except for the remote chance of collecting something against that promissory note, it would always leave a balance to be ignobly written off. Cars and clothes and money might be seized by the strong hand, but there could never be a levy against the orchids of yesterday. Again he seemed to see the passage of that yellow bill—his twenty dollars, thrown away, past all recovery ——

"I'm just terribly sorry," Leila was saying. "I never dreamed who'd been sending them. I—I was afraid it must be that awful Hobart Morton. I always supposed you were just frightfully hard up, Arthur. Even when they stopped coming after what I said that night, I didn't guess right away that it was you."

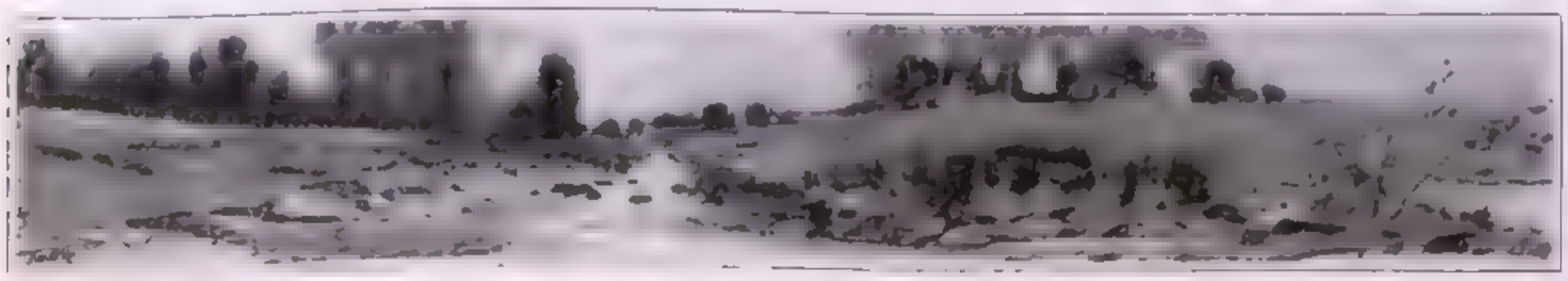
Dazedly, Arthur Gregg mentally indorsed an unspecific succession of twenty-dollar credits on the back of a certain promissory note. Leila prompted him with forthright question.

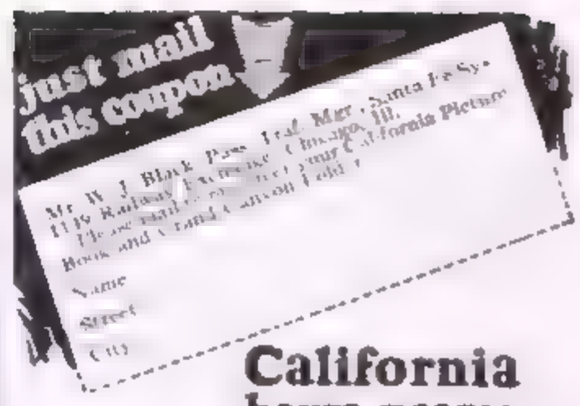
"It was you, wasn't it?"

"Rather have 'em come from me, Leila?"

She laughed softly. Arthur Gregg drew in a long, slow breath. And he'd thought of trifles like a car and clothes as worthy salvage! He seemed to see himself suddenly in the respectful mirrors at Unger's Flower Shoppe, negligently dismissing the dapper clerk's suggestion about a card.

"All right, then," he said. "They did, sort of."





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THE GENERAL'S AIDE

(Continued from Page 13)

"Will you?" asked the nurse. She looked at him deeply, and her voice came softly from the back of her throat, so that it was unnecessary for her to add, "For me."

Wally swallowed several times and then cleared his throat. "I'll do what I can, lady," said he.

"That's all I ask," replied the nurse. She stretched out her hand for his, and Wally, removing his glove, gave it a firm clasp. Then she jumped down from the step and they could hear her hobnails sp..t-tering away through the mud.

"Who the hell do you think you're kickin'?" demanded Wally. He did not say it briskly, however, as a man does when he means business, but in a sullen, hangdog sort of way, and he kept his eyes fixed on the road. The ambulance moved away, lurching over the worn surface of the road. Wally replaced his glove. "Yuh wants be careful where yuh throw them canal boats o' yours," he growled. "I don't need no guy to go kickin' me in the shins. I won't stand for it. Anyone that kicks me in the shins is gonna get knocked clockwise."

Rooge made no reply, but began to sing, very loudly and off tune:

"Around her neck she wore a yaller ribbon;
She wore it for her sweetie what was in the cavalry.
Oh, he used to ride a horse, and his horse it used to prance;
But she's got a better sweetie now that rides an ambulance."

"Aw, what could a man do?" cried Wally. "Wasn't she lookin' at me, an' didn't she have a hold o' my arm?"

"A man can put that there thing in gear an' step on the gas," said Rooge crisply.

"Well, she's a nice American girl," replied Wally, "an' when a nice American girl asks a fellar would he do her a little favor, it ain't only some guy with a soul like a skunk that would say no."

"Now that's what a man gets for tryin' to do a favor for a ignorant friend," said Rooge. "A big argument an' a lot of personalities. All right, kid, you drive. I'm gonna sleep. If you crave the landscape o' Northern France so you want to see forty kilometers of it that you already seen forty times, up an' back, go to it."

"If you'll sleep all through it," replied Wally, "it'll be worth the trouble o' drivin. There's one good thing about you—you don't talk in your sleep. When you're poundin' your ear a man's got a chance to think one thought after the other for a while, 'thout you bellerin' in his ear."

"Shut up, Wally," said Rooge, closing his eyes. "You'll have 'em soundin' the gas alarm around here if you keep on talkin'. I ain't listenin' anyway."

The traffic became gradually thicker and Wally's entire attention was taken up in dodging trucks, rolling kitchens and other ambulances, French and American, that kept cutting in from the side roads.

Malancourt, Haucourt, Esnes, Fromereville, Nixeville, Souilly. The ambulance was unloaded there in a welter of trucks, ambulances, freight cars, portable houses, both up and down, stretchers, walking wounded, and dead awaiting burial. Rooge was awakened, and crying out at the pain of his stiffened legs and arms, got down into the mud and assisted with the unloading. The ambulance went away then to a place where gas, oil and water could be replenished. Wally then curved out of town, crossed the Bar-le-Duc highway, and took the country road that led northbound traffic through Osches, Rampont, and Bercourt to Dombasle-en-Argonne. A man can turn to the right here, and going north through Montzeville, return to the front, or by keeping straight on he could arrive at Four de Paris by way of Neuvilly. Wally, however, swung to the right, and Rooge, who had been feigning sleep, opened his eyes with a start to behold the forest-clad heights above Bethelainville.

"Hey, Wally," he cried. "This ain't the road! We don't go this way! Yuh keep on that main road! Ain't you ever drove to Foor de Paree before?"

Wally made no reply, but sang loudly:

"Oh, she sent for her lover, for her lover sent she,
For he was as fine a soldier as a man did ever see.
He jumped into his ambulance an' made it turn around,
An' he says, 'I'll come a runnin' if my bus'll hold the ground.'"

"You ain't really goin' back after that shavetail, are yuh?" asked Rooge anxiously. "No kiddin', Wally! Man, I never thought you really meant it or I woulda raised up hell. Man, they'll climb up one side o' you an' down the other. Eighty kilometers o' gas, oil, an' rubber off the tires, to say nothin' o' wear an' tear on my nerves watchin' you run under tail gates an' scrape the paint off tanks, an' all for one shavey. You go smokin' into Sewey an' see what they say to yuh for comin' in with only one passenger! They'll take your spendin' money away from yuh for a while. I ain't kiddin'. C'm on! Use your brains. They don't git hardly enough use to keep the dust off 'em, but try to reason somethin' out for once! Gwan, turn off at the next left-hand road. You ain't the only one knows this country. Turn off. It'll take you to Avocourt an' then we can go over through Varennes that way, if the road ain't one-way traffic."

Wally paid no attention, but as they reached the top of the hill began to sing again:

"Oh, she says to the villain, 'You had better hop your flivver,
'Cause my man is on the road an' he'll excavate your liver.'
'Ho-ho,' laffed the villain. 'Oh, I ain't afraid of he,
Though he is the bravest soldier ever drove a G. M. C.'"

"Listen to what I'm sayin'!" yelled Rooge. "Lay off that warblin'. If you knew how much you sounded like an Algerian with a skinful of white mule, you wouldn't holler so! You're on the wrong road! If I shove a few words into your ear with a bunch o' knuckles I guess you'll pay attention."

"Don't make no fight talk to me," said Wally severely. "Time hangs heavy on my hands right now an' I might stop this here an' turn you up on end an' slam you so deep into the ground you'd look like a milepost."

"Time hangs heavy on your hands!" shrieked Rooge. "Well, it don't hang heavy on mine! Yuh know what time it'll be when we get back up there in them cold woods? It'll be chow time, an' us miles from a smell o' bacon fryin' an' coffee boilin'. And d'yuh know there's wounded waitin' at Foor de Paree to be took out, enlisted men, too, that's got some value to 'em."

"There's a lot o' ambulances waitin' there too," said Wally, increasing speed downhill into Montzeville. "They got a old church over there for a dressin' station. The drivers like that route. It ain't so lively as it is up round Montfaucon."

"There's a sergeant there," observed Rooge darkly, "an' he checks up on ambulances comin' an' goin', to see who's drivin' an' who's gold-brickin'."

"Let him check'" answered Wally. "That's what he's gettin' paid for."

Rooge thereupon hurled himself against the back of the ambulance and sat looking out across the brown fields to distant roads, some with their sides lined with artillery emplacements, square and black, like the ports of wooden men-of-war. On other roads crawled columns of trucks miles long, that looked like snakes, and columns of artillery, equally long, with the horses' legs wiggling like a centipede's. The ambulance went uphill and down continually, like a ship riding over the waves. Traffic was fairly light going this way and the Germans were not shelling the rear areas, having enough to do for the present with their front lines.

"I'll bet yuh when we get up there he's kicked off," said Rooge finally.

"I don't want your money," replied the driver. "Children an' fools is safe from me, but if he's alive will you promise not to open your gas projector for twenty-four hours?"

Rooge made no reply, but grunted scornfully.

"No, yuh won't," said Wally. "Money you don't care about, bein' as with blinds an' payin' for lost property you won't have none comin' to yuh in your lifetime, but yuh got to pop off all the time. If yuh didn't it would kill yuh. Maybe it's lucky at that. If you didn't give all that hot air exit it might back up in yuh an' then blow you an' me an' the ambulance all to hell."

"Gwan an' sing," said Rooge. "I'd rather you thought you could sing than that you thought you could argufy."

"So! Well, I know I can't sing an' I know I'm kind of a fool, but there's them that don't realize either. You was the one started to sing anyway, kiddin' me about that nurse."

"I ain't done yet either," remarked Rooge.

In silence they arrived at the path that led into the field hospital. Here Rooge blew violently upon his whistle, and called at the top of his lungs "Bring out your wounded!"

There were faint exclamations of pleasure, then appeared the two lean-faced stretcher bearers that had helped load the ambulance before.

"We about give yuh up," said the first bearer. "The wards an' personnel is all gone, 'cept us. Well, business is about done here."

"Shove him in," said Rooge, opening the gate. "Here's your blanket for him." He gave a half glance at the figure on the stretcher, then spun about energetically. "Hey, what's this! This guy ain't the shavetail! Where's that patent-leather officer we come back after? Shot through the arm or chest he was. This bird's got a leg wound!"

"That's all right," replied the bearer. "He's here. This feliar's one that somebody brought in. They git a bad case once in a while an' some dizzy officer rushes him to the hospital in a side car or a limousine or somethin'. They didn't know we was closed up."

"How many of 'em yuh got?" demanded Rooge, with awful suspicion.

"Oh, just a couple. Him an' another an' the lootenant."

"Well, put him in," said Rooge, "an' I'll go up an' bring down the rest. Anyone there to give me a hand?"

"Yeh, there's another fellar up there."

Rooge went down the path to where the tents of the field hospital had once stood, but all was changed. Nothing remained but the trampled grass, a scattered ribbon of white bandage here and there, the nurse, and a man burying rubbish.

"Give us a hand on a stretcher," called Rooge.

"Sure thing," answered the man. He came over, and the nurse smiled upon both.

"I knew you'd come back," she said cheerily. "We've gathered a few more for you too. Just a full load—three and the lieutenant. Look, take out this one and send back the bearers for the other. I'm going to give the lieutenant a little morphine, but by the time you've loaded the other two he'll be ready."

They lifted the first man and bore him out to the road. It took a long time, because he had had a foot amputated by a one-pounder shell and any jot might disturb the tourniquets on his leg and start him bleeding again. The other two bearers went back for the third man and Rooge and his companion, after seeing the first three safely loaded, went in for the lieutenant.

"Here they are," exclaimed the nurse, getting up from her knees beside a stretcher.

"Ready, now?" asked Rooge, taking hold of the upper end of the stretcher.

"Ready," answered the other man. "Easy now."

Ugh! They lifted him up and started shuffling their way down the muddy path, the nurse walking alongside, steadying the stretcher and rearranging the blanket that covered the lieutenant.

"Yuh ain't got any chow lyin' around loose, have yuh?" inquired Rooge. "It's about one o'clock an' me an' the driver ain't bit since 5:30 this mornin'."

"I'm sorry," said the nurse. "We just used up our last cake of chocolate to make some hot drink for these ——"

"Hey, nurse!" called several voices. At this moment the stretcher party emerged from the woods. Several men were grouped at the rear of the ambulance.

"There she is now," said one of these men. Rooge looked with a contraction of the heart. Wally was there, gauntleted hands on leather-jerkined hips, the two stretcher bearers, lighting cigarettes, and four other men clad in dungarees, who had between them what looked to be a blanket full of dirt. This group was clustered so about the back of the ambulance that the stretcher party could not get through, and so were forced to come up a protesting halt.

"Gwan!" cried Rooge. "Gangway! Hot stuff comin' through!"

"Break away from the back o' that ambulance, can't yuh?" demanded the other bearer.

"We got a wounded man here," said one of the group that carried the blanket. All looked, the nurse hurrying forward with an exclamation of pity. There was a man in the blanket, in dungarees, like his companions, and the blood that should have been in his face had leaked out here and there through holes in his body, to be absorbed by his overalls and the blanket. He was apparently without life; but the nurse, taking his limp, muddy hand, announced that there was a pulse there.

"Where did you get him?" she asked.

"We're fixin' the road over by Avocourt," said one of the overalled men. "Pioneer infantry. There was a boche come over droppin' bombs. We all took to the woods, but Art here run right into one. The cap'n said there was a hospital over here, so we brung him in."

"He looks like he's hit bad," murmured someone.

"He is," said one of the men in overalls. "He's absorbed a whole one o' them damn bombs. It makes him weigh heavy, too, with all that iron in him."

"Well, drag out the least wounded guy an' run him in," said Wally. "Lucky yuh didn't come up five minutes later, yuh'd never caught us. The hospital is closed an' this is our last trip."

"Yeh, but which is the least wounded guy?" asked the stretcher bearer with Rooge.

"That's right," agreed another bearer, walking over to the ambulance and climbing on the step. "There's that guy with the foot off, the other one's plugged through a lung, and that fellar in the lower's got a machine bullet through him endwise. It went in his neck and come out the back of his leg somewhere. H'm. Yuh see these here was all hit bad, else they would a stayed in the dressin' stations an' gone out in the regular ambulances."

"They were brought down especially," said the nurse; "either in side cars or some other way. Their buddies wanted to rush them in just as fast as they could, and we

(Continued on Page 137)

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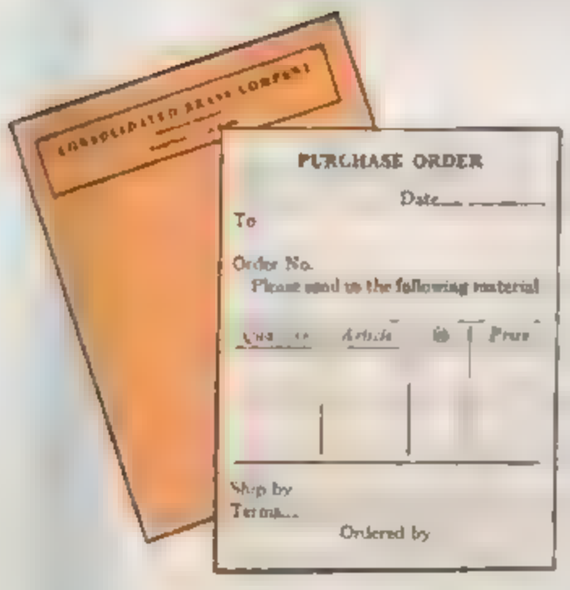

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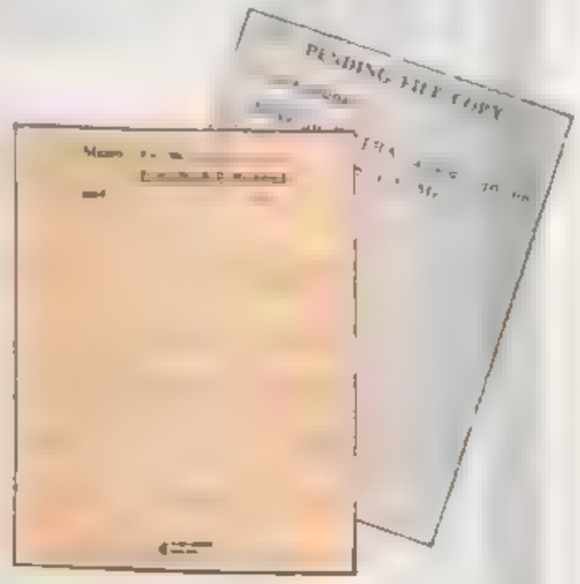

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(Continued from Page 132)

couldn't tell them the place wasn't taking patients."

"Put me down!" said a faint voice. No one paid any attention and the two free stretcher bearers made ready to pull out the first stretcher they could get hands on.

"Put me down!" said the voice again. It was the lieutenant and he added words horribly profane, but which gave his command emphasis.

"Oh, are you awake?" cried the nurse, wringing her hands. "I gave you a shot that would put the Statue of Liberty away for a week! That's the kind of morphine you get in the army! It has about as much effect as water!"

"Put me down!" insisted the lieutenant. They put him down because he was over heavy anyway. "Now put in the other man," went on the officer. "Take 'em all out; they've all got it worse than I have."

There was great whispering at this, and the nurse was seen to search her pockets, but she had mislaid her needle, and so could not give the officer more morphine.

"Never mind the soldiers' council," said the lieutenant huskily. "Put him in and get the hell out of here before they all die."

Rooge and Wally took one of the spare stretchers from the side of the ambulance and transferred the wounded prisoner to it. Then they shoved him in as gently as they could. Wally went to the front, while Rooge fastened the curtain. The pioneers and the stretcher bearers looked on dumbly.

"S'long!" said Rooge.

"S'long," said the others. "Coming back?"

"Nope. This is the last trip. Them that don't want to go is out of luck." This was for the officer's benefit, but Rooge could see no sign that he had been heard. He then went to his seat in time to see Wally and the nurse again shaking hands.

"Leave it to me," said Wally, and the nurse was gone.

In silence the ambulance rolled away and silence was maintained until the ambulance swung into the southbound traffic stream at Montzeville.

"Leave what to you?" demanded Rooge suddenly.

"Drivin' this here ambulance!"

"Well, it couldn't be left in poorer hands, but that ain't the point. You an' that nurse was makin' chin music, an' it's somethin' you're ashamed of or you'd have spit it out long ago. C'm on, now, what was it? You promised her you'd make another trip up there, didn't yuh? Well, you'll make it alone. I aim to eat an' then I aim to go to Foor de Paree where I got orders to go, an' if you ain't got sense enough to take me I'm goin' with somebody that appreciates a good orderly."

"I ain't worryin'," said Wally. "You wouldn't make no second trip with no one but me. If I wasn't feeble-minded I'd put in for another orderly long ago. But then I don't mind you ridin' with me. It gives me courage. That yap o' yours goin' all the time drowns out shellfire an' so I don't get scared."

"You ain't said what you an' the nurse was hatchin' up," reminded Rooge. "Never mind the cheap wit. I announce right now I ain't goin' back there."

"Listen," said Wally; "stop talkin' an' try can you think up somethin' to say that sounds like intelligence. While you're tryin', I'll explain in simple language, a-b, a-b, what we're gonna do. We're gonna take these wounded to Sewey. Compree? Then we have chow. Then we beat it to Foor de Paree. That right? Understand that?"

"Yeh, that's right," said Rooge. "You been rational so far. Now tell me the foolish part."

"Foolish? Where d'yuh get that stuff?" cried Wally, obviously disconcerted. "Well, it ain't foolish. This here officer is aide to General Middleton, an' he's the old he-one of all the herd round here. So she says we should stop in an' say his aide is horizontal up in the woods an' would he send up his car to bring him down, less'n he wants to put in for a new aide."

"Then what?"

"Then you an' me go on to Foor de Paree."

Rooge laughed a harsh, mirthless laugh. "Well, if that ain't the limit of your intelligence!" he began. "If that ain't somethin' that your poor little peanut skull would think up! That gang that went around gradin' guys' minds musta graded you as equal to unborn! First off, generals is about as easy to find around here as a plate of ice cream. Where's this general? An' how come he's gonna send his big shiny car way off in some woods an' maybe get it blown up, just for some shavetail to bleed all over the cushions?"

"I wish you'd learn to say somethin' without usin' so many words," answered Wally calmly. "Words. If words was brains you'd be Thomas Edison. If you got a cent for every word you spoke you'd be John D. Rockefellar. Your old jaw bearin's must run hot most o' the time. If you didn't like to sleep so, you'd wear 'em out. Go to sleep, an' when you wake up it'll be all over."

"An' you'll still be huntin' for this here general!"

"No, I won't. His P. C. is in the town hall at Mandecourt an' we pass right through it to go to Foor de Paree."

"Yeh," sneered Rooge, "right through it by goin' about twenty kilometers outta the way! An' then you ain't got no car yet!"

"I'll get the car. The nurse told me all that. She knows this here general. She tended him in the States when he was gettin' his utensils cut out or somethin'."

"Enjoy yourself," said Rooge. "Have a good time. We gotta work twenty-six hours o' the day an' this seat won't be no harder here than it will be anywhere else. Only don't forget that when the roll is called up yonder in Foor de Paree an' you're over here borryin' generals' limousines, there'll have to be some explainin'. I was in the mill oncet an' that's oncet too much."

It was late afternoon before the ambulance was back again on the road to Mandecourt. There was no conversation on the seat, for Rooge, full of bacon and hard French biscuits soaked in coffee, slept peacefully, while Wally's mind was busy with the explanation he was going to make when he arrived at the church near Four de Paris five hours later than the time he should have been there. They shot into the pile of ruins that had been Mandecourt, and cutting through a column of prisoners to the great disgust of the military police guarding them, they arrived before the town hall. Wires innumerable went in the door, orderlies sat about, side cars were parked on one side, a huge limousine and a touring car at the other, with one of those ancient faded blue affairs that served the French for motor transport.

"Wake up, Rooge," said Wally, nudging the other with his elbow. "This is us." He brought the ambulance to a stop. "Don't let no one steal this bus now; I'm goin' in."

He clambered over Rooge's feet, and mounting the muddy stairs of the building, went in. There were noise and clamor, the continual clicking of typewriters, the ring of many telephones, an overpowering smell of cigar smoke mingled with that of wet wool, and the thump, thump of hobnailed shoes. There was nobody in the hall whom he might question as to the whereabouts of the general, and Wally paused in uncertainty. He was not accustomed to prowling about in the command posts of the mighty. Yet this was a thing that he had promised to do and the quicker it was done the better. He noticed a blanket-curtained door at the right, over which was the sign, Artillery Groupment. There ought to be somebody there who knew where the general was. Wally went in.

A huge room, formerly a schoolroom, was now filled with tables on which were spread typewriters, maps, orders, cigar ashes, empty bottles used as candlesticks, map cases, compasses, riding crops, horseshoes, shrapnel noses, and one-pounder shells that were used as paper weights. Officers figured fire data, consolidated reports and issued orders. The corps commander was there, conferring with the commander of the groupment, and with a French division commander regarding the mechanics of moving forward and of keeping up a proper volume of fire at the same time. The corps commander was tall and thin, with a strongly marked nose and chin, wherefore he was called the Old Man of the Mountain. He lifted his head and saw what he assumed to be a motorcycle dispatch rider in conference with an officer who sat near the door. This man, however, though his gauntlets and leather jerkin might make him look like a dispatch rider, was Wally, and he was asking the man near the door where he might find the general.

"Here, you, have you a message for me?" roared the general clear across the room.

"Yes-sir," replied Wally.

Every typewriter stopped and every head came up to listen, startled by the bellowing roar of the general.

Wally, nervous enough at being among so many high-ranking officers, and startled by the loudness of the general's shout, replied in kind.

"Yes-sir," he called. "There's a girl up there in the woods—a nurse—an' she wants to know how's chances on borryin' your car to ——"

"What?"

The maps on the tables shook with the blast of that inquiry. Not a typewriter clicked, not a pen moved.

"There's a nurse," said Wally lamely. "She says she knows yuh. She wants to know—huh?" A hand had tugged at Wally's sleeve. It was the officer there, who sought to attract Wally's attention. The room was deathly still. Then from the other side of the curtain came the scrape of hobnails.

"Wally!" a hoarse whisper, yet clearly audible in all corners of the room. "Hey, ask him does he mind the time her——"

There was a crash of sound that drowned the rest. The general, his face like the setting sun, had glared all around, and at once every typewriter began to clatter and every pen to scrape madly. The officer who had Wally by the sleeve propelled him to the doorway, but at that instant two very huge, evil-looking men entered, bringing with them a leather-jerkined man with red hair.

"This guy was hanging round the door listenin'," said the evil men. "Does the major want him looked after?"

The two were military police, supposed to guard the portals, and having stepped aside for a minute for purposes of their own so that Wally had been able to get in, and likewise Rooge, they were now only too eager to arrest someone to show how unceasing had been their vigilance.

"Sure, put 'em away," said the major. "Take this one too. They're both drunk."

"Look after them," urged the general, speaking with difficulty. "We'll see if we can't impress on them that a corps headquarters is a poor place for a drunk to wander into." Again he glared around, but everyone worked madly, save the French, who sat with open mouths.

"Come on, youse," said the M.P.'s; "come wit' us." They retired with their prisoners and the blanket that served as a curtain fell into place again.

"What did you let that man in for?" demanded the general of the major by the door. "Seems to me you ought to have sense enough to keep that sort of intruder out!" The general then crossed the room to an officer who perused a march order.

"Jump out and get those men away from the police and run 'em out of the sector!" whispered the general.

He returned to his seat at the table and mopped his brow. He did not want these men arrested. There would be a trial, and things came out at trials that had better be left unknown.

The officer hurried out. The two policemen debated before the door which one

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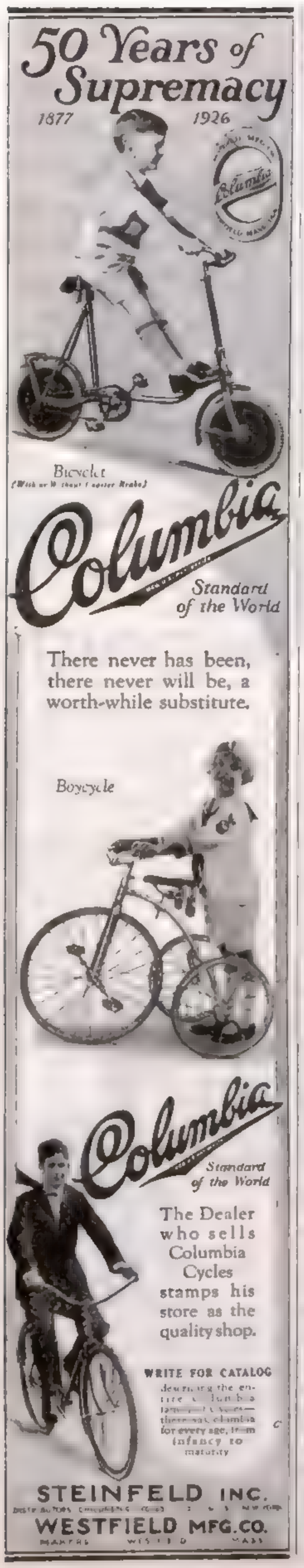
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should guard the door and which take the two prisoners to the stockade. There was also another man there—a lieutenant colonel who wore the insignia of the medical corps.

"Who's driving this ambulance?" asked the lieutenant colonel.

"We are, sir," said Wally sadly; "but these guys pinched us an' won't leave us go."

"Take 'em away, Johnny," said one of the police. "They won't worry about ambulances none for the next six months."

"Hold up a minute," said the officer. "You want that ambulance, doctor?"

"Yes, I do. A dispatch rider was just in and said that they'd found Dwyer. He's up in the woods beyond Avocourt, in a field hospital that's moved up, and so there's no ambulances running by there. I was going to send this one after him."

"Well, we'll do it!" cried the officer. "Found Dwyer at last; that's fine! The general will be very pleased. Release those two men. You know me, of course. I'm General Middleton's chief of staff. I'll take the responsibility. He'd rather have Dwyer taken out than fifty drunks court-martialed. Are you men sober enough to drive?"

"We ain't drunk, sir," said Wally defiantly. "We was just in there——"

"Shut up!" barked a policeman. "The general——"

"Never mind!" interrupted the officer. "I said I'd take all responsibility. Put those men in the ambulance and see that they start."

"Come on; come on," murmured the doctor. "Tell all that to Riley; we're in a hurry here. Hop in, and I'll tell you where this hospital is."

"I know where it is," said Wally. "I seen the lootenant too. I been up there twice today."

"Been up there twice?" cried the two officers. "Well, why the hell didn't you bring Dwyer back before now? He was hit at daybreak and you fatheads have let him lie around up there until mid-afternoon! Here, what's your name? I'm going to turn you in! Here! Stop 'em! Stop that ambulance! Hey!"

But the motor roared, the mud flew in showers, and with a lurch and a wild skid the ambulance was gone. They watched it slide around the farthest corner and head north; then the officers went back into the town hall.

There was no word said on the seat of the ambulance. Traffic congestion took them as far east as Chattancourt, and they were well on their way to Cuisy when Rooge finally spoke.

"It ain't rained all day," said he; "but maybe it will tonight."

"I'm off women for life!" replied Wally. "Now an' forever. I never tried to do one a favor but what it cost me two-thirds of a month's pay or more. Now lookit! A whole day shot, just miss being slammed in the mill, an' most like get tried for turnin' up late by seven or eight hours at Foor de Paree. I'm done. The next skirt that wiggles her eyes at me an' asks me to do some slight favor is gonna hear language. I ain't kiddin'."

"Well," observed Rooge, "you wouldn't be guided by me."

"You? You was the bird that popped off this morning an' made me so ashamed o' myself I had to say yes. 'Naw,' says you. 'This is our last trip! Naw!' Ain't that a fine way to talk to a lady! What else could a man say but, 'Sure, we'll come back?' An' then just as I start to explain to the general, 'Hey, ask him does he mind the time,' says you! Ask him does he mind what time? Who the hell asked you to horn in anyway? I left you outside a-purpose, so you wouldn't upset the beans all over the floor!"

"I was gonna say to ask him to mind the time she took care o' him when he was sick," said Rooge calmly. "Ain't no harm in that. . . . Well, ain't this lovely scenery! I'm so glad traffic's thick an' we come around another way. It makes things much more interestin'. It'll be dark by the time we go out again an' won't we have an interestin' time, especially me on the bumper playin' searchlight with a cigarette. Got any cigarettes, Wally? If you ain't you're gonna be missin' a headlight t'night."

Rooge removed his helmet, and putting it on the floor, drew something from his pocket. This he adjusted on his head, and taking a steel trench mirror from another pocket, looked at his reflection with seeming satisfaction.

"Now, senseless," demanded Wally, "whatta yuh got there?"

He took a careful look ahead, saw that there were no crossroads and that he was at a comfortable distance from a light touring car ahead, and then looked at Rooge. The ambulance slid toward the ditch as Wally twitched the wheel in his astonishment. Rooge was wearing an overseas cap bound with gold braid and bearing two large silver stars pinned to it, the insignia of a major general.

"Where'd yuh git that?" gasped Wally.

"I went into the hall," said Rooge, regarding himself from every angle, "knowin' you for what you was an' that you'd gum the works somehow. I thought if I was along, I might help yuh out of it. There was some coats an' hats a-hangin' up an' I took this one." He regarded himself in the mirror from a fresh angle. "I think I'd make a good-lookin' general," he remarked.

"Well, what in the name o' frost-faced freezes are you gonna do with a general's hat?"

"I took it to sell," said Rooge, removing the cap and carefully refolding it. "I'll need it to help pay the blind I'm gonna get for runnin' wild all day instead o' goin' where we was ordered to go. Lots o' guys will give francs for a general's hat. A guy could put one o' them on an' maybe go to Paris without no pass."

Wally sighed heavily and, shaking his head, returned to the absorbing business of driving. They struck a long stretch of new American-built road—just broken stone thrown on the surface of the ground—and the difficulty of driving through this prevented conversation until the ambulance slowed once more for the field hospital. It was almost dark when they got there, but Wally was used to finding places in the dark, and there was a man waiting at the foot of the path who arose with a cry as the ambulance appeared.

"Bring him out," called Wally, getting out on the running board. "Stand around now, boys, we gotta get outta here. C'm on, go get him while we're turnin' around."

Another man appeared on the path beside the first, and the two waited, their faces white and gleaming in the semidark, until Rooge came over to them.

"Give us a hand," said they. "Hell's loose! Man, you don't know the half o' it!"

"What's the matter?" demanded Rooge and Wally simultaneously.

"There was a boche shell got a direct hit on a truck load o' doughboys an' them they could find they brought in here! Fourteen of 'em!"

"Fourteen! Man," gasped Wally, "no sleep tonight! That nurse still here? If she's got fourteen in there that was under a direct hit, she won't have much time to hold no lootenant's hands! Well, fourteen or no fourteen, we come up after that officer, an' we're gonna have him. Go get him, Rooge."

"He won't go," said one of the men by the path. "No use arguin'. He says as his old man is a congressman or somethin' an' him bein' a addykong an' all, he gets an awful razz all the time. They claim he ain't got no guts. He says he'll show 'em! He won't go out while there's a damn enlisted man waitin'!"

A long silence. The men could hear the guns beginning to growl as night came on, and a faint murmur of voices up the path where the fourteen wounded lay with the lieutenant.

"Rooge," said Wally in a hoarse whisper, "git out that hat o' yourn! I got it! Unpin them stars an' pin one each on one o' them doughs up there an' then tell that shavey that he's goin' out with a wagonload o' generals that was in a limousine under a direct hit. Tell him one general is stayin' behind so's he can go out, cause he's dub officer. Tell him he ain't got no mortgage on bein' brave an' self-denyin'."

"Yeh, but that's only three," objected Rooge. "Who's gonna get the fourth bunk?"

"Put the hat on the fourth man!" cried Wally.

"That ain't bad, at that!" murmured Rooge to himself. He jumped down from the ambulance and dashed away into the darkness.

Wally had turned the ambulance around and was down inspecting his tires when the first stretcher appeared. One of the bearers flicked on a flash light and snapped it off again, but its beam showed that the curtain was still down and the gate up, and that the man on the first stretcher was the lieutenant.

A second stretcher appeared, and this time Wally had prepared the ambulance for loading. The flash light flickered again and glittered for a second on a silver star that the man on the stretcher wore on his blouse. In he went, and the third stretcher following close behind, the light flashed again. Another general, his body covered with a blanket from feet to head, but fallen away on one side so that the insignia of a chief of brigade showed on his shoulder. The fourth man was entirely covered, even his face, but the inquisitive flash light showed the back of his head, covered with an overseas cap, the edges of which were bound with gold braid. In he went, and after him the wounded lieutenant, who slid into his lower bunk without protest.

"Take 'em away," called Rooge. Wally ran to the front of the ambulance and Rooge, after securing curtain and gate, followed.

"They expectin' us back?" asked Wally.

"Nope," said Rooge. "The nurse got word out to them engineers an' they said they'd give her some trucks as soon as they was unloaded. We're done. This here is our last trip."

"It is to this hospital anyway," agreed Wally.

The road after a time came out of the woods and crossed a wide stretch of open beyond Malancourt. It was lighter here than in the woods and in the twilight Rooge began to take things from his pocket and peer at them.

"Whatchyuh got?" asked Wally idly.

"A pistol, one o' them French split-second, double-actin', read-an-repeat watches, an' a roll of seven ten-franc bills."

"You been robbin' them wounded?" cried Wally. "You oughta be hung! Rooge, if one o' them jaspers finds out you skun him they'll nail your hide to the ridge pole. I ain't kiddin'!"

"How you talk!" scoffed Rooge. "I never rob no wounded an' you know it. Yuh mind I went up there pinnin' stars on them birds off my general's hat? Well, I says to each one, I says, 'You're hit bad an' I don't want yuh to ride out in no truck, so I'm gonna pin this star on yuh, or give yuh this hat, an' then you'll go right out in the first ambulance.' An' they was so grateful to me they give me these things."

"Boy," said Wally severely, "they'll hang you yet. That pistol an' watch an' money all you got?"

"No," said Rooge, and Wally could see him leer horribly in the semidarkness. "That nurse give me a big fat kiss!"

"Huh?" shrieked Wally. "Didn't she ever think there was a driver on this here bus?"

"She was busy," replied Rooge. "She had a gang o' wounded to look after."

There was no further word for several miles, but a halt in the stream of traffic gave Wally a chance to speak.

"Why didn't you tell a fellar she was puttin' out kisses?" he demanded. "I coulda got off an' walked in there."

"Never thought of it," said Rooge sleepily. "An', anyway, you was tellin' me you was off women for life."

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FOOL RIDGE

(Continued from Page 40)

"Grass'll be knee-high in the spring," said Beckel. "All sorts of feed for my stock. And there's consider'ble placer gold on this flat too. A man could make pretty fair wages placerin'. I'm aimin' to locate my flat soon's I get round to it. But I'm too busy prospectin' for that ledge right now. Besides, there's plenty of time."

"Plenty of time," agreed Rudie warmly. "Brother, you'll be sittin' pretty when you find your ledge. Nice home, plenty grass, wood and water—and you got it comin' to you. . . . Well, I reckon I ought to be hittin' the trail. You reckon the trail's open?"

"No, you better wait two-three days, Pel," Beckel advised him. "Your laig's practically as good as new again, but it wouldn't be wise to take any chances with the river crossin's yet. You stay right here with me till the water goes down a little. You're welcome to everything I got. Don't be in no hurry to go."

Rudie thanked him extravagantly, assuring him over and over that he cert'ny was a prince.

The days went by, and one evening the old prospector came into the cabin, his face glowing with enthusiasm

"I had it figured right, Pel!" he exulted. "I knowed that rich rock must have come down off of Garbey, and today I found another piece, two-thirds the way to the summit."

He produced his new find and showed it proudly to his friend. Undoubtedly it was from the same ledge as the pocket piece that he had exhibited to Rudie. This one also showed rich streaks and points of gold, the same dirty gray quartz. Rudie's fingers trembled again as he turned this new specimen in his thick fingers.

"But why ain't there more of it?" he wanted to know. "Looks like if there was ledge up there and pieces breakin' off, why, there'd be lots of 'em."

"Prob'ly a blind ledge," said Beckel. "It happens that way. Ledge buried under the ground, and only a piece gettin' to the surface now and then."

Rudie went up with the prospector next day and together they hunted about the spot where the find had been made before, but no more bits of the rich float were found. At noon they sat down on the point of a bold ridge to eat their lunch. Above them the summit of Garbey Hill lay against the sky; before them was spread out the level fir-covered flat beyond Tom Bell Creek, with their cabin resembling a toy house, the horse and donkey, grazing near by, resembling toy animals come to life. Lifting its jagged crags farther down the creek, Fool Ridge loomed in the sun, ugly and uninviting.

"What for do you call it Fool Ridge?" asked Rudie, and Beckel grinned.

"Oh," he said, "I just named it that because I been tryin' to find colors there and I've always been fooled. There ain't a thing on Fool Ridge and I know it; but in spite of that, why, I keep goin' back. And every time I go back I call myself a fool for doin' it, wastin' my time thataway. But there's a little bench on the other side of Fool Ridge, with a garden place and a spring. I've always wanted to build me a cabin right out there on that bench, among the little firs. Great place for a cabin. I could throw my old tin cans over the bluff and they'd fall a thousand feet and I'd be plumb rid of them. Funny, ain't it, how a feller picks out a particular spot for his home and don't know why that particular spot seems so good to him? But I've always wanted to live on Fool Ridge, and I reckon that's why I been so determined to find gold there."

"Well," said Rudie, "I can't see myself livin' on no Fool Ridge. No, sir! Me, soon's I'd made a strike, I'd cash it and hit the trail for the bright lights. Too hard to find booze up here. Nothin' doin' and nothin' to look at but hills. . . . Say, I believe I'll go down to the cabin. My laig's achin' a little."

That afternoon Beckel came upon another piece of the rich float, only a hundred yards below the summit of Garbey Hill. Fifteen minutes later he found two more, and after that half a dozen—small pieces, but all showing gold. Then again the slope was barren and he found no more, though he hunted feverishly until darkness made it impossible to see with discernment. He hurried down to the cabin, exultant.

"Ain't a doubt about it now!" he said, his voice trembling with excitement. "Right under the summit—a child could find it now! No need to find any more float. All I got to do is run a drift into the hill and that old ledge is mine—mine, after forty years of prospectin' and freezin' and goin' hungry! Pel, it shorely means a lot to me!"

Rudie was no less excited. Until near midnight the two men sat before the fire, talking about the imminence of a great strike. Generously old Beckel urged Rudie to accept a partnership, but the guest demurred.

"Wouldn't be right, none at all," he said positively, "me droppin' in casual and takin' half of what you been huntin' after for a lifetime. No, brother, a pardnership is all right with some people, but usually it don't turn out so good. Every feller for himself is my motto. That's business—cold business. Every feller for himself."

But from that time on until they went to bed he questioned old Beckel minutely, learning all the fine points of developing blind ledges.

"Well, good night, brother," he said as they sought their bunks at last. "Here's hopin' you find her and that she makes you rich. You deserve it, brother. You saved my life."

"I reckon I ought to locate tomorrow," said Beckel as he blew out the light. "Still, ain't no hurry. I'll prospect most of the day and stick up my location notice next mornin'. I got a couple or three blanks on the mantel there."

Just one more piece of the rich ore showed up next day—only twenty feet below the backbone of the hill. That was enough for old Beckel. He began to dig, starting a trench across the narrow ridge that was the summit. He worked furiously, spurred by visions of the fortune that must lie hidden somewhere in that narrow backbone of the hill.

It would be a ledge—not a stringer; he was sure of that. The specimens that he had found coming up the slope had never come from a stringer, but from a ledge. And a ledge as rich as that—why, merely a few tons of such ore would place him forever beyond want!

Two hours of work brought him through the loose surface soil and into the hard rock. Clearly he could do no more until he returned to his cabin and brought up dynamite and drills. He sat down to rest; and as he rested he contemplated his little heap of ore fragments, found after so much patient hunting. Little and insignificant they looked, but they were to mark the turning point in his life. They were going to make him rich. From the tiny heap of quartz his gaze wandered to Fool Ridge.

Maybe he would be able to live there after all! The splendid thought took the form of an urge to go over and see what the recent storm had done to his little bench, hanging in the air a thousand feet above Tom Bell Creek. It was not yet noon, and he had ample time to visit his prospective home and still get down to the cabin in time for supper.

Fool Ridge had also felt the ravage of the heavy downpour. Huge gullies had been washed in the shaly slopes and he found that a number of rocks had even been flung down upon his little bench, between the spring and the edge of the precipice. However, in the main, his chosen spot had not been injured. He walked to the edge of the precipice and looked down, grinning to himself as he recalled what he had said to Pel Rudie about throwing his empty tin cans over the edge. He walked back across the bench, marking the spot where he would build his cabin and visualizing his garden, watered by the spring that gushed from the gully that seamed the rock wall back of the bench and was filled with a tangle of bowlders and windfalls, through which grew a luxuriant mass of alders. He would go back and take a look at his spring.

Old Beckel did not get home in time for supper. Instead, it was quite dark when he reached Buckhorn Meadows, and his little cabin window was glowing cheerily. Breathless and eager, he shoved the door open.

"I got her, Pel!" he shouted as he stepped inside. "Say, I found ——"

He stopped abruptly, then closed the door gently behind him. Pel Rudie was not alone. Across the table from Pel sat a fat, uncouth man with bleared popeyes of faded blue, beneath which the lower lids hung like fiery red cups above the pouchy skin below. The man's face was pitted from smallpox and his thick lips hung loosely, quivering irresponsibly. Between the two men stood a bottle and the room was stifling blue with the reek from their pipes.

"Come in—come in, ole-timer!" cackled Rudie, leering through the smoke. "Meet Speck Brannan, ole frien' of mine. We used to be pals together in San Francisco. Las' feller I was expectin' to see when he walked in here, jus' after you left this mornin'. Yes, sir, I was surprised. Wonnerful coincidence—me and Speck meetin' up like this! Wonnerful!"

"Absolooly!" agreed the pock-marked man with drunken gravity. He leered owlishly across the bottle, then poured a drink with blundering, flabby hands, his watery popeyes reeling above the fire-red cups of the fallen underlids.

"Well, Pel," he said, "you lucky ole son of a gun, here's lookin' atchoo!"

"Drink till you bust!" Rudie exhorted him.

They drank, after touching glasses clumsily, and giggled, with cunning side glances at their host. Beckel was silent, for a premonition of impending trouble had come to him. He sat down by the fire and the convivialists immediately forgot him.

"Yes, sir," said Rudie, as though continuing an interrupted conversation, "you'll be my superintendent, Speck. Good ole Speck! Pel Rudie never forgets his frien's! Nos-sir! Pals once, pals till we croak! Tha's me, Speck!"

"Shake!" begged the fat man, and they shook hands across the splashed table, alcoholic tears in their eyes. "Garbey Hill's boun' to make you a millionaire, Pel!" declared Brannan. "Boun' to make you a millionaire!"

"Besshir life!" said Rudie. "Buy me a yacht and fill it with booze. We'll go roun' the world in it, Speck, you an' me."

"How will Garbey Hill make you a millionaire?" Beckel Smith had risen and was standing upon the hearth, for his premonition of impending trouble had ripened to a sickening certainty. His stubbly face was drawn and white and a strained anxiety showed in his kindly eyes. The two men looked up, surprised, for they had quite forgotten that he was there.

Brannan regarded the prospector for several moments with reeling popeyes, then turned his regard to Rudie, sitting opposite, grinning.

"He don't know about it!" said Brannan, again speaking with heavy drunken gravity. "Tell 'im, Pel!"

"Garbey Hill belongs to me!" explained Rudie bluntly, and his grin grew wider. "Me and Speck—we went up there just after noon and saw you climbin' across

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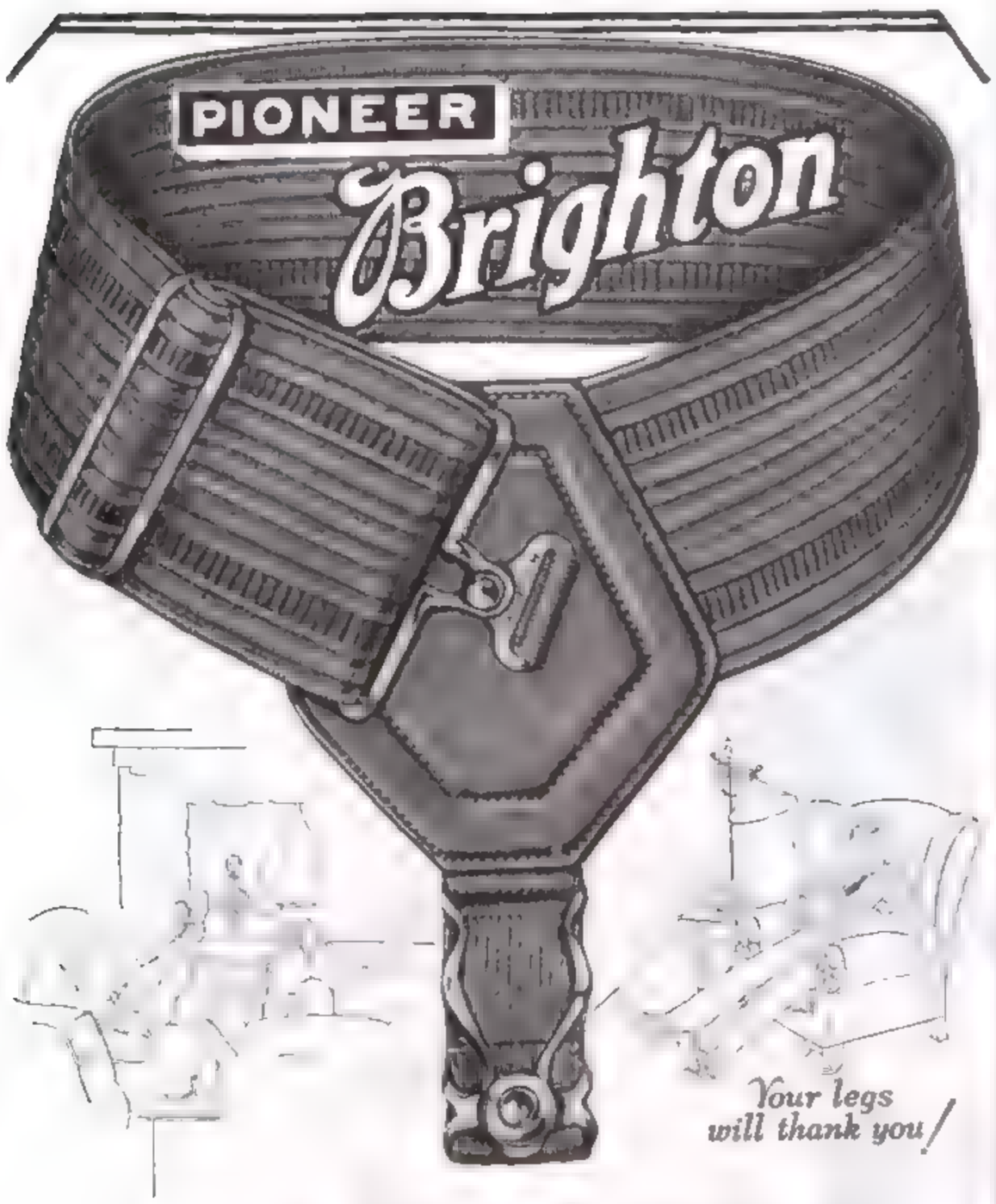

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Fool Ridge. I'd brung the location notices with me; and so when we found where you'd been diggin', why, I located Garbey Hill from one end to the other, and ole Speck here, he signed as witness."

"Besshir dam life!" hiccuped Brannan. "Located Fool Ridge too—for luck!"

There was a short silence, while Beckel Smith strove to comprehend the incredible news.

"You—you mean to say you jumped my claim?" he asked then, his voice hoarse and unnatural.

"No, we didn't jump your claim," explained Rudie. "You hadn't located it yet; so it wasn't yours none at all, see?"

"But I found it!" protested Beckel, his hoarse voice rising. "And I was goin' to locate it in the mornin'. I told you I was goin' to locate it in the mornin'."

"Sure you was goin' to locate it in the mornin'!" chuckled Rudie in vast glee. "But I beat you to it, see? Why not? Ain't that business? Sure! Competition. If one feller sees a chance to beat another feller to a deal, ain't it good business? Hey? Say, Speck, ain't it good business?"

"Absolooly!" agreed the drunkard. "Besshir cockeyed life's goo' business!"

Again a short silence, while Beckel Smith stood stooped and gaunt upon the hearth, his whole being wrung in a convulsion of grief over his lost possessions and the heinous thing that had been done to him. The realization of his friend's atrocious perfidy burst suddenly behind his eyes in a red coruscation of wrath, and his big hands, knotted with toil, opened and shut convulsively.

"Get out of my house!" he ordered. "Both of you, get out of my house!"

"It ain't your house!" giggled Rudie. "I located Buckhorn Meadows, too, and you ain't got no more house than a rabbit. Hey, watch him, Speck!"

In two strides old Beckel Smith had reached the table and flung himself across it, grappling Rudie's thick neck in his gnarled hands. The table went down, with the two men struggling in the débris, and Speck Brannan went over backward upon the floor, still clutching his bottle. He scrambled awkwardly to his feet, trying to focus his reeling popeyes upon the battle.

"Shrow him out!" he commanded, his voice full of injured wrath. "Shrow the ole nut out on his neck!" Then, with no hesitation whatever, he swung the heavy bottle upon Beckel Smith's head.

When the old prospector came back to consciousness he was lying upon the ground outside the cabin door. From within came the sound of maudlin laughter and still more maudlin song. His head ached horribly and blood had filled his eyes. The wind had risen and broken clouds raced across the face of the flying moon. It was very cold.

Gradually recollection came to him in some degree, though he could not yet remember it all. Still, in his mind he knew that he had been robbed of all he possessed and nearly killed into the bargain. He had been jumped and there was no use in fighting. Their claims would hold in any court, though morally these men were worthy of death and had no rights in the property.

What use to fight? He had been jumped. The cabin, which had cost him a whole summer's hard work, was gone too. Nothing left but to get down to the valley or he would freeze or starve—both, probably.

The old man was badly hurt, but he managed to get down to the corral and saddle his animals. This was a heartbreaking enterprise, for his head whirled and a horrible nausea racked him. However, the thing was accomplished at last, and he got into the saddle and started down the trail along Tom Bell Creek, driving his donkey ahead of him.

Half a mile down the creek he looked up and saw the moon come from behind a jagged cloud and hang exactly above the rugged outlines of Fool Ridge. The old man stopped his horse and sat in the saddle, contemplating the dark mass looming in the moonlight; then got down, tied his horse to a tree and started up Fool Ridge, babbling to himself.

He was gone a long time. Daylight was breaking when he got back, almost exhausted, half delirious and still talking incoherently. He dragged himself with difficulty into the saddle and started on.

"Good-by, ole Fool Ridge," he said. "See you later, maybe." Rocking in the saddle and still lapsing from time to time into delirium, he continued on down the creek.

The clouds suddenly became a solid mass that covered the sky and shut out the moon.

The wind howled down the canyon and snow began to fall—the beginning of the long winter storms. Beckel Smith disappeared in the gloom of it, and as he went he began to sing:

"I chaw my tobacker and I chaw it fine;
I cinch my pony with a wild grapevine;
I stir my batter and I fry it in a pan
I'm a rough, tough, ba-a-ad Missouri man!"

III

WINTER had passed and it was the first week in June. Old Tom Bell came riding down from the headwaters of the creek that bore his name, seeking conversation. He was a sociable man, gregarious to a degree, and the long winter months of solitude had left him with a bottled-up accumulation of words that clamored to be uttered.

Past seventy years of age, Tom Bell was a huge, grizzly bear of a man, with wrists like cordwood. His whiskers sprayed over his barrel-like chest, black as a crow's wing and showing not one gray hair. The old trapper-prospector smoked a short-stemmed cob pipe and a cloud of evil smoke trailed behind him like a pestilence.

Tom Bell looked about him appreciatively as he crossed Buckhorn Meadows. The grass grew to his stirrup leathers and the place was flaming with wild flowers. Birds sang everywhere, and from the cabin at the lower edge of the Meadows came the sound of an ax. Tom Bell kicked his horse in the ribs and looked ahead eagerly.

"Ole Beck'll be glad to see me!" he chuckled in his whiskers. "Ain't seen the ole cuss for nearly a year!"

But it was not Beckel Smith that he saw when he reached the cabin. Pel Rudie looked up from the chopping block and smiled cordially.

"Hello, brother!" he greeted Tom Bell with warm affability.

"Hello," boomed Tom Bell from his cavernous chest. "Where's Beck?"

"You mean the ole feller that used to live here? Why, he ain't here no more. I—I bought him out last fall."

Bell was bitterly disappointed, and with his disappointment was mingled a vague incredulity.

"Ole Beck sold out?" he repeated. "What for? He was figurin' on stayin' here permanent when I saw him last spring. Where's he at?"

Rudie shot a furtive look at the big man, but kept his air of affability.

"Me and my pardner—we ain't seen the ole feller since he went away last fall," he said. "But a feller come by a few days ago and said ole Beck was located down the creek a ways, maybe half a mile or so below Fool Ridge. This feller said the ole man was crazy."

"Crazy!" roared Tom Bell, and the echo rolled back from the slope of Garbey Hill. "How'd Beck Smith be goin' crazy, hey?"

"I don't know, brother," said Rudie virtuously. "I'm only tellin' you what this feller said. He's a cattleman, lookin' for range, and he said ole Beck was sinkin' a shaft in the barren sandstone, and when this feller asked him what he was doin' it for, the old man said his little bird told him to sink there."

"Little bird?" Old Tom Bell was hopelessly bewildered.

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(Continued from Page 142)

"That's what he said, brother—little bird. Always talkin' about his little bird, and listenin'. This cattleman said it got his goat, watchin' ole Beck holdin' his breath and listenin'." Rudie cackled loudly. "A woodpecker, the cattleman said. Think of it, brother—sinkin' a shaft in barren sandstone just because a woodpecker told him to!" Again Rudie cackled.

But Bell did not smile. "Mighty sorry to hear that!" he said gravely. "Mighty sorry. Me and Beck, we been friends for forty years—pardners part of the time—and I never knowed a feller that was a better friend than ole Beckel Smith. I reckon I'll go down and see Beck."

Bell jogged on down the creek past Fool Ridge, and half a mile below he saw a rude lean-to that had been built close to the trail. He dismounted and went up a little trail, where he found Beckel Smith sitting upon a mound of waste from a shaft.

"Ha'r ye, Beck!" bawled old Tom, his forest of whiskers splitting apart in a friendly grin. "H'ar ye, ole son of a gun?"

Beckel Smith arose and regarded his visitor in evident perplexity, his brows drawn anxiously above the kindly eyes.

"Your face seems somehow familiar to me, stranger," he said haltingly. "But—where've I met up with you before?"

Tom Bell paused, astounded, and again his tangled whiskers fell apart as he goggled at Beckel in helpless bewilderment.

"Why, I'm Tom Bell!" he said. "Aw, quit your foolin', Beck! You ain't forgot ole Tom Bell, have you, Beck?"

A faint expression of recognition crossed the prospector's face. He took off his hat and ran his fingers uncertainly through his hair, where was revealed a long, jagged scar that came down almost halfway to his brow.

"Why, shorely!" he said, though still somewhat uncertainly. "Of course I remember Tom Bell! Ha'r ye, Tom?" The two men shook hands. "Got to overlook a lot I do," Smith said apologetically. "You see, I got myself hurt a while back, and ever since then I seem to forget. Someway or other I seem ——" The words trailed off into nothing.

"How'd you get hurt, Beck?" asked Bell, and again the puzzled, helpless expression crossed the prospector's good-natured face.

"Seems like something hit me," he said. "Or maybe it was a jackass kicked me. . . . I—I don't remember like I used to ——"

Again that trailing off into nothing. Tom Bell regarded his old friend askance, a cold, horrified feeling growing in the trapper's big heart. Yes, sir, Beckel Smith was crazy. Rumor had it right; no doubt about it. Poor old Beck! Bell's eyes fell upon the waste heap and he stooped suddenly, picking up a bit of quartz. Rich quartz, too, as old Tom's experienced eyes told him.

It was shot with gold and very heavy. It couldn't be possible, yet there it was. His eye caught several other fragments, lying among the waste.

"Look, Beck!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling with excitement. "When did you strike it?"

Beckel Smith regarded the bit of high-grade ore indifferently.

"Oh, that?" he said. "I got lots of it. Fool's gold."

"Fool's hell!" bawled Tom Bell, growing excited. "What you tryin' to tell me, Beck? That's high-grade rock and you know it! Why, say ——"

"I reckon I know fool's gold when I see it!" said Beckel Smith, his voice rising in mild asperity. "But I'm goin' to strike the real thing pretty soon." His manner changed abruptly and his eyes glittered feverishly. "I'm runnin' a drift from a point halfway down the hole. That drift's goin' to make me rich."

Tom Bell stepped over to the shaft and peered down. "Why," he exclaimed, "you're dumpin' the waste from the drift into your shaft!"

"Sure!" smiled Beckel Smith. "Fill her up level with my drift, of course. Why not?"

"Why not?" bellowed Tom Bell, for the moment forgetting his friend's affliction. "Coverin' this stuff up!" He thrust a handful of the splendid fragments toward Beckel's face. "Coverin' up a fortune!"

"Listen!" whispered Beckel. There was an eager half smile on his face and he lifted a gnarled hand imperatively.

"What is it?" asked Bell, whispering also.

"My little bird!"

"Aw, Beck!" Tom Bell's voice was tremulous and pleading, and a cold horror was crawling along his spine and tingling the roots of his hair. "Aw, say, Beck ——"

From the top of a dead pine on the slope beyond the creek a flicker was calling.

"Hear him?" whispered Beckel, smiling raptly. "'Beckel, Beckel, Beckel'—hear him callin' me? He's tellin' me to get to work." Beckel Smith put his foot on the rickety ladder beneath the rude windlass. "Good-by, Mr. —— What was it you said your name was? Oh, yes—Tom Bell! I know Tom Bell—shorely! Good-by, Tom."

He disappeared down the shaft and presently there began the rhythmic clink of his drill.

Tom Bell hung round uncertainly for a few moments, wondering what he should do. Clearly something had to be done—but what? In the end he mounted his horse and went back to the cabin on Buckhorn Meadows. Rudie was sitting upon the woodpile, smoking idly.

"You been told right," said Tom Bell heavily. "Poor ole Beckel—he's crazy! Why, friend, he didn't even know me! And him and me, we been close friends for the last forty years! But I found out what crazied him; he got a knock on the head. They's a big scar left."

Rudie shot a furtive look at the big bearded face, now wearing a look of worried bewilderment.

"How did he get that crack on the nut!" asked Rudie.

"He didn't even know that," mourned poor Tom Bell. "Said he'd fell or else he'd been kicked by a jackass. His memory's plumb fogged up and he don't hardly know his own name!"

"That's tough," said Rudie, though his face registered secret satisfaction. Brannan came to the door, a bottle in his hand, gawking stupidly. From time to time he hiccuped.

For a while there were no more words. Tom Bell sat slumped in the saddle, thinking and worrying. Rudie had seated himself upon the chopping block and was waiting, his shifty eyes watching the big bearded face of the trapper. Bell roused himself finally and looked down.

"Struck anything yet?" he asked, making conversation.

"Not a thing!" replied Rudie bitterly. "We found half a dozen rich pieces of float rock last fall, but that was all. We been diggin' ever since, but we ain't found no sign of the ledge they come from. We've plumb wore ourselves out, too, and our grub's nearly gone."

Bell was interested. "Where at did you find that rich float rock?" he asked, and Rudie described the place.

"Dirty-lookin' quartz with a tinge of red in it?"

"Yes."

Bell grinned. "Why," he said, "I lost them pieces of quartz myself thirty-five years ago! I picked 'em up along the creek, about half a mile below Fool Ridge—about where old Beckel Smith's claim is now!"

Rudie's heart sank. "But however did they get up on Garbey Hill?" he wanted to know, and Bell grinned again.

"I lost 'em up there," he said. "I had 'em in my saddlebags and one day I was drivin' my jackass down that ridge and a yellow jacket stung him on the tail. The durn fool run away and them pieces of rich rock jumped out of my saddlebags and I never did find 'em again. Friend, they ain't no ledge up on Garbey. I proved that thirty-five years ago. You're wastin' your time there."

Rudie said nothing, for his high hopes had died a violent death. The claim for which he had betrayed his good Samaritan was worthless, and he was crushed.

"That reminds me," said Bell, and pulled a handful of rock fragments from his pocket. "I found these on Beckel's waste dump."

Rudie took the fragments and glanced at them excitedly. "It's the same rock!" he exclaimed. "Very same stuff!" His mind went back to their previous conversation. "And you say you found the Garbey Hill float at the same place thirty-five years ago? Why, then old Beckel's found it!"

"The waste dump is full of it," Bell told him. "And he don't know it's gold! Now what do you think of that? He says it's fool's gold."

"Has he got a ledge?" asked Rudie breathlessly.

"Of course he's got a ledge! Anybody could see that was ledge ore. And what do you reckon he's doin' right now? Fillin' the hole up again! Just because his little bird told him to! He's got a fortune down in the bottom of that hole—and don't know it!"

Rudie swallowed convulsively, his avid eyes upon the handful of quartz. In the doorway the drunkard's mouth had fallen open and when he hiccuped it sounded like a yell. Bell gathered up the reins, for he had come to a decision.

"Somebody's got to look after poor ole Beckel," he said, "and I'm the one, me bein' his oldest friend. He oughtn't to be left alone down there. But I got to go home first and get things in shape. I'll be much obliged if you boys'll make it a point to look after Beck till I get back."

"Sure, brother!" said Rudie heartily. "Me and Speck, we'll go down there right away. Don't you worry—we'll look after ole Beck."

Bell rode away. He was scarcely out of hearing when Rudie spoke, the muscles jerking in his hard, seamed neck.

"A set-up, Speck!" he exulted. "He's got a ledge of the richest rock I ever saw, and he's so crazy he don't know it. He's all alone. He didn't recognize his best friend, so he won't remember us. Get that? He won't remember us at all!"

"Absolooly!" said Brannan with conviction, though he had no idea of what it was all about. "Shree cheers!"

"And do you remember how nutty he used to be over Fool Ridge, Speck? Well, we'll lead him up to that, and I bet you we can kid him into trading his new ledge for Fool Ridge, see? Yes, sir, I bet you he'll fall for it."

The drunkard waved his bottle triumphantly. "Shree cheers!" he repeated.

IV

BECKEL SMITH wavered. Rudie could see that the poor fellow wavered, and the squat man's heart gave an exultant bound.

"Fool Ridge," he suggested softly to the wandering mind. "Remember? And you'll build you a cabin on the little bench—remember the little bench with the firs on it, right at the edge of the bluff?"

The beginning of a smile came into old Beckel's wrinkled face, half dispelling the perplexed expression which had been there ever since the two men arrived.

"Sure I remember Fool Ridge!" he said. "And—yes, I was goin' to build me a cabin. I was goin' to build ——"

"And throw your tin cans over the bluff," prompted Rudie slyly, again leading the wrecked mind carefully. "And them tin cans would fall a thousand feet into Tom Bell Creek—remember?"

"I remember!" The smile was now a delighted one—the delighted smile of a child that has suddenly remembered the promise of a new toy. And then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the smile faded and the old man's face clouded with dejection. (Continued on Page 147)

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(Continued from Page 145)

"But I'm afraid," he said. "I'm afraid my little bird wouldn't like that. You see, he's always told me this hole would make me rich."

"Aw, shucks!" scoffed Rudie. "I bet your little bird wouldn't ever find out about it."

"Yes, he would!" insisted Beckel earnestly, the depression deepening upon his seamed face. "My little bird would know, and he'd raise hell with me."

They were silent for some moments, sitting upon the waste heap. Around them was the warm silence of the soft June day, and new butterflies flitted past, clean winged and joyous in the sunlight. Suddenly, coming from far up the slope of Fool Ridge, half a mile away, sounded the faint drumming of a woodpecker.

"Listen!" whispered Beckel. "That's him!"

The drumming came again. The old prospector got up from the waste heap and tiptoed away into the brush in order to hear better, and the two conspirators immediately turned their attention to the shaft. It was filled to within a few feet of the drift, and there was nothing to see, so they transferred their attention to the waste heap. Rudie took a shovel and struck it deep into the loose mass of sandstone. Again and again he shoveled, and every shovelful showed broken fragments of rich quartz, with gold showing freely. He flung down the shovel, gasping with excitement.

"Bonanza!" he whispered, and swallowed convulsively. "A second Comstock!" His eyes traveled down to the lower edge of the dump, where the larger rock fragments had rolled as the buckets were emptied. "Look at that!" he whispered. Among the ugly chunks of worthless sandstone lay three or four jagged lumps of dirty gray quartz, plastered with gold. Beckel Smith came back.

"He says it's all right," he said with childish joy. "He says that's a good trade. My little bird likes Fool Ridge, same as I do."

"At-a-boy!" panted Rudie hoarsely, and slapped the old man on the back, laughing out of sheer exultation. "But say, listen, Beckel. We better go over to the county seat and have the exchange made all legal, see? We want you to be protected," he explained virtuously, "so nobody can ever take Fool Ridge away from you, see?"

"Let's start right now," suggested old Beckel eagerly, "before my little bird gets a chance to change his mind."

"At-a-boy!" Rudie laughed again. But once more, as though flashed off by an electric impulse, the eagerness left the old man's face and he hesitated.

"I—I forgot to tell you," he said, watching Rudie's face with pathetic anxiety. "My little bird said I got to have Garbey Hill too. I know it's askin' a lot, but ——"

"Sure! Sure!" Rudie shot a covert wink at Speck Brannan. "We'll throw Garbey Hill into the bargain." But Beckel still hesitated.

"You'll think I'm drivin' a mighty close bargain," he apologized, his eyes anxious. "But my little bird wanted Buckhorn Meadows too. I ain't got any idea what for, but that's what he said. You see, I ain't haggling' with you. It's my little bird."

It was Rudie's turn to hesitate, for he did not want to part with the cabin. But the rich rock smiled up at him from the waste dump—and besides, old Beckel Smith was beginning to remember things! Perhaps if they did not hurry the matter the old man might begin to remember too much. Rudie consented unconditionally and Beckel Smith fairly ran to saddle his horse.

"But remember," he told them, when they were ready to start, "there ain't a thing in that hole—not a thing. Nothing but fool's gold. I'm bein' honest with you."

"That's all right, brother," chuckled Rudie jovially. "We don't care. Tell you the truth, we're aimin' to build a hotel here. We like the view."

They wasted no time in the county seat, but hurried directly back next day as soon as their business was transacted. Beckel Smith stopped at the little lean-to only long enough to collect his meager belongings, then rode on up the creek to the cabin on Buckhorn Meadows. He was hardly a hundred yards away before the two men were at work—Rudie down in the hole, madly shoveling the heavy waste into the hoisting bucket, Brannan at the windlass, straining and panting.

They were very tired, for they had walked all the way to the county seat and back. This time Beckel Smith had not offered to give up his saddle horse, but had ridden gayly ahead, listening for woodpeckers. But in spite of their weariness they stuck to the killing work until nearly midnight, their frenzy inflamed by every glance at the rich fragments lying all about the shaft mouth. Brannan's hands were soon blistered and he wheezed like a leaky boiler as he wound up bucket after bucket of the fiendish stuff that Beckel Smith, led thereto by his woodpecker, had dumped down the hole from his drift higher up.

Rudie dragged himself from his blankets at daybreak, cursed Brannan awake and they went at it again. All day they labored, sweating incredibly, their tortured muscles crying out in their agony over the unaccustomed toil. The day was nearly at an end when they reached the bottom. There was nothing at the bottom. The shaft ended as it began—in bleak, worthless sandstone.

Rudie could not believe his eyes. He stared at the hungry walls and scraped at the bottom with his shovel, sure that the thing could not be true. In the end he climbed painfully up the ladder and found Speck Brannan wilted down upon the waste heap, almost exhausted.

"Speck," said Rudie slowly, a dim comprehension of the truth dawning upon him, "we been stung."

"How?"

"I don't know. But somehow we been swindled. There ain't anything in this hole. It's all on the waste dump there, and whoever put it there done it to swindle us. Come on."

"Where you goin'?" asked Brannan as he got stiffly to his feet.

"We're goin' up to Buckhorn Meadows. I'm goin' to get to the bottom of this. Maybe ole Beck knows about it and maybe he don't. But anyway, we been double-crossed somehow, and I mean to make that old nut swap back or lay him out."

"Kid him first," advised Brannan. "Tell him it was all a mistake and that his little bird got fooled. Don't forget them papers is on record, and the law will back him up. Kid him, Pel!"

They did not knock when they reached the cabin, but pushed the door open and stepped inside. Old Beckel stood in the middle of the room, the sleeves rolled high upon his rawboned arms. Rudie wasted no words.

"We've come up to tell you there's been a mistake, brother," he said. "Your little bird gave you a wrong steer. I reckon we better trade back."

"You're a liar!" said Beckel Smith, and he did not talk like a crazy man. "My little bird never made a mistake in his life—and we're not goin' to trade back!"

Rudie's spatulate fingers opened and closed convulsively and the blood beat in his neck, but he controlled himself, still trusting to the guile that was in him.

"Now don't get mad, brother," he soothed. "Where's the ledge that was supposed to be in the bottom of the shaft you traded us?"

"There ain't any ledge in the bottom of that shaft," said Beckel Smith. "I told you that before we made the deal—remember?"

Again Rudie controlled himself after a fierce struggle. "Then where did all that rich rock come from," he asked, "that was scattered all over the waste dump?"

"Fool Ridge!" grinned old Beckel. "I found it the evenin' you and Speck Brannan jumped my claims. I hurried home to tell you and offer you half again, but kept my mouth shut when I saw you was havin' a party. Then you two nearly killed me and throwed me out and I went away. But as I went I decided to cover that ledge up again, where the storm had washed a little piece of it clean. So I went up there and done it.

"When I come in this spring I was playin' crazy. Did it pretty well too—I even fooled Tom Bell! After I'd got my shaft started I slipped up and brought down a big chunk of that rich Fool Ridge rock, busted up half of it and mixed it into every bucket of that sandstone waste. It sure looked allurin'! Then I sat down to wait. I knew you'd hear about it sooner or later. Here's the other half of that chunk." He lifted aside the old pack cover and disclosed a lump of the dirty gray quartz as large as a water pail. It was alive with free gold. Outside, a woodpecker drummed and the old man cocked his head, listening.

"Hear him?" he chuckled. "My little bird! He says you two crooks made a bum deal when you swapped Fool Ridge for a hole in hungry sandstone."

Rudie crouched and sprang. Speck Brannan, true to character, seized a stick of stove wood and began circling warily.

▼

ABOUT three miles up the creek Tom Bell saw two figures approaching, hobbling along the rocky trail. At first he did not recognize them because of the gathering dusk, but when they came nearer he saw that they were Rudie and Brannan. He stopped his horse and regarded the men with horrified amazement. Rudie's eyes were half closed, his nose broken and his clothing hanging in rags. Two teeth were missing and he was covered with blood. Brannan was a wreck. He walked stooped over and from time to time he was seized by retching fits.

"Whatever's happened to you fellers?" asked Bell.

"Ole Beckel Smith—he's gone killin' crazy!" sobbed Rudie through his smashed lips and lisping absurdly because of the missing teeth. "We went up to the cabin to see him and he jumped us when we wasn't lookin'."

"What was Beckel doin' in your cabin?"

"He was raisin' hell," said Rudie. He slipped round Bell's horse, followed by the sick popeyed man and the two hurried away along the trail.

"But—say, hold on!" Bell was a kind-hearted man. "You boys ain't in any shape to travel. Say, you come on back to your cabin. I'm an old friend of Beck's and I'll see that he don't hurt you no more."

The stricken men did not reply. A moment later a bend in the trail hid them and they were gone. Tom Bell thoughtfully rode on toward Buckhorn Meadows, mystified and horribly troubled. Old Beckel heard him coming and opened the door.

"That you, Tom?" he asked cheerily. "Come in—come in! I got something to show you that'll make your eyes bug out a foot."

Marveling more than ever, Tom Bell followed Beckel into the cabin, stopping just inside the door to regard a scene of devastation. Tables and chairs were smashed to splinters. The lamp had been overturned and the floor was littered with broken glass, splashed with oil and spotted with blood. One window had been knocked out bodily, sash and all.

"Whatever happened, Beck?" asked Bell.

"We had a fight," grinned Beckel Smith. "Sit down on the wood box, Tom, and I'll tell you all about it."

He thereupon recited the whole story, beginning with that early morning at the rim of Rainbow Canyon, winding up with an exposition of his plan to play crazy and get Rudie to trade back.

"And it worked!" he ended proudly. "It worked smooth and easy! Me and my little bird—we certainly landed them suckers good!" He threw back his head and laughed. "Gosh-amighty, Tom, if you could have seen your face when I was listenin' to my little bird!" He burst into another bellow of laughter and Tom Bell grinned sheepishly.

"Ole pie-faced son of a gun!" he said. "You scared me plumb silly and I ain't slept a wink since. You and your woodpecker! Beck, I ought to bust you in the eye!"

"Had to fool you too, Tom. If you'd known I was merely playin' crazy, they'd have seen it in your face. But after you left me that day I knew that anybody takin' just one look at your face when you told about me would never doubt that I was as loco as a doodle bug."

Bell had taken the chunk of gleaming rock in his huge hands and was regarding it with awe.

"Beck," he said solemnly, "you're rich!"

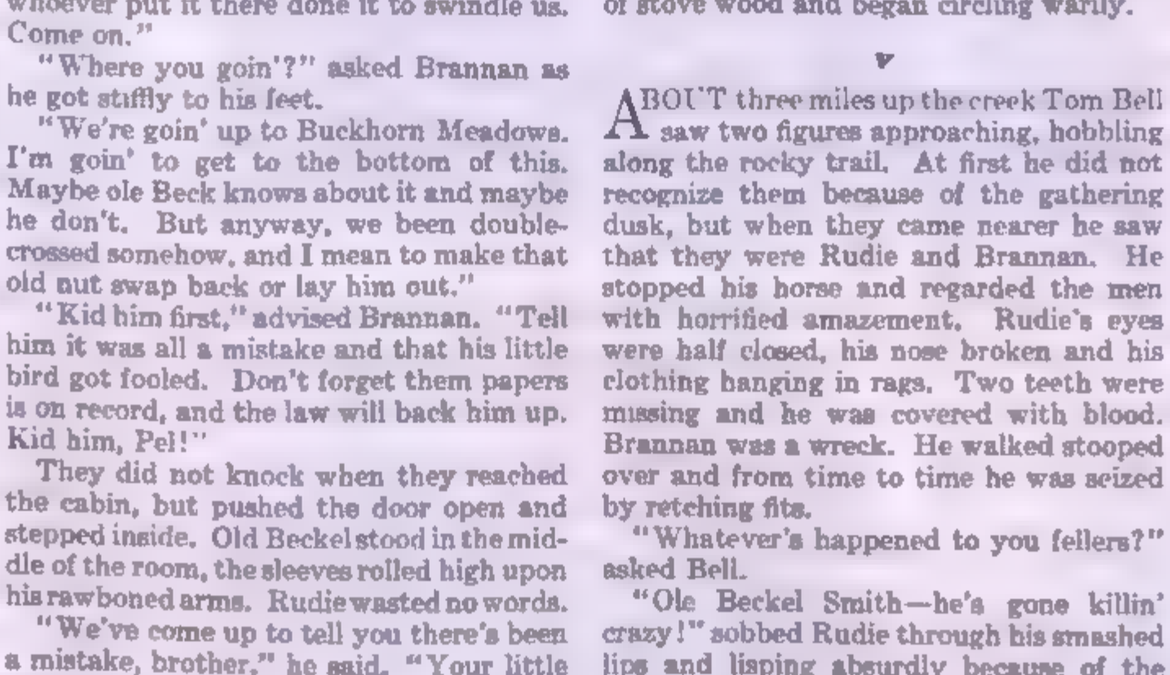
"We're rich!" Beckel corrected him, suddenly serious also. "When the transfer was drawed, why, I had the papers made out to you and me, joint. We're pardners, Tom, old friends too. And after a feller has had experience with one or two new friends—like I've had—why, he appreciates the old ones like hell."

Tom Bell realized the wonderful generosity that lay back of Beckel Smith's act. But he did not grow effusive and assure his benefactor that he cert'ny was a prince. It is not in the hillman to be demonstrative. Beckel understood. He understood, also, the thoughts that were passing in his old friend's mind.

"Besides," he grinned, "I need a pardner bad. Somebody to take care of me—like you prob'ly said to Rudie when you come up to tell him about me. Yes, sir, I shorely need a pardner, me bein' old and feeble in the head—especially a fightin' pardner."

Tom Bell looked slowly about the wrecked room, taking in the splintered table, broken chairs and the scarred floor, spattered with blood and strewn with the flotsam of battle. From this scene of utter ruin his gaze came back to Beckel Smith's face and met the quizzical grin in his old friend's kindly eyes.

"You shorely do, Beck!" he said, and burst into a bellow of unrestrained mirth. "You poor li'l' old feeble garter snake! All right; I'll take care of you, Beck."



After Four o'Clock, Mallards Come In for Corn With Entire Abandon—But Only After Four!

Before buying any Musical *hear the* BRUNSWICK PANATROPE

Leopold Godowsky's recordings will reveal the superb beauty of piano music reproduced by the Panatrope

Great artists of the New Hall of Fame

—those whom the present-day public proclaims to be supreme

Michael Bohnen — Richard Bonelli
Karin Branzell — Mario Chamlee
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Nikolai Sokoloff, Conductor
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Florence Easton — Elshuco Trio
Leopold Godowsky — Josef Hofmann
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Giacomo Lauri-Volpi — Edith Mason
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Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra
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Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra
Henri Verbrugghen, Conductor
Marie Morrisey — Elly Ney
New York Philharmonic Orchestra
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Sigrid Onegin — Elisabeth Rethberg
Max Rosen — Friedrich Schorr
Albert Spalding — Richard Strauss
John Charles Thomas — Willem Willeke

—these artists find in Brunswick's "Light Ray" electrical recording (music by photography) reproduced on the Brunswick Panatrope the perfect medium for their art.

—joint achievement of
Radio Corporation of America
General Electric Company
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company

the new *electrical* reproducing musical instrument which brings you the music of the new electrical records, and radio, with a beauty you have never known before.

THE Brunswick Panatrope marks an epoch in the music-life of the world. It is the FIRST purely electrical reproducing musical instrument.

Electrical reproduction of music means music as it really is. True to life—a musical photograph!

So overwhelmingly beyond anything the world has known is the music of the Panatrope that the first demonstration of this instrument in New York City was the news of the day in the papers the following morning. Critics and laymen agreed that here was by all odds the most remarkable reproducing musical instrument they had ever heard.

The Brunswick Panatrope brings you not only the music of the new electrical records but that of radio as well. It is obtainable either alone or combined in one beautiful cabinet with the Radiola Super-heterodyne. The Panatrope may also be used as the loud-speaker unit for your radio, with musical results equally as superior to what you are accustomed.

This remarkable instrument operates entirely from the light socket; no batteries or outside wires needed.

Until you hear the Brunswick Panatrope you cannot realize the difference between its music and reproduced music as you have known it. It is merely exercising good judgment to refrain from buying anything in the field of music or radio until you have heard and seen this remarkable invention. Otherwise what you buy today, no matter how wonderful it may seem, may fall obsolete tomorrow before this amazing instrument.

Another triumph

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company has also developed another musical instrument, as yet unnamed*, for bringing out the music of the new records. In tone

New Brunswick Records by the "Light-Ray" electrical method (music by photography) are now on sale every Thursday.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., GENERAL OFFICES: 623 S WABASH AVE., CHICAGO

Instrument or Radio

Brunswick Panatrope & Radiola Equipped with either 6- or 8-tube Radiola Super-heterodyne. Finished in walnut.

quality and its ability to reproduce the entire musical scale, we believe this instrument represents a very great advance over anything in existence, except the Panatrope. Brunswick's new musical instrument dispenses with the electrical mechanism of the Panatrope, and its prices are lower, ranging from $115 to $300 (slightly higher west of Rockies).

**$5,000 for a name*

To find a suitable name for the new Brunswick musical instrument we offer 3 prizes totaling $5,000 (first prize, $3,000; second prize, $1,500; third prize, $500) for the best name submitted together with an advertising slogan or phrase not exceeding 10 words describing its music. Contest closes December 15th at midnight. In event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical in all respects with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

Write Dept. P-190 for free booklet describing this contest. Or, ask your Brunswick dealer for a copy. It is not necessary to have the booklet in order to compete, but it may help you immensely.

You can hear the Brunswick Panatrope, the Brunswick Panatrope & Radiola, and the new Brunswick instrument as yet unnamed* at any Brunswick dealer's. If there is no Brunswick dealer near you, write us.

An amazing development in recording

BY old methods of recording, the energy to move the recording needle on a disc of soft wax had to be developed by the actual sound waves entering a horn. Because some sounds, notably in the middle register, had more "needle-cutting energy" than others, it was impossible to record the entire musical scale. Furthermore, the artists had to be arranged in awkward positions and to exaggerate their music.

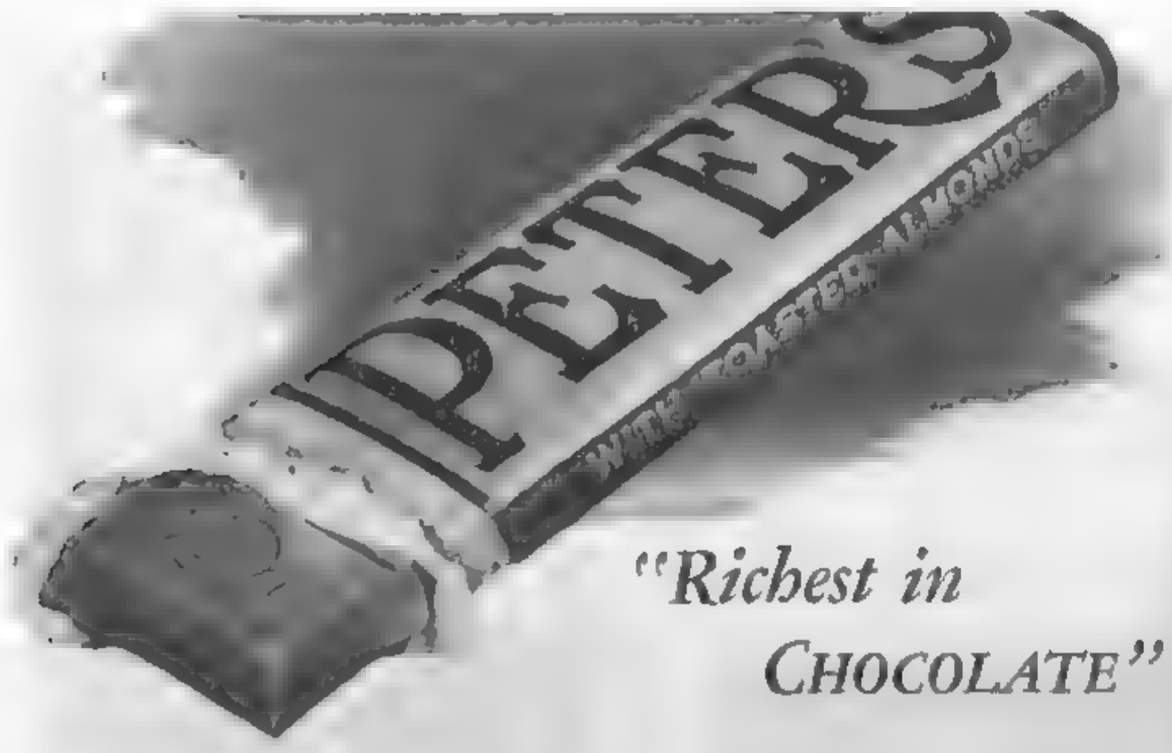
By Brunswick's "Light-Ray" electrical method of recording (music by photography) a beam of light is reflected on a photo-electric cell from a tiny mirror weighing but 2-100th of a milligram. The slightest sound causes this mirror to vibrate and the beam of light to vary as it plays on the photo-electric cell. Amplifiers "step-up" these vibrations and a recording mechanism registers them. Thus every note is recorded *naturally*. The artists perform with perfect freedom.

We believe the "Light-Ray" electrical process, exclusively Brunswick, makes records unequaled in *naturalness* of tone, yet the Brunswick Panatrope plays *all makes* of records with the extraordinary brilliancy and beauty characteristic of this instrument.

Brunswick

PANATROPES · PHONOGRAPHS · RADIOLAS · RECORDS

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., GENERAL OFFICES: 623 S. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO



"Richest in CHOCOLATE"

There are
Two distinct tastes
for milk chocolate

EVERYBODY likes milk chocolate—but *there are two distinct tastes.* Some prefer a rich chocolate flavor—others a smooth, creamy blend.

For the full chocolate taste—get Peter's, *richest in chocolate.* The original milk chocolate blend, it has been a favorite for over fifty years.

For the milder, creamier flavor—get Nestle's, *richest in cream.*

Both Peter's and Nestle's are made by the world's oldest manufacturers of milk chocolate—Peter-Cailler-Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., Fulton, N. Y.

Both come in 5¢ and 10¢ bars—plain and almond or the new convenient 5¢ croquette packages

"Richest in CREAM"

WORKING FOR THE TICKET

(Continued from Page 35)

combined wonder and amusement toward the voters, at whom are aimed all those great expenditures of energy and money which constitute political campaigns.

Although the two types of campaign—general and primary—are similar in essentials, each has, to the campaigner, a different appeal and demands a different technic. This is particularly true in those states which are predominantly one-sided in their national politics—where nomination really means election. For the nearest approach to efficiency and smooth operation I'd select the former. For blazing excitement, for the thrill of the unexpected, for rapid intermingling of purple patches and drab discouragements, give me the latter. It is easy to see why they should differ. The general campaign deals usually with a clear-cut issue between the two great national parties, on which the majority of voters have made up their minds. The machinery through which it functions is assembled and waiting. The national, the state and the county committees of the parties are organized, experienced and ready. The officials need only lumber into action a few months before election time and repeat a program which they have performed many times before.

In the average primary campaign, however, the machinery must be hastily thrown together, the issue, such as it is, adopted and popularized, the officials selected, often from among the politically inexperienced. More and more in the United States is growing a realization that the primary is the really important election. In it are decided two significant things—who will be the candidates, and who will be the party leader—"The Boss," as he was once known. And of these two, as American politics are constituted today, the latter question is perhaps the more important. That's why many primary battles are so bitter, so unscrupulous, so costly.

Consider the involved, the expensive, the frantic process of putting a primary candidate across for one of the big offices—United States senator, governor, mayor of a big city, or the like. Three essentials are required—organization, cash and an issue. All these are already at hand before any general campaign starts; all must be acquired in a primary, and acquired quickly. A candidate, of course, is always available. He may represent one of several types. He may be a business or professional man, short on political experience but long on ambition. He may be a minor office holder aspiring to higher place. He may be the incumbent seeking renomination. In the latter event he cannot call on the machinery of his party to help him, for the state organization doesn't take part in primary campaigns ostensibly. Its work begins after the candidate has been selected by the people and tagged with the party label.

The Political General

We'll follow first the amateur in politics. He it is who takes the hardest punishment. Of course he doesn't start out entirely on his own. Somewhere a group of men, perhaps a disaffected faction of the party in control, perhaps a business, professional, fraternal or improvement organization with which he is associated, suggests the idea and promises support. This has been done, however, only after certain politically minded members of the group have assured themselves of certain qualifications. "Is he a vote getter? Can his personal record stand up under the rigid scrutiny of the opposition? Are his principles satisfactory? Is his experience sufficient? How will he appeal to the various groups—racial, religious, social, labor? Will he be reasonable in the patronage at his disposal?" Such are the questions they put to him, to his associates, to themselves.

Either alone or with the backing of a group, the candidate may then prepare for action. His first step is to raid the personal bank account for as many thousands of dollars as it can spare. His second is to select a campaign manager. This is undoubtedly the most important move in the entire campaign. Everything depends on the manager. Not once or twice, but a dozen times a day may his decisions make or break the candidate. He should be politically experienced, politically wise. Generally he is. During the recent hearings on primary campaign expenditures at Washington, the manager of one successful senatorial candidate was called on to testify after his employer had left the stand. He made a profound impression on the inquisitors. "They wondered," wrote, in effect, one correspondent, "why the manager hadn't run for the office himself."

The campaign manager must know people as well as facts. He must have the gift of conciliating differences between warring factions and individuals, of dragging reluctant workers into a cause, of whipping average interest into the white-hot flame of enthusiasm, of sensing public opinion and swinging in line with it. He must be at times a diplomat, at times an inflexible judge.

Seldom is he a professional campaigner. More often he is a lawyer with political leanings, or an officeholder of the type of county prosecutor, who knows the seamy as well as the bright side of his community. I recall one such man who was urged on a prospective candidate as campaign manager.

"He's got enough on the leaders of the opposition to put them all in jail," was his most ardent advocate's recommendation.

A Citizen's Duty

After deciding on a campaign manager or chairman, the candidate selects the vice chairman, invariably a woman. Then he chooses his treasurer and a publicity director.

These four may quietly establish an office, with perhaps a skeleton organization of clerks. During the first few weeks little is done apart from the drawing of plans. The treasurer, who is to assume tremendous importance later, remains in the background.

Suddenly, however, he blossoms into importance. Perhaps it happens much in this way: An influential man in the vicinity, a friend of the candidate, gives a dinner. To it are invited an interesting group of guests. There will be the candidate, the campaign manager and the treasurer. There will be an eminent merchant, an eminent manufacturer, an eminent clergyman, an eminent educator and others of like standing. Over the oysters and thin soup the conversation is pleasant, easy, inconsequential. Over the roast more important matters are discussed—the public affairs of the community, the errors of the administration, the character of the men in office, the atrocious business management at city hall or the state house. Over the salad all are convinced that a business administration is demanded, that the rascals should be turned out. Over the coffee and cigars the name of the prospective candidate is mentioned—no one recalls just how, if the host is adroit enough. And no one remembers just who said he'd make an excellent head for a new ticket, but unanimously they agree he would.

Now with men of affairs such as these it is only natural that ways and means should be next discussed. Money will be needed. Why not start a war chest now? There should be a treasurer. The name of the candidate's selection comes forward. Excellent, agree the guests. Isn't he a banker of high standing? Then come pledges of support—political, business and financial. Sometimes checks are written on the spot. These are deliberately held to

(Continued on Page 153)

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

The Returns Are Coming In

JUST as there are many offices to be filled to which candidates are elected—

So also there are many cars on which tires must be renewed for which one kind of tire must be selected from all the candidate tires.

And just as most voters try to select the best candidate on his record, so most car owners try to select the best tire on its record.

It is on the basis of their record that Mansfield Tires are largely bought and put into their service by car owners.

Where the Mansfield record is known, the vote is a landslide for Mansfield.

Mansfield sales steadily increase at a much faster rate than the number of motor cars increases—more and more car owners know the Mansfield record, elect them and re-elect them on their record.

The thousands of extra trouble-free miles that Mansfields so regularly deliver, is the direct result of the lowest cost of tire distribution effected by the great Hardware Wholesalers in the country.

The saving on distribution goes into the tires to make them deliver their longer service at record low cost per mile.

They cost no more money, but the record stands that they do deliver more miles.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

Elected on a good record

The Cost of Distribution is Lower — The Standard of Quality is Higher

Wet Rubber *Slips*
WEED Chains *Grip*

There can be no compromise with safety

Weed Chain Week

November 15th to 20th

You will see Weed Chain signs in good garages and automobile accessory stores the week of November 15th to 20th, reminding you to buy Weed Chains for safety and traction in bad weather driving.

WEEDS have been standard for 23 years. Look for the red connecting hook and the name WEED stamped on every cross chain hook. If you already have them in your car look them over. Weed cross chains when worn are easily replaced by new ones sold by good garages and automobile accessory stores everywhere.

Continued from Page 150

small amounts by the host and the candidate, for at this time they are less concerned with getting money than with gaining support. They realize that the heart will trail the dollars, however few; that when men such as these are interested, others will follow; that larger contributions will pour in during the heat of the campaign.

In the midst of the general discussion the guests are probably delighted to realize that included in their little group are men really representative of all the important elements in the city. The candidate, the campaign manager and the host, who spent many anxious hours preparing that invitation list, say nothing of this. Instead, they talk quietly, confidentially, earnestly of the great good that will come to the party, as well as to the city and commonwealth as a result of this evening's pleasant little function.

Finally, then, the guests depart, aglow with that pleasant feeling of a high duty well done.

That is, of course, only one of many possible ways in which influential support may be assured before the candidate comes out into the open. He may, instead, dicker either directly or through common friends with the leader of a powerful faction. But he can do little alone. He must count on a nucleus of prearranged support around which his organization is to be developed.

After this support is assured, by such methods as I have described or others, the campaign may open with a crash. The manager, the treasurer, the publicity man gaze clear-eyed at the jobs before them. They must arouse the enthusiasm of supporters by effective build-ups of the candidate and the cause; they must corral the so-called independent vote; they must win over workers and voters from the opposition. To achieve these things organization, money and propaganda are necessary. After the required papers are filed each man turns to his separate task.

The campaign manager builds his organization on the same general lines as have the two big parties before him. There is a central committee at headquarters with the manager directing in the same capacity as the state chairman. There are county committees and city committees, duplicating the central body, each with a political veteran as chairman and a woman as vice chairman, each with a local treasurer, and sometimes a local publicity director.

A Man of the People

At headquarters the work is assigned to committees. There are many of these. All have long lists of members whose names are printed on the campaign stationery. That puts emphasis on the eminence of the men and women supporting the candidate and recognizes tactfully the perfectly natural vanity which even the most prominent feel when their names occur in connection with public affairs. There is a finance committee, a speakers' bureau, a committee on publicity. The finance committee, under the direction of the treasurer, communicates with persons and organizations which will contribute funds; the speakers' bureau arranges for spellbinders and directs the mass meetings and rallies; the publicity bureau prepares canned copy for the city newspapers and plate matter for the county weeklies, writes the party pamphlets, distributes buttons, banners, balloons and other devices bearing the name of the candidate, and buys advertising space. In the earlier stages of the campaign it is perhaps the heaviest spender. Later, a week or two before election day, the cost of bringing out the vote by more direct methods frequently robs it of that distinction.

Along with organization runs the work of popularizing the candidate and the issue—generally in the order named. If the candidate is a vote getter, the *desideratum ultimum* in all campaigns, the task is not so difficult. He is put on the stump wherever possible. If his manner and appearance are not particularly prepossessing the build-up is accomplished largely through the pamphlet.

When the morning of election day dawns every interested voter may, if he wants to, know more about the head of the ticket than he does about his own relatives. The pamphlets, scattered broadcast through the state, have told where the candidate was born, where educated, whom he married, his record in business and in politics, the church he attends, the nicknames of his children, what he thinks about prohibition, the tariff, the party in power, honesty as a recognized policy, and kindred topics. Many pamphlets, of course, deal with issues and platforms, but the great majority of them are biographical in nature. They follow a proved formula. The little red schoolhouse, the poor and worthy parents, the bitter struggle for education and position in accordance with the best American tradition, the unswerving, self-sacrificing loyalty to public interest—all these are played fortissimo. If, by chance, the candidate cut his teeth on silver, if he was educated in private schools or abroad, then those phases of the composition are soft pedaled. If by rare luck a farm motif can be fitted into the general theme it is put over with the grand crash.

Volunteer Orators

Naturally the glorification of the candidate is supplemented in the press. His addresses are prepared days in advance, marked with a release date, and sent to the newspapers. If other news crowds them out on the following morning they are revamped into statements and sent forth a few days later, preferably for a Sunday or Monday edition, when space is more available. The welkin ringers from the speakers' bureau are supplied with human-interest stories concerning the head of the ticket. He poses for photographs—always full-face pictures, gazing into the lens of the camera. That gives the impression of a friendly, fearless champion—"a man who looks you straight in the eye." The photographs are reproduced as posters, on films for the screen, on small cards to be displayed in the windows of homes.

The curbstone orator is the man who talks volubly at any pretext on corners, in hotel lobbies or in the Main Street drug store. Experienced politicians know a rather curious truth concerning him. It is that when he praises a candidate he gathers a bored audience of perhaps two or three scoffers, but when he criticizes, however untruthfully, he gathers a large and credulous gallery. Let him disclaim in this strain: "And what, my friends, did this here candidate say when they told him that the wives and children of the war veterans was starvin'? These is his very words. He says, 'Leave 'em starve. The war's over, ain't it?'"—and there is standing room only on the particular street corner which he graces.

Now the campaign manager knows that a dramatic and pungent lie like that can never be successfully fought down. Therefore, when such a small-time orator eases up gently to suggest that he wants to do a little work for the ticket, he is fairly certain of departing five or ten dollars richer. The astute leader doesn't expect him to do any work for the ticket. He is paying him, and both the leader and the orator know it, to refrain from doing any work against the ticket.

As the campaign progresses, other callers, burning with enthusiasm for the ticket, drop in on the campaign manager. Many are volunteers who want to do something but don't know just what. Many more want pay in one form or other. As a general rule one paid worker is worth several volunteers, although there are exceptions. From the candidate down, self-interest rules in politics as elsewhere.

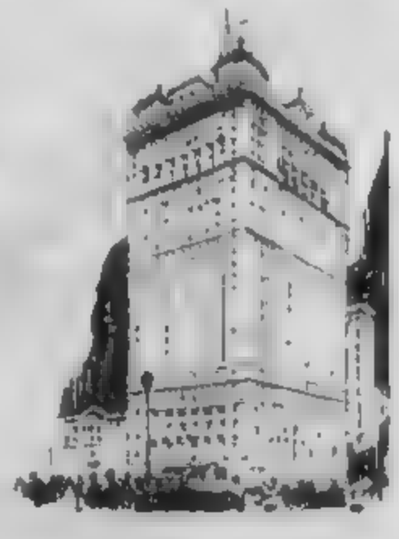
I recall an interesting example of this. A brusque and businesslike stranger called on us one day with a plan for the campaign. To our surprise it was an excellent one, so good, in fact, that we adopted parts of it

Book-Cadillac

DETROIT'S FINEST HOTEL

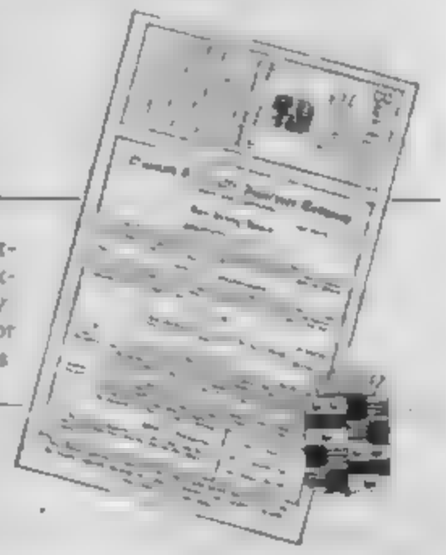
Where there's Rest at Journey's End

They say that there's a kind of restfulness to be found in the Book-Cadillac Hotel like to that of a pleasant home. You probably have found that true, you probably have found that from the west doorway up the great staircase, down the long lobby, into the elevators and up to your room there's a something, an *atmosphere* of restfulness. You've felt that this was home. • • • If *you* haven't stayed here yet, we welcome you. You will find a colorful, cheerful hotel with five dining rooms, some with and some without music. There are 1200 rooms all above the seventh floor, quiet, all are outside, light and airy, all have bath. 560 of them are priced at $4 and $5 a day. The beds are the softest, the sleepiest that we could find. When you come, we'll do our utmost to make your stay with us memorable, unforgettable. They say that it is like a pleasant home.



THE BOOK CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY
DETROIT
Roy Carruthers, *President*

To each guest as he pays his bill is given a receipt and attached is an insurance policy valid for 48 hours. It is an extension of Book-Cadillac service to see you home safely Indemnity: $5,000.00 in case of accidental death; $2,500.00 for loss of limb; and $25.00 weekly for wholly disabling injuries



and put them into immediate operation. To our greater surprise, he asked nothing for his ideas—simply wanted, he said, to help the ticket.

A week later he called on us again to ask how the plan had worked out. We showed him the results. Then we learned what was behind it all. He wanted a letter of introduction and commendation from our candidate, addressed to a big business man.

"I've been trying to swing him on a big sale," said our visitor, "but I've never quite succeeded. He's one of the big contributors to your campaign and a personal friend of the candidate. If you can get me the letter saying I've been of some assistance it will help me." I learned later that with our letter he put the deal across.

County leaders swing in for the same reason. I have in mind one such man who spent weeks on a canvass in his own district, then drifted in to promise his support. We told him he was rather late in making a decision.

"I know it," he said, "but it's going to be a hot fight and I want to be on the safe side. I spent two thousand dollars to find out that this was it."

In almost every primary campaign a certain number of the paid workers come over from the opposition. For some reason it is not considered wicked to buy a few of the enemy's hired hands. It is considered grossly immoral, however, for the hired hand to double-cross you after he is bought. Why the code varies so illogically I don't know. The worker guilty of double-crossing is technically known as a "cheater."

Women workers cheat less frequently than the men. Until recently the majority of them were volunteers, but since wide publicity has been given to campaign expenditures many have learned to demand pay for their services. Practical workers make only two complaints about the feminine campaigner—first that she talks too much and, second, that she loves to put on the high hat. Both habits may be dangerous. I recall only one instance where a woman worker talked enough to kill a rather good plan. She had been in a conference where a novel feature of campaigning was discussed. Later she spoke of it to another worker, a dear friend, and asked her opinion. The friend thought the plan was bad. She in turn told several other people that a great mistake was to be made, and in thirty minutes the world knew about it. The dear friend hadn't meant to broadcast any secret. She had simply wanted to let other friends know how greatly she was helping the ticket.

A Spatless Victory

Job holders are, of course, the best workers, because they function under the discipline of local leaders; often their jobs depend on it. To them parties are not the organized public opinions that Disraeli believed them, but organized employment agencies whose chief duties consist of finding jobs for the faithful. They work and vote, not to "shake the turrets of the land" but to shake the plum tree of the leaders. Such is the power of patronage!

Of the volunteer workers many want to go out on the stump. These are turned over to the speakers' bureau. I know of no feature of campaigning more interesting than the direction of that committee. Never is there a shortage of spellbinders. When a campaign opens, hundreds of men and women alike admit that there is much to be said on both sides, and prepare to say it. They come from all groups—ambitious young lawyers, retired business men feeling the first urge for self-expression, club women who want to try their platform presence on larger audiences. In the general campaigns national headquarters is always willing to assign a prominent and silver-tongued senator or congressman when the situation demands him. With the exception of those experienced in politics, all speakers must be closely watched, not for their utterances alone, but for appearance and manner and sympathetic attitude toward the audience.

The crowds judge the ticket largely by its public speakers. It is they who supply the personal touch. Therefore the director of the speakers' bureau tries to see that the audience likes the orator. I remember one experience with a speaker who was himself a candidate. We'll call him Mr. Norman Blood—although that wasn't his name—for he was a member of an old and honored family, a man of rare social attainments and a careful and meticulous dresser. On this occasion he was assigned to speak, with several others, at a small town to which I shall refer as Factoryville. Those who heard him reported later that he did exceptionally well.

After the meeting he was introduced by local workers to all the leading men of the community.

The following day Mr. Blood burst into our state office with a glad cry of triumph. As a result of his speech, he told us, he had received from the business men of Factoryville not only a promise of support but contributions to the party war chest totaling some ten thousand dollars.

The veteran who at that time directed both the publicity and the speakers' bureau at our headquarters heard this pæan of victory in dour silence. Our joyous candidate noticed it, and suddenly his enthusiasm fell away from him as might a sack coat when the clock struck six.

"You don't seem greatly concerned," he said, with the wounded dignity that only the amateur in politics dare show.

"I am concerned, Mr. Blood—greatly concerned," replied our hard-eyed veteran; "but not over the contribution. What I am concerned about is a telegram I have received from the county leader complaining that you walked down the main street of Factoryville with spats on your feet. That will cost us more votes than your ten thousand dollars can ever regain."

The veteran was exaggerating, of course, but he put the idea over so effectively that our perfectly turned out candidate ran close to the head of the ticket in a spatless victory when the final vote was computed.

I recall another frantic wire from a rural leader demanding the recall of the best of our feminine speakers. She was one of the many wealthy and cultured women who take an active part in most campaigns these days, and had made an excellent record at local meetings. Therefore we asked for reasons.

We learned in the reply that she had made the mistake of traveling through several farm counties in a motor car obviously of foreign and expensive make, driven by a uniformed French chauffeur. That was serious, and we knew it. By happy chance her nephew, an undergraduate at a local university, was loafing around headquarters when the call arrived. He volunteered to cut classes long enough to drive her over the remainder of the tour in his own flivver. That sounded like a real idea, so we sent him forth. But before twenty-four hours had passed the county leader was sputtering to us over long-distance telephone again—the telegraph, he felt, was too slow to carry his urgent protest. He told us that the sophomore had appeared promptly, and was carrying our speaker around the country in a car blazoned fore and aft with the typically callow and sometimes faintly suggestive wise cracks which delight some college boys but scandalize their elders. We wired him to replace the labels with party slogans, and the pair finished their tour in a blaze of glory.

Possibly the most numerous of unofficial visitors to campaign headquarters are the amateur reformers who drop in to tell the committee what is the matter with its candidate. Oddly enough, they seldom discuss the issue. Personality is what holds their interest. After several years of unnecessary suffering from this type of adviser I developed what proved to be a most effective defense. I let him talk for a few moments, then put several questions.

"Who," I asked, "is your present congressman?" Nine times out of ten, if he was a resident of a big city including several congressional districts, he didn't know. "Who," I asked next, "is your city councilman? Who represents your community on the state committee? Who represents it on the city committee? Who is your party ward leader? Who is your precinct leader?"

He didn't know. So few of them do!

Where the Interest Lies

But I hadn't finished. "You should know," I suggested mildly. "Your precinct leader lives within a few blocks of you. Your ward leader doesn't live much farther away. Neither does your councilman. These men exercise a most powerful influence on the government of your community. They, in the last analysis, decide who shall be the candidates for offices charged with the administration of city and state government, with the fixing of taxes, with improvements which affect your property. But if you don't know even the names of these men who live in your own neighborhood, how can you know anything worth listening to about our candidate for senator or governor, who lives in an altogether different part of the state?"

Then I watched the aristocratic neck swell purple under its snow-white collar as that eminent citizen went forth to denounce me as a politician, than which epithet he knew none more damning.

As a matter of fact, none of my questions was unfair. Even a congenital reformer should know the answers. You might try the system yourself, sometime, on one of the high-minded and oracular citizens that every community boasts. Ask your doctor, or your minister, or the teller in your bank, and see how many of the men intimately influencing the affairs of your own community he knows by name. But don't try it on your milkman, or the day worker who mows your lawn! He'll probably know. That's why the desires of such men are better reflected in government than the ideas of the so-called best minds. They, like the farmers, have a real interest in public affairs, in as much as they know personally the men who control them locally. The average professional man or office worker, on the contrary, thinks of government only a few days before election and then is inclined to speak with an unwarranted air of authority on issues and personalities which affect him far less intimately than those he ignores on his own doorstep.

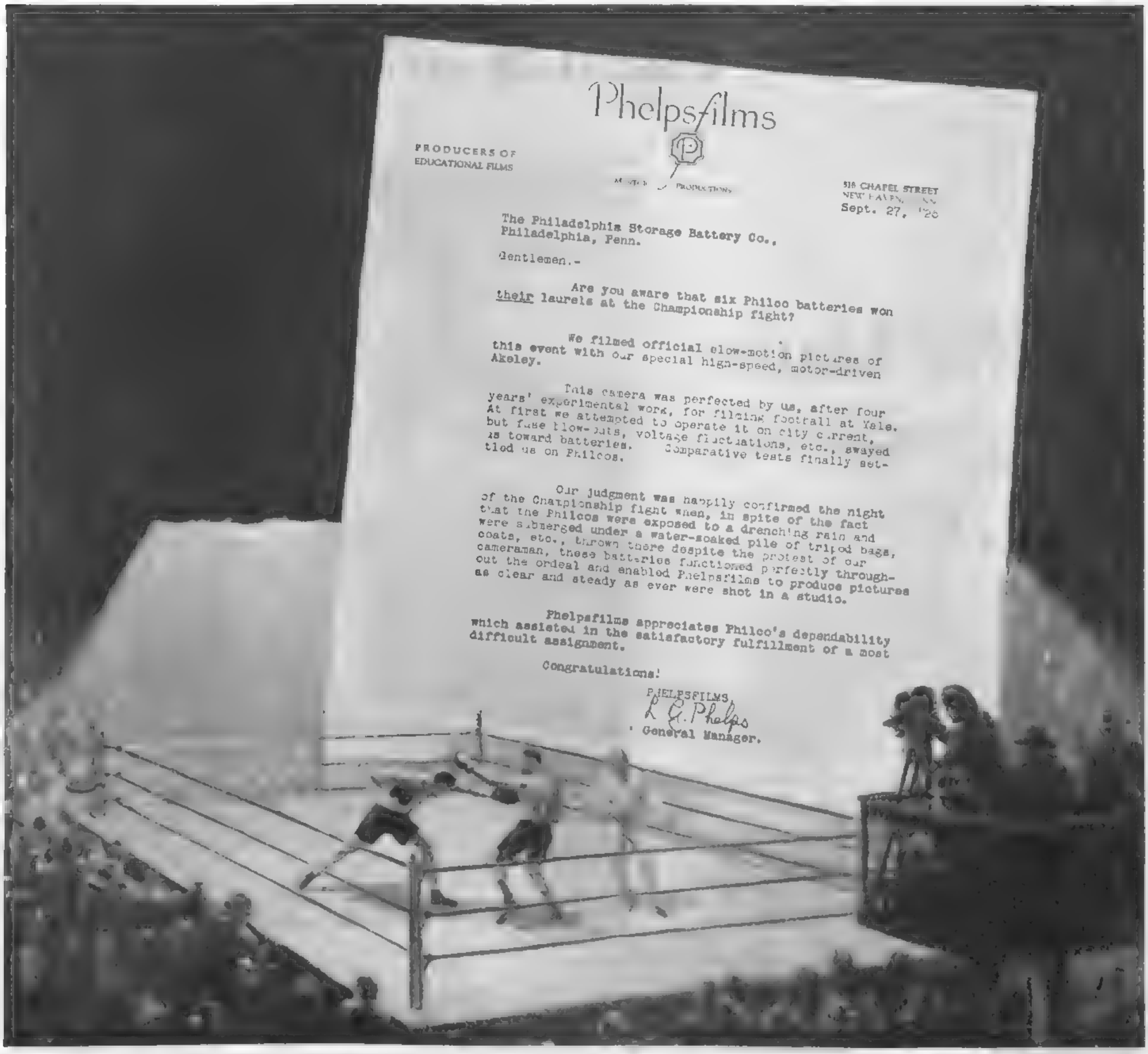
As I have pointed out, the individual voter is interested chiefly in the personality of the candidate. The groups and organizations which dabble in politics are more likely to be concerned in the issue. Therefore every candidate running in a primary takes an issue unto himself. Seldom does he create it; he adopts it instead. He or his managers sense an attitude of the public, study it a while, weigh the voting value of the groups which favor or oppose it, and if it looks good, they grab it as their own. Sometimes there is a close race between rival candidates to be first to adopt what looks like a good issue, and with it, the organized support it assures. Of the three requirements for success in the primary—organization, cash and an issue—the last, in the opinion of many campaigners, lags far in the rear. In general campaigns it is, of course, important—it represents the platform of the national party. In the primary it is too often merely a stepladder.

(Continued on Page 158)

Old Town Old Timers

DRAWN BY ART YOUNG

The Village Grouch. Our Village Grouch Never Talked Very Much. If a Passer-by Said "Good Morning" to Him He Would Sometimes Turn Around and Reply: "How Are Ye?" But It Was an Effort. What He Could Say However at Any Time Was: "Hangin's Too Good for Some Folks in This Town"


Phelpsfilms
PRODUCERS OF
EDUCATIONAL FILMS
PRODUCTIONS
518 CHAPEL STREET
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Sept. 27, '26
The Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.,
Philadelphia, Penn.
Gentlemen.-
Are you aware that six Philco batteries won their laurels at the Championship fight?
We filmed official slow-motion pictures of this event with our special high-speed, motor-driven Akeley.
This camera was perfected by us, after four years' experimental work, for filming football at Yale. At first we attempted to operate it on city current, but fuse blow-outs, voltage fluctuations, etc., swayed us toward batteries. Comparative tests finally settled us on Philcos.
Our judgment was happily confirmed the night of the Championship fight when, in spite of the fact that the Philcos were exposed to a drenching rain and were submerged under a water-soaked pile of tripod bags, coats, etc., thrown there despite the protest of our cameraman, these batteries functioned perfectly throughout the ordeal and enabled Phelpsfilms to produce pictures as clear and steady as ever were shot in a studio.
Phelpsfilms appreciates Philco's dependability which assisted in the satisfactory fulfillment of a most difficult assignment.
Congratulations!
PHELPSFILMS,
L. E. Phelps
General Manager.

Luckily, Mr. Phelps had Philcos!

No matter what you demand of a storage battery—to run a radio, drive a mine locomotive, start a cold, oil-stiffened motor in winter or to supply steady unfailing power in a pouring rain for taking moving pictures of a championship fight—*you can pin your faith on a Philco Drynamic.*

Philco *Drynamic* Batteries have the tremendous surplus power, over-size capacity and rugged shock-proof construction needed to safeguard you against battery failure. Also to insure you of long, economical battery service.

No wonder thousands upon thousands of motorists—as a protection against hand-cranking experiences—are installing Philco *Drynamic* Batteries in their cars!

Even with the famous Diamond Grid Plates, Philco Retainers and a TWO-YEAR written guarantee—*the longest and strongest guarantee ever placed on a nationally-known battery*—a Philco *Drynamic* costs no more to buy than an ordinary battery.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, *Philadelphia*

Philco *Drynamic* Batteries are made DRY and shipped DRY—but CHARGED. Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the acid—just before installing the battery in your car. Ask for Philco *Drynamic*—*see the acid poured in*—and you can't get a stale battery

RADIO OWNERS You can run any radio from your house current Just connect a Philco Socket Power AB unit to your radio—plug it permanently into a lamp or wall socket—and it takes the place of both A and B batteries No more recharging—no more dry batteries to replace no hum—no distortion Visit your nearest Philco Dealer, or write us for details of our Easy Payment Plan.

Philco equipped buses carried 44,702 fight fans to the Stadium.

PHILCO Automobile Radio Electric Truck | Industrial Tractors Farm Lighting Passenger Cars Mine Locomotives | Auxiliary Power Marine Isolated Plant **BATTERIES**

SONORA'S *Twin Contributions*

The New Reproducing Sonora

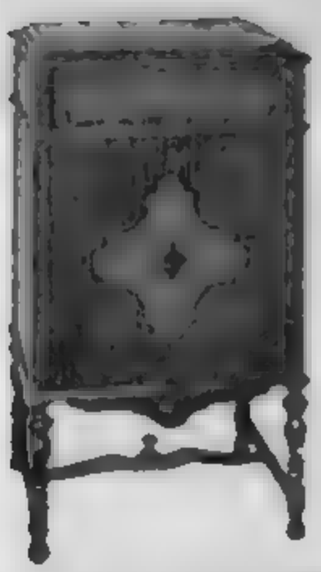
Critics agree that this new Sonora achievement is the outstanding triumph in the new field of music reproduction. All the rich tone-color, warmth and magic of living music itself. A remarkable instrument that gives Sonora's world-famous tone *full range of the entire musical register.* Exquisite in design and finish.

AT $275 · SONORA'S GREATER PHONOGRAPH · THE SYMPHONY

CRESCENDO of the full symphony—Limpid, flowing solo melody—Softest whispers from muted violins—*Here at last is full musical justice for them all*—in the New Sonora.

For a remarkable method of reproduction perfected by Sonora has added to the renowned Sonora tone new volume, range, and artistic completeness.

Hearing is believing! Ask your dealer to demonstrate the New Reproducing Sonora. And as you listen, note that Sonora cabinet craftsmen have produced *new masterpieces of design and finish!*



At $95—The PRELUDE *—greatest value in quality phonographs today—a genuine New Reproducing Sonora, with the perfected Sonora tone that gives new beauty to phonograph music. Cabinetwork of typical Sonora quality.*

At $125—The CONCERT*—another model of the New Reproducing Sonora. Rich simplicity of design to harmonize in any setting. A real treat in the reproduction of any type of music.*

SONORA

CLEAR AS

to Lovers of Music

AT $185 · THE "1927" STANDARD RADIO CONSOLE

WHEN Radio enthusiasm swung away from mere tuning-in and demanded clearer, truer reception, Sonora made a big contribution. The world-famous Sonora achievements in music reproduction were successfully adapted to Radio.

Now, in the new Shielded Six, Sonora presents a receiving set that puts Radio on *a still higher plane of perfection.*

Not only does this great set improve and combine every latest technical convenience, but it produces *a rich depth and mellowness of tone never before heard in Radio music.* And we honestly believe that it is the most beautiful radio you can buy today.

Your dealer shares this opinion! Ask him for a demonstration.

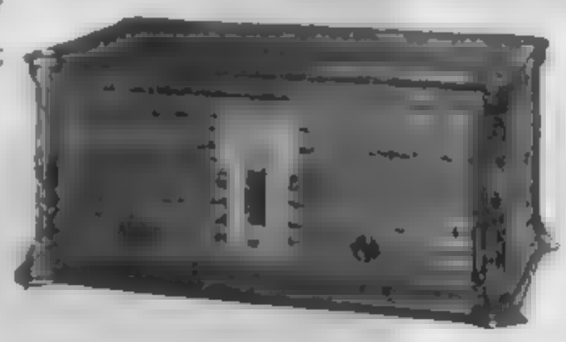
SONORA

A BELL

The New Shielded Six Radio

Produces, we believe, a rich depth and purity of tone *never before heard in Radio.* A six-tube set completely shielded against interference. New improved Twin Unit Control combines single-dial convenience with double-dial distance. Typical Sonora cabinet beauty.

The new SONORA RADIO CONE SPEAKER. *Attaches to any radio set—no extra batteries needed—$25. Console model—with space for batteries—$50. The Cone Speaker is built into the Sonora Shielded Six Console Radio shown above.*



Sonora's new SHIELDED SIX RADIO *is available as a straight set, at $125, or in your choice of Console models priced up to $225.*

(Continued from Page 154

The fight for a popular issue, often tortured into a silly slogan, is only one of the many examples of bitterness and self-interest which mark so many primary campaigns. Even after the election the back lash from those battles is felt in the general campaign. Probably the hardest work of a state chairman lies in healing the tragic wounds inflicted on the party in the heat and scramble for nomination in direct-primary elections.

It is easy to see why this should be. An open primary campaign is not always a fight between just two men for party nomination. Often it is a general scramble, participated in by thousands of prospective candidates, all ostensibly members of the same party, to gain control of that party and of what plums it may scatter. In one recent state primary campaign more than four thousand prospective candidates were in the field. They included men reaching desperately for nomination for the United States Senate, for the governor's chair, for certain elective state-cabinet offices, for county offices, for places of power on committees. The majority of them weren't fighting for the office itself but only for a chance to run for the office on the party ticket. If they won, sometimes at the cost of terrible physical and mental strain, of great sums of money, of compromises which they might under other conditions have scorned, they faced the comforting fact that the whole thing had to be done all over again when the general election was held several months later.

Seldom, when the candidates are finally chosen at the primary election, do all the members of one faction find themselves on the general ticket. Nevertheless, they must be made to appear the traditional band of brothers. A gubernatorial candidate and a senatorial candidate of different factions may lead the general ticket together. A few weeks before, they were condemning each other as menaces not only to the party but to the entire commonwealth. In the general campaign each must praise the other as the hope of the nation. They do it, but sometimes with their fingers crossed. Their friends and supporters of primary days do not let them forget old suspicions. They cast wary eyes on the party campaign director, on the publicity man, on others working for the ticket, to guard against last-minute trickery. When everything is finally working smoothly some inspired idiot is certain to start a discussion inside the party as to which of its chief candidates will poll the greatest number of votes, and thus arouse old rivalries.

The Direct Primary

Recently it has become common for many public men to wonder openly whether the direct primary has accomplished all that was hoped for it in making the political atmosphere sweeter and purer. I do not know the answer, but I know that it has, in many states, engendered bitterness within the party that would have challenged the abilities of the Great Conciliator himself to heal. It has put many public figures in inconsistent positions; it has robbed the big parties of some of their strongest supporters; it has frightened other able men from the thought of ever seeking public office; it has made campaign directors gray before their time.

Possibly the convention system fostered worse evils. It did have, however, the virtue of consistency. A convention chose not only a candidate but a platform, and the party nominee ran on the platform thus chosen. As the open primary has developed, each aspirant for nomination may announce his own platform, regardless of how it will harmonize later with the party platform. He may, if he wants to, run either as a wet or a dry, as a free trader or a high-tariff advocate. There is no reason why a candidate for nomination by either party cannot run on an anti-Darwin platform if he thinks it will get him something. I've often wondered why more of them didn't.

Some day one of these lynx-eared listeners to the Vox Populi is going to hear that gentlemen prefer blondes, and run with that slogan as a burning issue "indorsed by the better elements." What matter if the party whose nomination he wins ignores the question in its general platform? He's on the ticket, isn't he? And the public, like the blonde, soon forgets!

I discussed these phases not long ago with a man who has held high office in nation and state, and whose experience includes both the old and the modern type of primary. He felt much as I do.

Guerilla Warfare

"Suppose," he said to me, "that an irresponsible candidate wins, as many do, the party nomination for the United States Senate by the adroit use of a spectacular and individual slogan, and is subsequently elected. Then suppose that the party meets in national convention, refuses to adopt the planks on which he was nominated, and announces, perhaps, an opposite policy. The new senator is accounted a party member, but he must now either vote against his party on the issues in question or else burn the planks on which he walked into office. If enough senators are in this predicament as a result of their unrestrained individualism in the primary, it means, of course, the end of party responsibility and party efficiency. The type of man who wants to be conspicuous and to play a lone hand rejoices in this result. Though, however, a political party can afford to carry a few players of this sort on the squad, the multiplication of them ultimately means the defeat of the team. And they are multiplying rapidly.

"One of the results of this is that many candidates, each with a state-wide campaign to carry on, will make great and unwholesome expenditures of money. It is not so much a question of corruption as of sordid politics. When everybody expects to be paid for work which he ought to do for nothing, minutemen soon become mercenaries. In that event a candidate with a big bank account can organize and finance his own army, even if there is no considerable group of citizens who think enough of him to contribute to his fund. Bad as it is to have a candidate's admirers waste money in his interest, it is far worse for a candidate without responsible backers to be able to secure the party nomination by the expenditure of his own funds.

"Now the satisfactory regulation by law of primary expenses is a difficult matter, because by its very nature the primary system is an expensive system. It costs money to get information across. Where there are millions of voters, a single well-written form letter addressed and mailed to each voter would cost not thousands but hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"If a state-wide office is in question, almost any experienced man thinks twice nowadays before he decides to seek it. If he already holds the office he must be prepared for a triple strain. The combined work of the office, of the primary, and of the general election is enough to break many a back. The nervous strain of a primary campaign is most severe. In the general election the struggle is between responsible parties and the rules of civilized warfare are to some extent observed. In a primary campaign an irresponsible and abusive candidate, with a like-minded group about him, may easily assassinate character and inflict a lasting injury on a worthy adversary. It is like bankrupt competition in business—impossible to meet without ruin. Many a man quite ready to serve his country on the field of battle may hesitate to engage in a guerilla warfare merely to become a target for a savage enemy. It is the inherent lawlessness of a primary campaign which makes it bitter, confusing, expensive and nerve racking."

As the campaign progresses, the work is intensified. Everything is thrown into the fight. The check book supplants the pamphlet as campaign literature. Money is supplied in increasing amounts to the leaders. By them it is passed out in turn to township and precinct workers in country and city. In the rural districts much is spent on automobile hire. Many veterans believe this method cannot be overdone. It has two advantages: First, it increases the efficiency of active, personal canvassing; second, it offers opportunity to pay a doubtful voter five or ten dollars for the use of his car and thus win him over. In the cities the five and ten dollar bills may go to watchers at the polls. In a close and well-financed campaign they are legion. Many such watchers become in reality doorbell pullers—that is, men and women who go to the various homes to hustle up more votes. In a large city a precinct with a registration of less than five hundred voters may, in a hard fight, have as many as fifty watchers assigned at ten dollars a day. It was to the leader of such a city that a visiting rural worker once exclaimed admirably, "Shucks, you don't have to count your ballots here. You can just weigh them!"

A Day of Excitement

While the campaign manager in these final weeks labors feverishly with his city and county leaders, tightening the organization, smoothing out internal strife and jealousies, urging all the workers to increase effort, the speakers' bureau and the publicity committee redouble their activities. The loudest welkin ringers are sent to doubtful districts, great advertisements are prepared for the newspapers, the candidate is rushed from hall to hall, from county to county, to greet and arouse the voters. His picture is flashed on the movie screens; his voice thunders over the radio.

Finally, after months of work and worry, of sudden disappointments, of favorable and equally unexpected breaks, comes election day. Campaign headquarters is suddenly the most important place in all the state. Into it pour the newspaper men, the leaders, if they dare leave their districts, the heavy citizens and party contributors, to demand facts, to proclaim optimistic opinions regarding the outcome. Constantly the telephones jangle, bringing tales of tradings or treachery by local leaders—often unfounded—of election frauds, of trickery at the polling places. By nightfall the excitement has increased. The telegraph companies have run wires into the building and the returns from polling places and local headquarters throughout the state are clicked off. Usually there is a room somewhere in the rear of the state-headquarters building where a small group of tight-lipped and trusted men receive these returns, while the head of the ticket and the campaign leader, outwardly confident and expansive, with who knows what doubts and fears gnawing away inside, shake hands with their hundreds of well-wishers out in front. Outside the building bands blare, torchlights glow and sputter and the crowds whoop as encouraging bulletins are flashed on a white screen.

The End of the Fight

Never shall I forget the last time I sat in one such small, poorly ventilated room, away from the reception which the party was staging in the chairman's office. I was at the headquarters end of a private wire that wound over high mountains and through deep rivers to the office of the great man of the party, in another city. For him, much depended on the result of that election—the political control of the state, the triumph or downfall of an organization he had spent years of his life in building. My job was to keep him informed of the run of the vote. Near me stood a small table at which one of the campaign manager's assistants was tabulating the scattered returns from the wires. After noting each one he passed it to me to read over the telephone. The reports from almost a hundred counties poured in so quickly that there was no time to count and compare them. Finally, as the night wore on, the great man asked me to stop sending, and give him an interpretation of the figures on hand. I communicated the request. The tabulator asked for time. "Hold the phone a few moments," I said over the wire, "and we'll break the glad news."

Then the first unofficial counting began. It was an interesting picture spread out there before me. Over the table bent the tabulator, checking the recorded vote against the predetermined figure which we knew we needed for victory. Behind and around him stood the men who had directed or helped finance the campaign. The chairman and the head of the ticket slipped back to watch. The campaign treasurer was there, and the biggest of the city leaders. With staring eyes and parted lips they followed the pencil as it ran up and down the columns. Then they bent closer, closer, until as the last addition was made their heads were clustered together around the computer like a group of schoolboys sharing a guilty secret. As one man their eyes followed the pencil while it checked its additions against the record of required votes. I watched the eyes grow wider, the jaws fall lower, as those four men saw the comparison and stood there, motionless as statues, for a brief second. They said nothing.

Then each turned, wearily it seemed, and sat down in the nearest chair. The computer's pencil fell from his listless fingers. They were all big men, I reflected, but at that moment each looked to me like a small boy in an elder brother's suit.

A voice, an impatient voice over the wire, aroused me. "How about that computation?" it rasped. "Haven't you completed it yet?"

I picked up the telephone and handed it to the chairman. "Here," I said. "You tell him."

Sunset on Kona Coast, Island of Hawaii

English of the QUEEN ANNE *Period*

VISITORS to the new American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, stop to admire the original china closet of which this Curtis design is a replica. It is in a room restored from an old farmhouse built in the Connecticut River valley in the second quarter of the eighteenth century. The Museum booklet says that the arches are "strongly reminiscent of a treatment usual in work of the reigns of Queen Anne and George I." The crossed rails and raised beveled panels in the lower door form a design peculiar to the Connecticut River [illegible]

From TUDOR *Times*

IN THE days of good Queen 'Beth wood paneling was a favorite finish for interior walls, and so highly was such paneling prized that often when a householder moved from one home to another he took his wall paneling with him. Genuine Tudor paneling is charming because of its carefully worked-out proportions—a quality not always found in much paneling that purports to be of Tudor design.

Here in this Curtis door C-305, which is designed especially for the room with Tudor paneling, these proportions are faithfully carried out. The horizontal rails line up exactly with the panels on the walls. Being of English origin, this door also fits perfectly into the interior where the walls have a sand plaster or rough finish, and it appears at its best when stained or waxed so as to bring out the natural beauty of the grain of the wood (oak). Door C-305 is furnished by Curtis in sizes 1¾" thick

Note the trim around this door. Its surface has beautifully rounded moldings, rather large in profile, so as to produce definite lights and shadows when the wood is stained or waxed. It is mitred at the corners, being of one piece, and is easy to cut and fit. A short plinth block below is suited to a relatively narrow baseboard, such as the narrow bottom rail of the door requires. This trim is Curtis Standard Trim C-1660, one of the most distinctive of the many Curtis trim families.

This Curtis design C-703 is 7 0¾ high, 3 3¾" wide, including trim; and 1 6 deep overall. The case is made to set across a corner of the room. As illustrated, in unselected birch, it is supplied by Curtis dealers for less than $70.00. Also furnished in white pine and oak.

When Windows Were Luxuries

CENTURIES ago an English monarch made himself very unpopular with his subjects by having a law passed which levied a tax upon houses according to the number of windows they had. Windows were then a luxury because glass was expensive and only the rich could afford it. Glass was not only expensive but was not made at all in large sheets, hence window panes had to be quite small. One of the most important reasons why people today admire the quaint charm of the old English cottage, is because of its small, nicely proportioned window panes. When used in modern homes with their larger window spaces, the small panes prevent the openings from appearing from the outside like big black holes in the wall, and on the inside they give a feeling of security and intimacy that large panes never give.

In designing the Curtis casement sash C-1030 shown here, the old English casements have been studied in detail as regards proportions and moldings. And in the actual construction of the sash, the mortise-and-tenon joint, long-lasting pine, and puttyrabbet make a sash that will withstand years and years of weathering and wear. Whether you have your casements swing in or out, there are Curtis frames to fit them

Woodwork with Soft, Rounded Lines and Rich, Warm Texture

In all English homes—in Tudor castle, manor house and cottage—woodwork *was the* background *for all the interior decorative effects. There was no dependence on movable furniture and surface decorations.*

THIS is a principle that builders of beautiful homes in all ages have always understood. That is why builders of many modern houses in the English styles make sure of having the proper woodwork first, even if some furniture has to wait.

The English took hardwoods—mostly oak—and stained or waxed their woodwork so as to bring out the rich texture of the wood and the natural beauty of the grain. They used ornament sparingly, and their moldings were shallow, rounded and relatively large.

Warm, intimate interiors were the result—homes in which fine furniture and colorful decorations appeared at their best.

No wonder builders of modern homes try to recapture some of the charm of those old English interiors!

It is so easy to do that, now, too—because beautiful woodwork designs true to the English styles are today available from any Curtis dealer!

Some are shown here. There is a large variety in every form of woodwork necessary for the home—entrances, windows, doors, trim, stairs and cabinetwork. And exterior forms, too—for genuine English porches, and cornices

So also for other architectural styles. There is Curtis Woodwork for every type of house.

And the fine craftsmanship that also distinguished English woodwork is reflected in Curtis workmanship and construction methods today. Yet Curtis Woodwork costs no more than ordinary millwork, often less—because of large-scale production and wide distribution.

The leading dealer in woodwork in your town (if you live east of the Rockies) is probably a Curtis dealer. Ask him to help you and your architect or builder to select, from his own stock or from his Curtis Catalog, the proper designs and woods to suit the architectural style of your house and the sizes that can be used in your plans. He will be glad to explain the superior construction of all Curtis items, too. Or write us for helpful information and practical suggestions.

CURTIS WOODWORK

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau
438 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa
Curtis Detroit Co., Detroit, Michigan; Curtis-Yale-Howland Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota; Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Iowa; Curtis & Yale Co., Wausau, Wisconsin; Curtis Sash & Door Co., Sioux City, Iowa; Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebraska; Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Topeka, Kansas; Curtis Door & Sash Co., Chicago, Illinois; Curtis Companies Inc., Eastern Sales Office: 25 W. 44th Street, New York City. *Curtis Companies Incorporated, Clinton, Iowa*

Operate your radio set

A New Balkite Charger

with both trickle and high charging rates

MODEL J. Has two charging rates: a low trickle charge rate and a high rate for rapid charging and heavy-duty use. Can thus be used either as a trickle or as a high rate charger, and combines their advantages. Noiseless. Large water capacity. Visible electrolyte level. Rates: with 6-volt battery, 2.5 and .5 amperes; with 4-volt battery, .8 and .2 amperes. Special model for 25-40 cycles. Price $19.50. West of Rockies $20. (In Canada $27.50.)

A New Balkite "B" at $27.50

Balkite "B" is one of the outstanding successes in radio. It eliminates "B" batteries and supplies "B" current from the light socket. It is entirely different from any other "B" device. It is entirely noiseless, permanent, has no bulbs and nothing to wear out or replace. Over 75,000 Balkite "B"s are today giving satisfactory service on every type of receiver. Three new models for all types of sets: The new popular-priced Balkite "B"-W at $27.50, for sets of 5 tubes or less requiring 67 to 90 volts. Balkite "B"-X, for sets of 8 tubes or less, including power tubes; capacity 30 milliamperes at 135 volts—$42. Balkite "B"-Y, for any standard radio set; capacity 40 milliamperes at 150 volts—$69. (In Canada "B"-W $39; "B"-X $59.50; "B"-Y $96.)

Balkite Combination

furnishes automatic radio power

When connected to your "A" battery it supplies automatic power to both "A" and "B" circuits. Controlled by the filament switch already on your set it is entirely automatic in operation. Can be installed in a few minutes, either near the set or in a remote location. A permanent piece of equipment, employing no tubes and requiring no replacements. Will serve any set now using either 4 or 6 volt "A" batteries and requiring not more than 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current—practically all sets of up to 8 tubes. Price $59.50. (In Canada $83.)

Balkite Trickle Charger

MODEL K. With 6-volt "A" batteries can be left on continuous or trickle charge, thus automatically keeping the battery at full power. Converts your "A" battery into a light socket "A" power supply. With 4-volt batteries can be used as an intermittent charger. Or as a trickle charger if a resistance is added. Rate about .5 ampere. 200,000 in use. Price $10. West of Rockies $10.50. (In Canada $15.)

All Balkite Radio Power Units operate from 110-120 volt AC current with models for both 60 and 50 cycles. The new Balkite Charger is also made in a special model for 25-40 cycles

Balkite

Radio Power Units

from the light socket

Either with the new Balkite Combination *or with a* Balkite Charger *and* Balkite "B"

Now you can enjoy the convenience of a light socket radio set without discarding your present receiver.

You can do it in either of two ways. By adding either the new Balkite Combination Radio Power Unit or a Balkite Charger and Balkite "B."

In either case the result is the same—light socket operation and maximum convenience. And a smooth silent flow of power that gives you a constant quality of reception to be secured in no other way.

Balkite Light Socket Power is noiseless power. It does not hum. It is peak power always. It is never low and never runs down, but is always exactly the power required by the set. It is permanent power; Balkite Radio Power Units are permanent pieces of equipment. They employ no bulbs, and have nothing to replace or renew. They require no other attention than the infrequent addition of water. They cannot deteriorate from either use or disuse. Other than a negligible amount of household current their first cost is the last. With sets of high current requirements their use is highly desirable for the saving alone. They are simple to install and require no changes in your set.

The greatest event in the history of broadcasting

WALTER DAMROSCH

and the New York Symphony

over 12 stations

Now you can have a symphony season in your own home. On Saturday evening, October 25rd, began the Balkite Series of Radio Symphony Concerts with Walter Damrosch, dean of American Conductors, and the New York Symphony Orchestra.

This series is of a dual nature. Every other Saturday there is a full symphony concert. On intervening Saturdays Mr. Damrosch alone gives one of his popular piano recitals on Wagner's great music dramas.

These concerts are broadcast regularly on Saturday nights, at 9 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, over Stations WEAF—New York, WEEI—Boston, WGR—Buffalo, WFI—Philadelphia, WCAE—Pittsburgh, WSAI—Cincinnati, WTAM—Cleveland, WWJ—Detroit, WGN—Chicago, WCCO—Minneapolis-St Paul, KSD—St. Louis, WDAF—Kansas City. Watch the newspaper radio programs for detailed announcements.

Over 650,000 radio receivers—including every known type—are already Balkite equipped. Equip yours too with Balkite. Then you will know the convenience of Balkite Light Socket Operation and the pleasure of owning a radio set always ready to operate at peak power.

FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Incorporated, *North Chicago, Illinois*

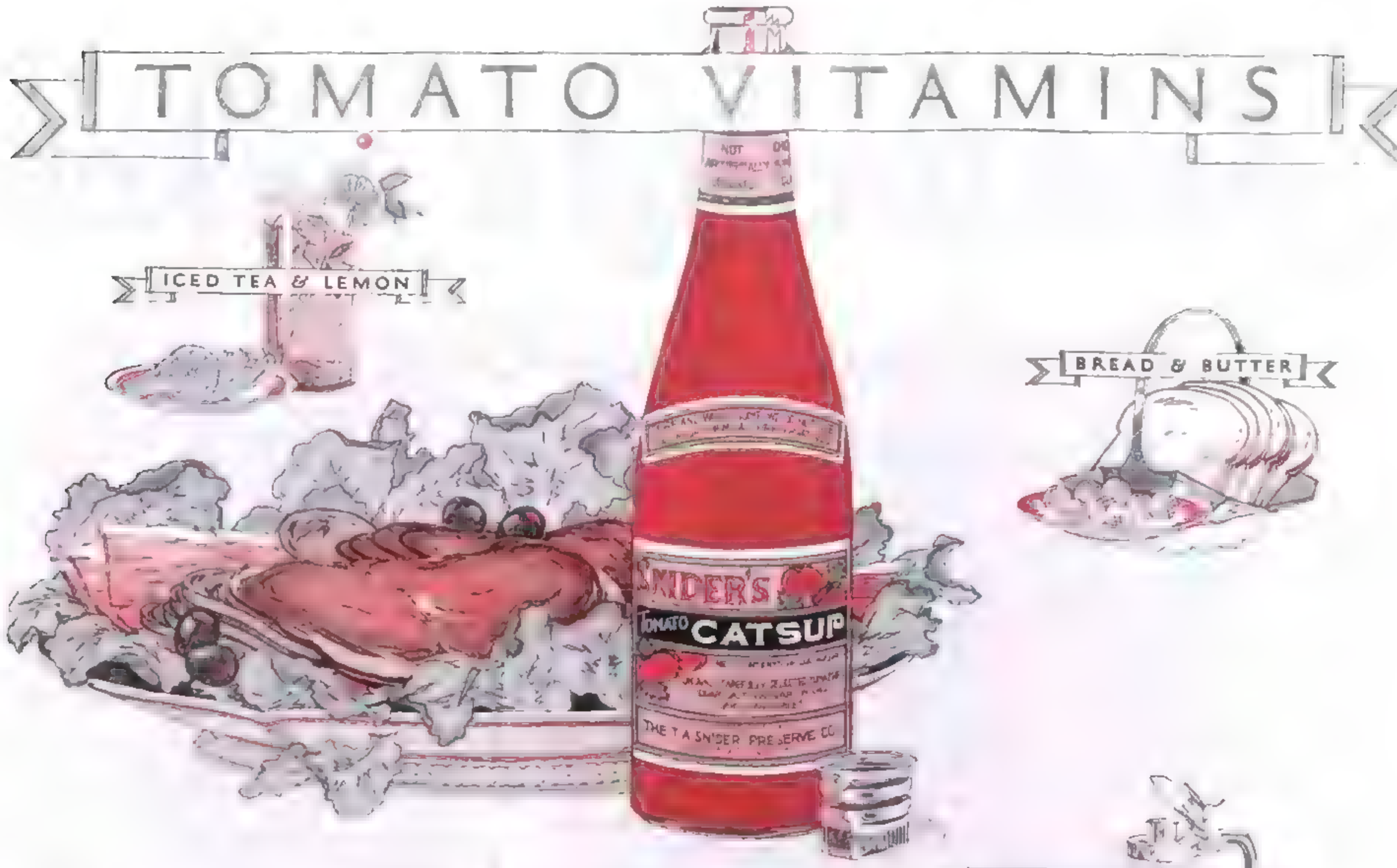
Licensees for Germany:
Siemens & Halske, A. G. Wernerwerk M
Siemensstadt, Berlin

Sole Licensees in the United Kingdom:
Messrs. Radio Accessories Ltd., 9-13 Hythe Rd.
Willesden, London, N. W. 10

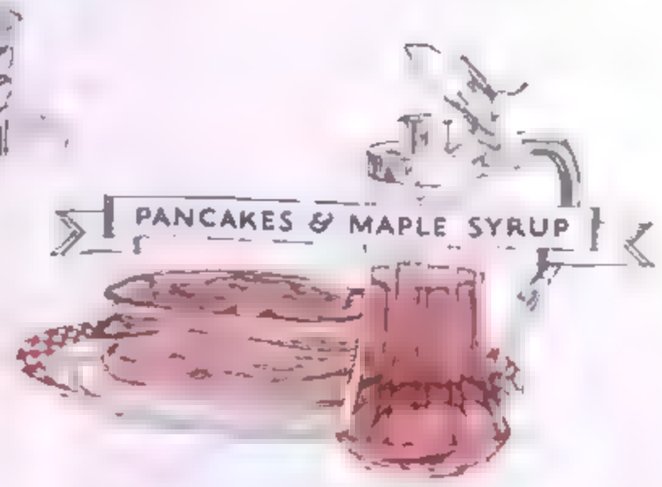
Balkite

Light Socket Operation

TOMATO VITAMINS



Siamese Twins of Food-dom



THERE are some items on the menu that just naturally pair off—inseparable. Snider's Catsup with cold cuts is one such combination.

Snider's Catsup tastes so good because all the flavor of the tomatoes as they were picked ripe from the vine is *fresh-kept*—preserved by the careful Snider method of cooking and bottling the same day.

This quick and careful method does one thing more. It keeps in the Catsup the rich supply of vitamins found in tomatoes more than in any other food.

Put up just as carefully as the Catsup, a complete line of Snider vegetables and fruits is now available in glass and tin. Enjoy natural flavor *fresh-kept*. Get all the nutritive elements that nature packed into the growing foods. For quality supreme, look for the Snider label.

Snider's
TOMATO PRODUCTS

Important Booklet—free. For better health and appetite read the story of vitamins and tomatoes. Address Snider, Temple Building, Rochester, New York

November 10th to 20th is National Canned Foods Week. Order Snider products, of uniform *fresh-kept* quality, in quantity for convenience and economy

SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

Continued from Page 28

and in The Marriage of William Ash, where the heroine was supposed to ride up to the house and where the hoof beats came some four seconds after she had made her entrance, thereby throwing the audience into gales of laughter from which the play never recovered; to have a trick of memory on the part of a player, who is actually letter-perfect, whereby he loses his lines or jumps to another scene, make an act ridiculous; to bear, without letting them rankle too much, the gibes of those critics who go not to criticize his play but to write articles to show their own smartness. If he can do this and can recognize that a successful play is the result not only of his own work but of a remarkable combination of fortuitous circumstances the absence of any one of which can wreck the whole proceedings, then he will find the writing of plays the most thrilling game in the world, for there is nothing more inspiring and more depressing, more heavenly and more hellish.

To hear, on an opening night, the laughs come over strong and true; to have the audience eagerly and silently watching the romance of the lovers; to have the applause come spontaneously and in the right places, and to have the final curtain descend leaving with the audience that warm and electric feeling which unmistakably denotes a success—there is nothing that I know in the world that can equal it.

The Unknown

BUT the reverse of the picture? Nothing is more ghastly! To hear coughs and the rustling of programs during the serious scenes; to sense the feeling of unrest which betrays the lack of interest, and to feel the play slipping, slipping, slipping, while the earth beneath your feet slips with it and that feeling of intensified seasickness becomes more violent every minute—I at least have not the words to describe the physical nausea and accompanying agony of spirit.

Nor must the embryonic playwright, unless he is a genius and can dictate his own terms and see that they are enforced, think that he will become an important personage either in the theater or out of it. He will not. The last thing to which the average theatergoer pays any attention is the name of the author.

A short time ago an introduction was made between the president of a very important insurance company and myself. The insurance man said pompously and patronizingly, "A playwright! How interesting! But then, you see, I'm sorry to say that I never go to the theater." To which I replied, "Please do not distress yourself about it too much; I carry no life insurance."

After a play has been accepted the average playwright will soon discover that around the theater he will be regarded as a person who must be tolerated but who should not be encouraged. The manager and the director during rehearsals will discover innumerable faults in the play, the existence of which was not dreamed of when the contract was signed. To these criticisms the author, even after many years of experience, will give heed even though finally he does not accept them, for such managers as William A. Brady, A. H. Woods and Sam H. Harris have remained producers year in and year out because they have an inborn dramatic instinct, though lacking the ability to be playwrights. Brady in particular, once he has the play actually moving before him, can place his finger almost unerringly on its weak spot, even though it had escaped him in the manuscript and though he can suggest no way to remedy it.

During the rehearsals of his first few plays, unless he has made an outstanding success with a very early one, the author will find the average producer riding roughshod over his protests, because the manager is aware that the playwright will not have the courage to withdraw his play; for it is well known that once a play has been put in rehearsal and withdrawn, every other manager regards it with a skeptical and suspicious eye. The manager's real opinion as to the value of the dramatist compared with himself, the players and the producer can easily be ascertained by reading the theatrical advertisements in any Sunday newspaper. In the New York Sunday Times of February seventh, for instance, the name of the author of the play is omitted fifteen times, and these plays include The Jest and Arms and the Man. In every single instance the name of the author, when used, is in the smallest type of any name in the advertisement; and in the case of one tremendous success it is not half the size of the name of the man who merely staged it

Fred Stone as the Straw Man in the Wizard of Oz

Jeanne Eagles—at Left—in a Scene From the Play Rain

Lawrence D'Orsay

Florence Reed

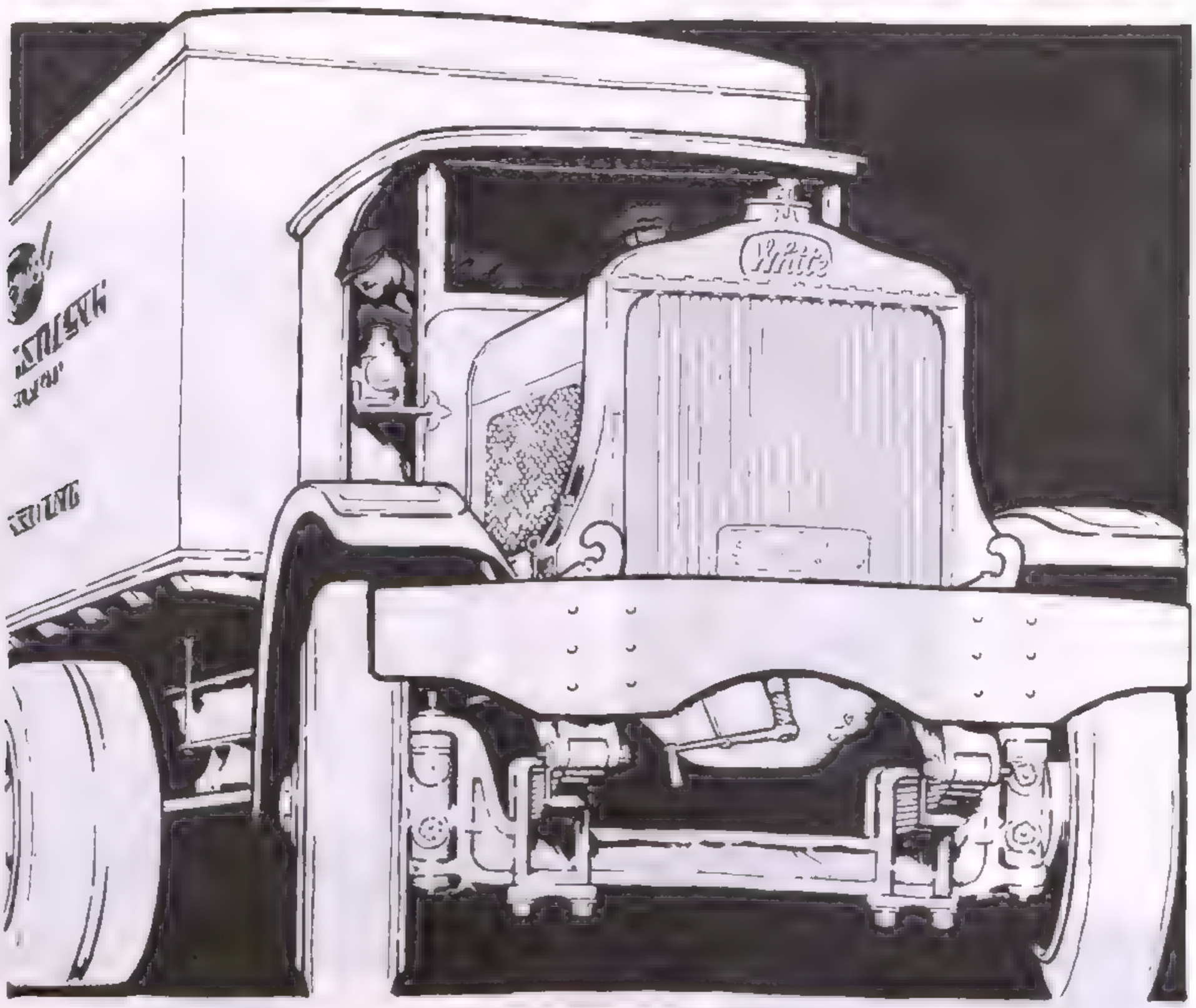
Lambs

THERE seems to exist in every producer's office an unwritten law that if anything or anybody is to be sacrificed it must be the playwright. When I made the production of Come Seven by that modest but brilliant author, Octavus Roy Cohen, founded on some of his short stories, he happened to be in the office when the proofs of the printing came. I had previously told him that when for any reason another manager was going to produce a play of mine, one clause in the contract always read that my name was to appear in every newspaper advertisement and on all programs and printing whenever the manager's name appeared, and in the same type, and I wanted to show him that I practiced what I preached. There was his name as author exactly as was mine as manager.

As we neared Atlantic City, where the play was to have its first presentation, Cohen caught sight of the first advertisement and I noticed a change come over his face. I asked if there was anything wrong and he bravely said, "No, nothing at all." I, however, watched for and saw the next advertisement. There was my name as originally planned, but Cohen's name was so reduced in size that it took a microscope and a search warrant to find it. Being asked the meaning of it, the press agent said that the printer found there had been a mistake in the proofs and that something had to be made smaller, and so, of course, it must be the name of the author. In his eyes and in those of the printer it was the one and unquestioned thing to do.

Continued on Page 165

Money-Makers



Before you buy a truck or a bus see the Whites at any of our 80 factory branches or 500 dealers There is a White model to meet every transportation need

Truck Chassis

Model 15	¾ Ton	$2 150
Model 20	2 Ton	2 950
Model 50	2½ Ton	3 750
Model 40A	3½ Ton	4 350
Model 52	Hvy Duty	5 100

(Several types of power dumping bodies and hoists available)

Bus Chassis

Model 53	16-21 pass	$4 250
Model 50B	25-29 pass	5 350

All prices f o b Cleveland

© THE WHITE CO., 1926

EVERY question of design, power, dependability, operating cost, long life and so on is important in the selection of a motor truck or bus only as it bears on the real question — will it make money?

White Trucks and White Busses, all models, everywhere and in all kinds of service, are famous money makers . . . . . And they have been, unfailingly, since the first White Trucks went into service.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

and WHITE BUSSES

MADE RIGHT ~ SOLD RIGHT ~ KEPT RIGHT

(Continued from Page 163)

This state of things is by no means indigenous to America, but in other countries, and especially in France, it shows itself principally in suppressing the name of the playwright and in giving credit to the native adapters of the play only. Thus, some three years ago, when in France, I found that J. Hartley Manners' play Peg o' My Heart was attributed in all advertisements to the French adapters only, without any mention whatever of Mr. Manners.

In London last summer, when Rain was being presented there, the newspaper advertisements for months read: "The Reandean Co. presents Somerset Maugham's Rain," ignoring entirely the two young American authors, John Colton and Clemence Randolph, who wrote the play from a short story, Miss Thompson, by Somerset Maugham.

The opinion of the producers of plays regarding the author is, however, exalted and inspiring when compared with that of the producer of motion pictures. Judged by his actions and not by his words, the author in his opinion is the lowest form of human life.

Quoting from the paper already mentioned, I find such advertisements as the one for Behind the Front in which the names of the principal players, the director, the man who staged the review and various specialty performers are mentioned, but not that of the author; the Blackbird, in which the names of the star, the featured players, the director, the firm which owns the picture, the saxophone player, the concert master, the dancers, the conductor of the orchestra, a composer and two singers are all printed, but not the name of the author. These advertisements are not isolated and exceptional; they are usual and characteristic.

Becoming a little personal, I find in the New York Times of February fourteenth, in the column headed Gleanings of the Screen, the following paragraph, which I quote in its entirety:

"What Happened to Jones, Reginald Denny's comedy, is to be held over for a second week at the Colony."

Up to the moment when I read that paragraph I had always imagined that What Happened to Jones was my comedy. I wrote it, I draw the royalties from it and I sold the film rights to it. Still, according to the moving-picture producers, it is not my comedy; I am in no way concerned with it; it is Denny's.

Classroom in the Theater

And why is it Denny's? Because he is starring in it. Could anything be more simple and conclusive?

In another column I find a reference to John Robertson's Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and if they will do that to Robert Louis Stevenson, what right have I to complain, no matter what they do to me? And what, O ye who would write plays, do you think that they will do to you?

When I determined to write a play the only person who did not ridicule me was my brother. For some unknown reason which I have never been able to fathom, he thought I could do it. Moreover, he was willing to prove his faith by his work, for he offered to let me live with him free for a year to prove whether I could write or not. I accepted his proposition, but insisted that it be put on a business basis, so we agreed that in any play I should write for five years he should have a half interest. If he was willing to gamble, so was I.

Knowing nothing about construction, I realized that I must study it; but there was no university course in it in those days and I knew of no book concerned with it, so I worked out the following plan: Having abjured the reading of all advance notices and criticisms by which I might learn the story, I would go the opening night of each play, sit in the gallery, see the first act only, then go home and work out for myself what I thought should be the development of the plot. When this was finished I would go back to the theater, see the dramatist's completed work and compare it with what I had done. In this way I learned enough in three months to show me how ignorant I was.

There was one instance in which I did not leave. That was the first night of In Mizzoura, by Augustus Thomas, with Goodwin in the principal part. I was so enthralled by it that I couldn't go until the final curtain. Unlike many other stars, Goodwin at that time was not afraid to surround himself by and pit himself against the finest actors he could find. In this cast were burly Burr McIntosh as the blacksmith, Louis Payne as his helper, and handsome Francis Carlisle as the villain, and no three parts in one play were ever better cast or played. The only woman that I remember was the girl opposite to Payne, played, I believe, by Minnie Dupree.

In plays by Thomas the men have always been the dominating feature. In Alabama there was E. M. Holland, in The Earl of Pawtucket there was Lawrance D'Orsay, in The Witching Hour there were John Mason and Russ Whytal, and in Arizona there were Theodore Roberts, Vincent Serrano, Walter Hale and Edwin Holt. Thomas understands men and writes them with blood in their veins. It was the exact opposite with Clyde Fitch. He understood women inside and out and to the perfume behind their ears, and wrote them accordingly. Some years later we used to have a saying that if Thomas and Fitch would collaborate on a play, Thomas writing the men and Fitch the women, it would be worth going miles to see.

Romeo on the Board of Trade

My first play was concerned with the life I knew best—that of the Board of Trade. It was a variant of the Romeo and Juliet theme. Two speculators, old enemies, were at death grips over a corner in wheat which one was engineering and the other trying to smash. Whichever won, the other would be ruined, and the daughter of one and the son of his opponent were in love. The third act was a divided scene, showing the offices of the two men on the culminating day of the duel, each standing at the ticker, watching the quotations and fighting his life-and-death struggle.

It was an extremely busy act, with messenger boys being sent on the floor with instructions to the traders, brokers coming for their orders, telephones to and from anxious speculators and all the rush and bustle of a climacteric and exciting day. About halfway through the act the corner was broken; prices began to tumble and the rugged and lion-hearted operator of the corner went to his opponent's office. His mission was to ask his ancient enemy to make a private settlement, for if he were compelled to sell out his wheat on the market, prices would fall tremendously and he would not only be penniless, he would be bankrupt.

His enemy replied that he could not do it, because he was only one of a syndicate, to which the other replied that he was the head of it and nothing that he did would be questioned, and added, "You've got all I have. You can't get blood out of a stone. What more do you want?" But he found it unavailing.

He returned to his office to find his son, who was a partner in the firm, waiting for him. Meantime the other speculator's daughter came to his office to tell him she was going to call for him and see that he had some luncheon, and found her father's triumph meant the loss of her sweetheart, for she knew he would not ask her to marry him under the circumstances.

After she left, there came an unexpected turn in the market. There had been a sudden clash between two of the smaller European nations and the major powers were sure to be involved. Immediately prices skyrocketed. The end of the act found father and son on one side, the father triumphant but sympathizing, for his son had

In this drug-store at Ninth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, a Blabon floor of Marble Tile Inlaid Linoleum (pattern 2100) is giving splendid service.

BLABON ART Linoleums

This floor withstands everyday hard wear!

Constant service day and night! Scuffing and tread, tread, tread of feet in and out! That's what the floor of a drug-store gets in a large city. But traffic means little to the sturdy, wear-resisting Blabon floors of Inlaid Linoleum in the store shown here.

Resilient—quiet and comfortable to walk upon—it is friendly to the store's customers. And its colorful Marble Tile pattern pleases the eye!

Not only dignified and beautiful, Blabon floors are easy to clean, and economical to maintain.

This is why Blabon floors of Linoleum are so largely used in stores, smart shops, offices and other commercial buildings.

The modern method of cementing linoleum down over builders' deadening felt insures watertight seams, which are practically invisible, and makes a Blabon floor permanent.

Home furnishing or department stores will show you the new decorative Blabon's Linoleum. Write our Advisory Bureau of Interior Decoration for suggestions without cost to you.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," sent free, upon request.

Hazel H. Adler, author of books on interior decoration, gives valuable suggestions on harmonizing furniture and draperies with walls and floors, in our 36-page book, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home," beautifully illustrated in full color. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 20 cents.

When you visit the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition at Philadelphia, see the displays of Blabon's Linoleum at these locations: The Blabon Exhibit in the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures. The Wall Paper House in the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures; The Shippen House on High Street (Good Housekeeping's Model Home).

The George W. Blabon Company
Nicetown, Philadelphia
Established 75 years

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Comfortable Cars in any weather

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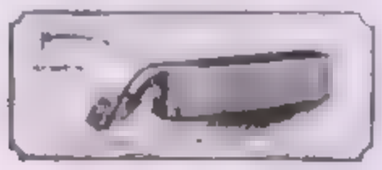

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lost his sweetheart; and on the other the girl telling her father, who was not only broken financially but physically, that she would not leave him. How the two lovers were brought together is too long a story to tell, but it was done at five minutes to eleven and to the satisfaction of all directly concerned.

The actor whom I had in mind for the principal part was William H. Crane; but I did not know him, nor did I know how to reach him in an effective way. I told my difficulty to Milton Nobles, with whom I had become acquainted in San Francisco, and who was not only an actor but an author. In fact, he was starring in his own play, The Phœnix, in which he originated and used as a gag line the much-quoted "And the villain still pursued her."

Nobles liked the play so much that he volunteered to read it to Crane, and a few weeks later I received a telegram from him saying that Crane had accepted it and would be in Chicago in a fortnight, when I was to call on him and sign the contracts.

My first play accepted by the man for whom it was written and that man such a star as W. H. Crane! It seemed too good to be true—and subsequent events proved that it was. I met Crane as arranged, and also his manager, Joseph Brookes. Both professed themselves delighted with the play, in which they suggested a few changes to which I readily agreed. Then Brookes said he was compelled to go to New York on business and would telephone me on his return the following week.

What is Success?

This he did, saying, "Come over to the hotel at two o'clock tomorrow and sign the contract." I reported promptly at the hour set and was greeted with, "Hello, young man, sorry to have troubled you, but we have changed our minds." And that was all. The abruptness of it, together with its being the culmination of a long series of uninterrupted jolts and jabs, struck me as being so funny that I merely sat down and laughed. But it wasn't from the heart.

The next man to whom Nobles read the play was Thomas Q. Seabrooke, a prominent comic-opera comedian whose greatest success had been in The Isle of Champagne. Seabrooke wanted to leave the musical stage for the legitimate, and again the play was accepted. Before the contract was signed he insisted on two changes. The first was that I should chop the final letter from the title The Speculators and make it The Speculator. As he was to be the star of the play, and as he was to play only one part, why mention the other? The second alteration was to rearrange the scenes at the opening of the play so that his entrance could be made later, as no self-respecting star could be expected to come on until the curtain had been up at least twenty minutes. Both these changes I made, the first easily, the second not so easily.

Rehearsals of The Speculator were directed by William Lytell, the father of Bert Lytell, the well-known legitimate actor and moving-picture star. The opening performance was in Albany, New York, at Harmanus Bleecker Hall on a Christmas night. There was an excellent house, attracted by Seabrooke's comic-opera reputation, and for a time it was the most puzzled audience I have ever seen. It was as though they had gone to see Leon Errol, for example, and instead of finding him in his usual musical-comedy surroundings, discovered him playing a comedy-drama in which there was neither a song nor a drunken scene.

Seabrooke, however, was an admirable actor with a fine sense of character, considerable force and a sure comedy touch. Little by little he won attention and interest, and at the end of the play the audience demanded a speech. Next day the news was abroad that there was no chorus, no singing and no dancing, and down fell the receipts. It was the same wherever he played. The auditors seemed pleased, the criticisms for the play averaged nicely and Seabrooke was highly praised. But the playgoers did not want him in that kind of vehicle. Still, he did sufficient business to warrant his playing the piece not only for that season but also for the next, including a neglected fortnight at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York.

At the end of the second season I did not know whether the play had been a success or not.

While he was playing at the Grand Opera House in Chicago that season, I had spoken with Roland Reed, a comedian with a following peculiarly his own and the father of that superb actress, Florence Reed, about a comedy I had in mind which I thought might suit him. He seemed genuinely interested and asked me to send it to him when finished, but as he announced a play by a well-known and successful dramatist, I did not do it. Knowing the other play was in rehearsal, I was surprised to receive a telegram from Reed asking me to send mine immediately. A day or two after its arrival in Boston, where Reed lived and rehearsed, I received another telegram from him asking me to go there at once. I did so and found they were rehearsing my play, which was called The Wrong Mr. Wright.

Reed's leading lady was Isadore Rush, a charming and beautiful blonde, who made it her business to keep trim and fit. In her theater trunk she always carried a regular-sized medicine ball with which she practiced every morning for at least an hour with the company's stage carpenter and property man, asking no quarter and giving none. One of the members of the company was Charles Coote, who played a silly-ass Englishman. His was one of those rare performances where a player by a combination of skill and personality gives the author more than he really put in the part. Another member, a rather stout man with a red and comic face, who appeared only for a few minutes in the last act, was John Bunny, who became the first moving-picture star and who in consequence was the first American actor to be followed by a crowd in the streets of London and to be cheered by a London audience on his appearance in a theater to witness a first-night performance.

A Pressing Engagement

The rehearsals had been in progress for a few days when a young man in the company asked Reed to excuse him from the afternoon rehearsal. This Reed emphatically refused to do, pointing out that the play was being put on in twelve days instead of in the regulation three weeks, and that every moment was needed for work.

The actor was as persistent as Reed was emphatic, and said that he had made the engagement long before he was under contract to Reed and that he simply must keep it. At this Reed played what he thought was his trump card, and said, "Very well, if you consider that engagement more important than this, keep it, but don't come back."

The actor, evidently perturbed, but reluctant to surrender his contract, hesitated for a second and then replied "Very good, sir" and started to leave. Before he had gone a dozen steps, Reed, who was one of the best-natured men that ever lived and who had only been bluffing, called out "Come back here," which the actor did. Reed continued: "You told me you wanted this job and wanted it badly."

The actor replied, "Yes, sir; and I still do. It will be a hard blow if I lose it."

To this Reed rejoined, "And yet you're willing to quit?"

The actor's answer was: "I don't want to quit, Mr. Reed, but I've simply got to keep this engagement—I've got to."

"What is this engagement that's so all-fired important? Can you tell me that?"

The young actor replied, "Yes, sir. It's—an engagement—to be—married."

At this there was a yell from everyone, and Reed slapped the actor on the back and said, "You bet your life you'll keep it! What time's the ceremony?" The actor told him. "Where?" asked Reed, and the actor gave him the information. "All right," said Reed, "run along; we'll all be there."

The actor protested that he could stay to the end of the morning rehearsal, but Reed would not hear of it and the young man went away, smiling and joyful. He was Holbrook Blinn, who is still happily married to the selfsame wife whom he acquired that summer day.

I have never seen an actor relish rehearsals as did Reed on this occasion. He loved the play and he adored his part. He was a joy to everyone, especially to the author and to the producer, William Seymour, who was afterward for a long time general stage manager for Charles Frohman. Reed would stop rehearsals to chuckle over his lines, and the success of the play to him never was in doubt. I am happy to say that his optimism was justified, for it was a hit from the opening performance.

In Search of a Laugh

The night before the première Reed gave a little dinner at which he very generously made me the guest of honor. To my right sat Reed and his daughter, and to my left sat Miss Rush and her daughter. Seymour, during the evening, proposed the following toast:

"Here's to Mr. Broadhurst, the Moses who we hope will lead us into the promised land of success."

My response was, "I presume that Mr. Seymour refers to me as a Moses because he finds me among the Reeds and the Rushes."

It is not often that a man gets a cue like that.

Watching the presentations in Boston, where I stayed for the first fortnight of the play, taught me many things, among them being what an easy matter it is to kill a laugh and how difficult it is for a comedian to continue his performance at its peak. A slight change in inflection; a difference in pitch or pace; an unusual movement, even of the hand, for the eye will follow it and the attention will be momentarily distracted from the lines, and the laugh is dead.

Laughs are the coin of the realm in comedy and farce, and when they are lost, the play, like an impoverished country, goes bankrupt. For this reason the real comedian treasures his laughs faithfully, and if he loses one continues to search for it until he finds it. Of this, William Collier, a marvelous laugh getter, is a great example. If at any performance he misses one of his laughs, he notices the spot particularly at the following one; and if again the laugh does not come he is as worried over it as is a cat over a missing kitten. He will call a rehearsal either before or after the performance just for that line, and will observe not only what he does but what everyone else on the stage does, for an unconscious movement on the part of another player will often kill the comedian's effect. Moreover, Collier will keep experimenting until the laugh is restored, and then he is happy again. He knows his business so thoroughly, and works with such precision and exactitude, that his laughs are won with machinelike regularity. He always gives of his best, which not only prolongs the life of the play but has established him with his audiences.

An audience feels instinctively when a player is slighting his work, and quite naturally resents it. This more than anything else led to the decline of Goodwin, who should have been the king regent of the American stage. At the height of his career he began to think more of himself and of his own amusement than he did of the audience. He forgot that the actor is, after all, merely the servant of the public and lives

(Continued on Page 169)

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(Continued from Page 166)

only by its favor. If he wished to go to a prize fight Goodwin would cut whole scenes of the play to enable him to get to it in time; if he did not feel at his best he slumped in his efforts just when he should have rallied them; if the audience did not immediately respond to his work, instead of working all the harder, he became indifferent and did not hesitate to show it by his manner.

In The Captain, a play by Charles T. Dazey and myself, his delight was to break up the members of the company, and he spent his time in devising ways of making them laugh instead of making the audience laugh. One player, however, resisted all Goodwin's efforts. That was Charles Lane, now a well-known picture actor. He pitted himself and his determination not to laugh against Goodwin's ambition to make him, and I do not think that Goodwin ever succeeded in breaking Lane's will.

While appearing with Goodwin in a play of mine, The Easterner, Renée Kelly, who went to London to play the leading part in Daddy Longlegs and has remained there, a great favorite, ever since, was married. This gave Goodwin a great chance. He sprinkled her with rice during every scene he had with her; he made sly allusions to her husband and he improvised speeches about matrimony and its consequences. This, of course, delighted him and the members of the company, but mystified and enraged the members of the audience, for they knew that they were being slighted and trifled with.

My next work was a farce, and its starting point was the question what two characters could I give to a comedian that were the farthest apart and would allow him the best chance to show his versatility. For these I selected a traveling salesman and a bishop. The next question was under what circumstances could I force the traveling man to assume the rôle of the bishop. From this point the farce developed so rapidly that from the moment when I first had the idea to the day on which I finished the play less than three weeks had elapsed.

To the salesman, who represented a hymn-book house and sold playing cards as a side line, I gave the name of Jones, and to the farce the title What Happened to Jones.

This play was hawked up and down Broadway without any takers in spite of the fact that of the two plays I had previously written one was a success and the other only a semifailure. The reasons given for refusing it would make a special volume for the Carnegie Library. All the action took place in one set, and one manager said, "My boy, when the audience sees the curtain go up for the third act on the same scene, they'll get up and walk out."

A New Producing Firm

I replied, "They will if they go to see the scenery, but perhaps they won't if they go to see the play."

Another manager said he might consider it if I would change the servant girl from a Swede to an Irishwoman, to which I made answer that the Irish servant was a stock character and had been seen hundreds of times, whereas the Swedish girl character was a novelty—as it was at that time.

To this the manager replied, "She's such a novelty that nobody will understand her, and besides, I don't think she's funny."

My belief in the play was unabated by these criticisms, and my brother's confidence in it being equal to mine, we made the desperate resolve to do it ourselves, and so the producing firm of Broadhurst Brothers was formed, it being arranged that my brother was to run the business and I was to write the plays.

The desperation of this plan lay in the fact that all the money we could raise in any and every way amounted to less than $2500, and we realized that after we had arranged for the scenery, the properties, the dresses and the cost of production, we should be in debt before we opened and that one week's bad business would mean ruin; but remembering father's advice about gambling, we went at it with light hearts.

As we had no money to lose on an extended tryout on the road, the first thing we had to try for was a New York theater. All the established theaters turned us down promptly and coldly, but it happened that the old Standard Theater, which had deteriorated into a dime museum, had been taken over and renovated by a manager who had been connected with burlesque and wanted to try his luck in the legitimate. He had renamed the house the Manhattan Theater, but this did not tempt the play producers to try their luck in it, because, as they so elegantly expressed it, in spite of the paint the audience would still smell the monkeys.

I read the play to him, and as he was desperate for a play and we were desperate for a theater, we decided to take a chance and all be desperate together. He insisted on a very stiff self-protection contract—that is, it was self-protecting to him—which we, being the more desperate of the two, accepted. Then we were fortunate enough to retain J. J. Rosenthal as our business manager, than whom a better selection could not have been made; and to stage the play we engaged McKee Rankin.

Not a Laughing Matter

When I read the farce to the company I was surprised that I was not rewarded with a single laugh during the first act, astounded that I did not get one in the second and paralyzed when I did not receive one in the third. I finished it in something of a panic, thinking perhaps that the managers were right after all, and with visions of debt, to which I was accustomed, and of jail, to which I was not.

Immediately I had finished reading, Rankin jumped up and to my great surprise said in his robust way, "There's a great farce! It will make a fortune!" And the members of the company unanimously and heartily expressed their approval of his verdict.

"But," I said, "it is supposed to be funny and not one of you laughed once."

They replied in chorus, "Why, that would be the worst luck in the world," which was my introduction to that especial one of the many superstitions of the stage.

Of the various first nights my plays have had in New York, not one was so nerve-racking as the first performance of Jones. Both members of the firm of Broadhurst Brothers realized that if the play was not an immediate success they would be unable to pay salaries on the first Saturday night, for Bates had already advanced them all the money he had and there was no one else to whom they could go. In spite of the fact that it was a rather sultry August night, the farce seemed to go very well, the laughs gaining in momentum and volume as the play progressed. At the fall of the curtain everyone seemed sanguine of success and the congratulations we received were spontaneous and genuine.

A man with any perception soon learns to discriminate about such things. If his friends trouble to hunt him up and say, "It's a hit, old man," or "It's a knock-out—shake," he knows they are in earnest; but if they avoid or evade him, or if they are forced to meet and they say, "It went very well, didn't it?" or "Anyway, I think you have a success"—the most damning of phrases—then he knows that so far as they are concerned the thing is a total loss.

I have never had a scrapbook, nor have I kept a single line that has been written about my plays or myself. A few sentences are, however, projected boldly onto the screen of my memory, and among them is the heading of the criticism in the New York Herald the morning after the opening. It was the first paper that I saw and the headline was A Rattling Good Farce. The notices averaged very well and things looked propitious. But much depended on the weather. For a play in the summer—I am not speaking of musical plays—the advance sale, even for a success, is comparatively small, for the theatergoers do not care to watch a play with the mercury hovering about the nineties. The sale is mostly at the box office between half-past seven and half-past eight, and the difference in receipts between a cool night and a hot one will often be $1000. In the language of the theater, we got the break. The weather for the week was fairly cool, business was good, and again in the vernacular, we looked set.

The real truth was that our troubles had not really begun. Early in the second week the weather turned hot, with that oppressive, moist, sweltering heat which is so hard to bear, and with the heat came a corresponding drop in the receipts. The result was that we did not reach the stop limit, for the contract stipulated that if the takings fell below a certain figure for two consecutive weeks, the manager could give us one week's notice to vacate. Everything depended on the third week, because producers who had refused to take a chance in the beginning, realizing from our first week's business that the public would go to the theater despite the fact of its previous low estate, were making propositions for the time there.

Compared to the third week, the second was like a cool evening in October. The sun brought up its heaviest artillery and bombarded the city with heat shells until life became unbearable. In the poorer sections people slept in the streets and on the fire escapes. Sleeping at night was allowed in all the parks, the soda water bubbled and the asphalt bubbled too. The actors dripped perspiration all over the stage and the people in the audience fanned themselves vigorously, mopped their faces unsuccessfully and damned themselves for coming, even on free tickets. Again the receipts fell below the stop clause, and on Saturday night the manager of the theater gave us our notice, for he had procured as the next attraction a play called The First-Born, which called for a big production and had had a tremendously successful engagement in San Francisco.

Good Old Jones

On the following Monday night the weather turned cool and our receipts more than doubled. On Tuesday and Wednesday they jumped still higher, and there we were with an assured success on our hands and compelled to give up the theater. Here comes the luck of the game: On Thursday the manager of the attraction playing at the Bijou Theater put up the notice of their closing at the end of the week and on the following Monday we moved there without the loss of a single day. There we continued triumphantly until the Christmas holidays, when we were compelled to take to the road owing to a previous booking of which we had been advised when the contract for the house was signed. The incoming attraction, however, lasted only three or four weeks, so we organized a second company to follow it and it played at the Bijou until the close of the season. This resulted in a situation which I do not think has been paralleled, for the original New York company was playing on tour while the second company was occupying the boards of a Broadway theater for a run.

Good old Jones. It has been played in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, China, Japan, Egypt, Canada, Ceylon, France, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Germany and South America. It is still a favorite with amateurs in every country where English is spoken; it is occasionally played in stock, and after twenty-eight years of existence it has recently been filmed for a second time. It has been a bread winner, a life saver and a constant friend in days of trouble. Good old Jones!

Charles Arnold produced Jones in London, where it had the longest run of any American comedy up to that time. He also played it in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, where it held the record even

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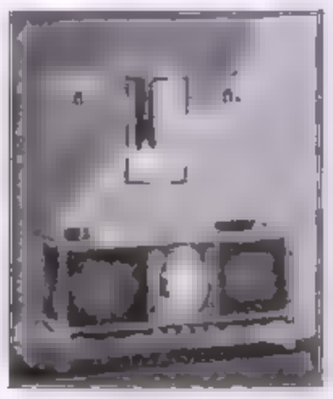

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against Charley's Aunt. This was by no means due solely to the play. Arnold was a great favorite in all three countries, and the fact that he was the star in the London production and took with him his London company also helped tremendously.

When Arnold arrived in Australia he found that a pirated version was being presented there. As he had provided himself with a duly certified copy of the copyright certificate, he had no difficulty in procuring an injunction against the unauthorized production.

The pirate, however, simply moved to another city, changed the name of the play and produced it again. Then the British law began to operate, the result being that he was sentenced to imprisonment for contempt of court. They do some things differently in the British Empire.

It has been extremely difficult in the United States to make people, including the national legislators, realize that a play is a man's personal property and belongs to him just as much as does his watch or his hat, and that to steal his play should be punishable just as any other theft. Only in comparatively recent years has there been any effective Federal law, for I can remember the time when, if an author or producer procured an injunction in any state against a play stealer, the pirate would simply move to another state, where the proceedings would have to begin all over again. This made play piracy both profitable and humorous, for it developed into a game called Find the Flea, with the pirate as the flea.

Owing to the combined efforts of the authors and managers, a Federal law was passed some years ago which provided, among other things, that if a moving picture was made of a copyrighted play, novel or story without the consent of the holder of the copyright, the maker should be compelled to pay him fifty dollars for each presentation of the unauthorized picture.

A few years after the passage of the bill an amendment was introduced in Congress which in its ultimate analysis meant that if a moving-picture concern pirated a play, novel or story, it could merely be fined $100, which would go to the court, leaving the author with nothing. While the bill was in committee a delegation, of which Augustus Thomas was chairman and of which the other members were Charles Klein, William A. Brady, Wilton Lackaye, Harry P. Mawson and myself, was sent to oppose its passage. Those who favored the bill also were represented by a committee, who had two high-priced lawyers to present their case. Their first argument was that the penalty was so great that it might tempt authors to bring strike suits for the simple purpose of forcing the picture firms to make a settlement rather than risk a trial.

Danger From Gold Bricks

One of our committee asked if any such suit had ever been brought, and the answer was "Not as yet," to which our inquirer added, "Then thank you for the idea."

Continuing, the advocate said that there was the danger of the picture producer being an innocent offender, and he stated that only a short time previously one producer had purchased the rights from a very well-known novelist to all his short stories for $100 each, and that he started to film one of them and found that it had been used as the basis of a play. Investigation showed that the novelist had disposed of both the dramatic rights and the film rights of that particular story to the dramatist.

One of our committee asked if the picture man's recourse was not against the novelist. The lawyer admitted that it was.

Then Lackaye rose and said, "May I ask the learned gentleman just one question?" Permission being given, Lackaye continued in his most urbane but rapierlike manner: "May I ask the learned gentleman if he knows that there are men in New York who will sell him the Flatiron Building if he is fool enough to buy it?"

When the two attorneys for those in favor of the bill had made their closing speeches, Augustus Thomas rose to reply for us and began in this fashion:

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee: Before beginning to put before you my arguments in contravention of those you have just heard, may I call your attention to the disadvantages under which my confreres and my cause are laboring because of me? The two learned gentlemen who have preceded me, and who have so ably and adroitly presented their side of the case, are advocates and pleaders both by training and profession, and they have been chosen to appear before you because they have on many occasions proved their aptness in argument and their eloquence in debate. Now I am not an advocate. I am merely a playwright. Therefore, gentlemen of the committee, I ask you to take this into consideration when you are weighing the merits of their presentation and of mine. On the one hand you have two trained and brilliant orators whose business is to make speeches, and on the other a man whose business is to write speeches for other men to make."

We who knew Thomas realized the irony of these remarks, for he is one of the most brilliant speakers of this or any other country. He had been addressing the committee for only a few minutes when word began to drift around the building that in this particular committee room there was a speaker who could really speak, and the room, which previously had been empty except for those directly interested, soon began to fill.

Passing the Censors

Proceeding, Thomas said: "These gentlemen who advocate this bill have told you that they wish it passed so that the authors may be kept out of temptation. They admit that so far no author has succumbed to the temptation, but they are so eager for the author's well-being and so anxious regarding his soul that they pay these attorneys their very large fees and take the time from their own multitudinous and remunerative affairs to come here to advocate the passing of this measure simply to remove from the path of the author a temptation which has failed to tempt. Now let us see who these noble and altruistic souls are."

Turning to one of the picture men, he said, "Did you or did you not film —— without the knowledge or consent either of the author or manager, and did you not present the moving picture so stolen until you were stopped by law? I demand an answer, yes or no."

The man addressed, told to answer by the chairman of the committee, had to admit that he had done as Thomas claimed.

Then Thomas turned to another man and demanded, "Did not the firm of which you are a member make a pirated film and present it till you were stopped by law?" Again an admission was given.

The bill died there.

It was with the presentation of Jones in London that I first became acquainted with the vagaries of censorship, for the Lord Chamberlain refused to give a license for its performance because a bishop was placed in a position which would make him ridiculous to an audience. It was perfectly proper for a curate to be so placed, as he had been many times, notably in The Private Secretary; no serious objection would be made if it were a vicar or a prebendary, or even a canon or a dean; but a bishop, a member of the House of Lords well, really, you know, that's going a bit too far. Don't you think so? What?

The objection was easily circumvented Instead of having him a bishop, we made him a professor of theology and addressed him as doctor. He still dressed like a bishop, he still talked like a bishop, he still walked like a bishop, and not a line of his dialogue was changed; but nobody called him bishop and so the law was satisfied, all danger was passed and everyone, including the censor, was satisfied and happy.

(Continued on Page 173)

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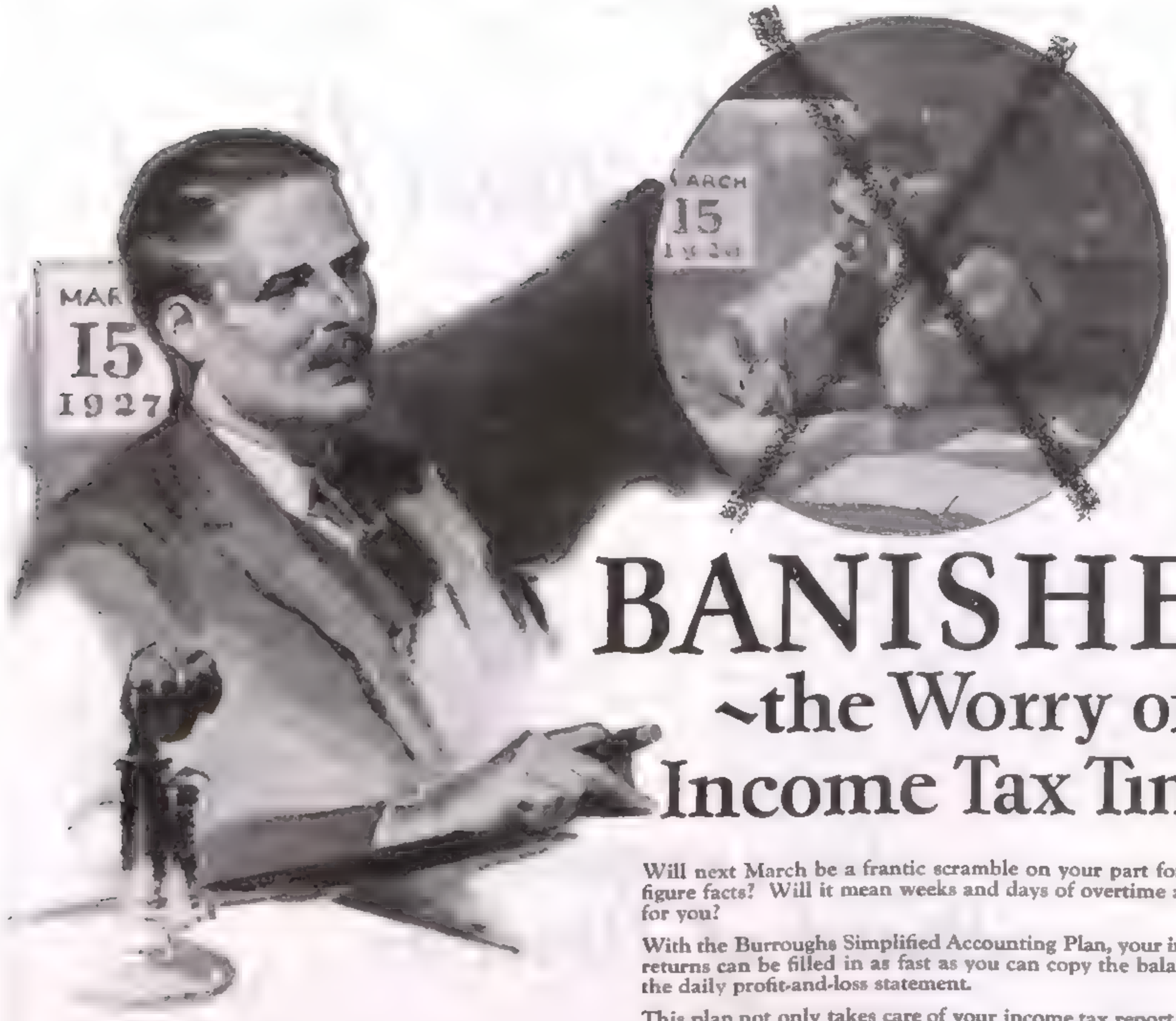

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(Continued from Page 170)

The above was by no means the most curious working of the censorship with which I was concerned, that honor being reserved for a city in Canada.

We were doing a play there for a tryout in stock with a week's rehearsals. A man had to be shot on the stage in the first act, and on Monday I asked the manager of the house if a pistol permit was necessary. He said that it was, but that he had merely to go through the formality of asking the chief of police for it. On Friday I asked him again about it and he told me not to worry; but on the following Monday afternoon, the day of the opening performance, he came to me in great alarm, said the chief of police had refused him and asked me to go with him to try to get the man to change his mind.

One might as well have talked to a rock. He informed me that for three years there had been a local law that no lethal weapon could be used on the stage, that he had enforced it in vaudeville, even going so far as to refuse permission for a magician to use a toy pistol to shoot a flag out of its mouth, and that now he was going to enforce it on the legitimate stage also.

Absolutely to no purpose, we pointed out that he should have notified the manager of his change of policy and that it would cause the theater to close and throw both the company and the employes out of work. He was adamant, and finally said that he wished to hear no more from an arrogant Yankee, meaning me, who was then, still am and have been from birth, a British subject.

On our return to the theater we were met by Mrs. Lillian Trimble Bradley, then the general stage director for the Broadhurst Theater, and who was there to produce the play. She told us she had just learned that a fortnight previously an English actor had killed three men at each performance for an entire week.

Armed with this information, and our numbers reenforced by Mrs. Brad'ey, we went once more to the attack. Feeling our foothold somewhat more secure, we fought more vigorously.

Why the Englishman rather than us? Were we being selected for the victims because we were from the States? Why this sudden change of front?

An Unwitting Matchmaker

Finally Mrs. Bradley said: "If the work that I have done in preparing and rehearsing this play is to be thrown away, I shall tell my story not only in New York but also tonight to every paper here. I wonder how it will look in the morning when it appears that the chief of police has for three years deliberately refrained from enforcing the law on one side while enforcing it on the other, and that now for no reason except that we are Americans he suddenly reverses himself and makes up his mind to enforce it on both sides. It will certainly be front-page stuff and good for two columns, and unless I am greatly mistaken someone is going to look ridiculous."

The chief wavered and then compromised, and this is what we were allowed to do: We were allowed to have a wooden pistol made exactly like a real one and painted like a real one so that no one in the audience could suspect that it was not a real one. When the man was to be killed the actor was to point this wooden but realistic pistol, the property man in the wings was to fire a real pistol and the man was to fall at the sound of the shot. Fantastic though it may seem, that is what was agreed upon and what was done.

Some four years ago, having very important business with the British consul in Havana, I sent in my card. The vice consul came to see me, asked if I was the Broadhurst who wrote What Happened to Jones and I admitted that I was. He then said: "I am greatly indebted to you. In fact, I am under eternal obligations." I showed my mystification and he continued: "When I was at college we gave an amateur performance of your play. Some young ladies, at our request, came to play the girls' parts, among them being one whom I had never met. She is now my wife and she's the finest woman in all the world and I'm the happiest man. But I should probably never have met her if it had not been for your play. Now you can understand why I say that I'm grateful."

At this he took my hand enthusiastically and shook it fervently. I was, of course, extremely happy that I had been, even indirectly, so felicitous a matchmaker, but I often wondered what would have happened to me if the result had been the opposite. There is a proverb about a rule working both ways.

After the run of Jones in London, I revisited England for the first time. The voyage was without any marked incident, but the first thing I saw when anything on land became discernible was a poster announcing that Jones was playing in Liverpool that week.

Like Father, Like Son

Arriving at Walsall, I called a cabman, gave him my parents' address and told him to drive me there. The conversation resulting was as follows:

"Mr. Broadhurst lives there, don't he, sir?"

"Yes."

"Might I ask if you're any relation of theirs?"

"I'm their son."

"Are you George Broadhurst who used to go to the Blue Coat School?"

"Yes."

"Don't you remember me, sir?"

"I'm very sorry, but really I don't."

"Why, I'm Henry Smith, who used to be in the same class as you, sir."

"How are you, Henry?"

"Oh, I'm all right, sir."

"And how do you like it as far as you've got?"

"Oh, it ain't so bad, sir. It keeps me out in the hopen a good deal and the 'orse does all the work."

After a loving and hearty greeting from my father and mother I went to see my old schoolmaster, and it was then that I received my first real shock, for I found that he wore a dickey—that is, a paper shirt front—with brass studs in it and that he pronounced the word "wasp" as though it rimed with "hasp."

Nearly every boy I had known was doing just what his father had done. The butcher's son was at the meat stand, the grocery man's son was behind the counter, the cobbler's son at the last; and I wondered, with a sinking feeling at the heart, if, had I remained, I would have been content to spend my life in a rut which someone had previously made for me.

I had expected to remain at home for about a fortnight, and in spite of the drabness of the town and the fact that I was entirely out of touch with everyone I had known, I stayed there for a week, when I wired a friend who had gone on to London to telegraph me that I was wanted there immediately. Next day I went to pay my first visit to that capital.

One day, in the Eccentric Club in London, an actor whispered to another, "I'm sailing for New York on Saturday," and gave him the name of the ship.

"Rather sudden, isn't it?" said the man addressed.

"This is in the strictest confidence, of course."

"Certainly."

"In the States there is a musical play called The Wizard of Oz and in it is a comedian named Fred Stone who is playing a straw man and who does a wonderful scarecrow dance. Well, I've been engaged for the next pantomime and the governor is sending me over to see the dance so that I can do it in the panto. He's paying my expenses too."

"You're in luck."

"I should say so, especially as it not only gives me a nice holiday but enables me to

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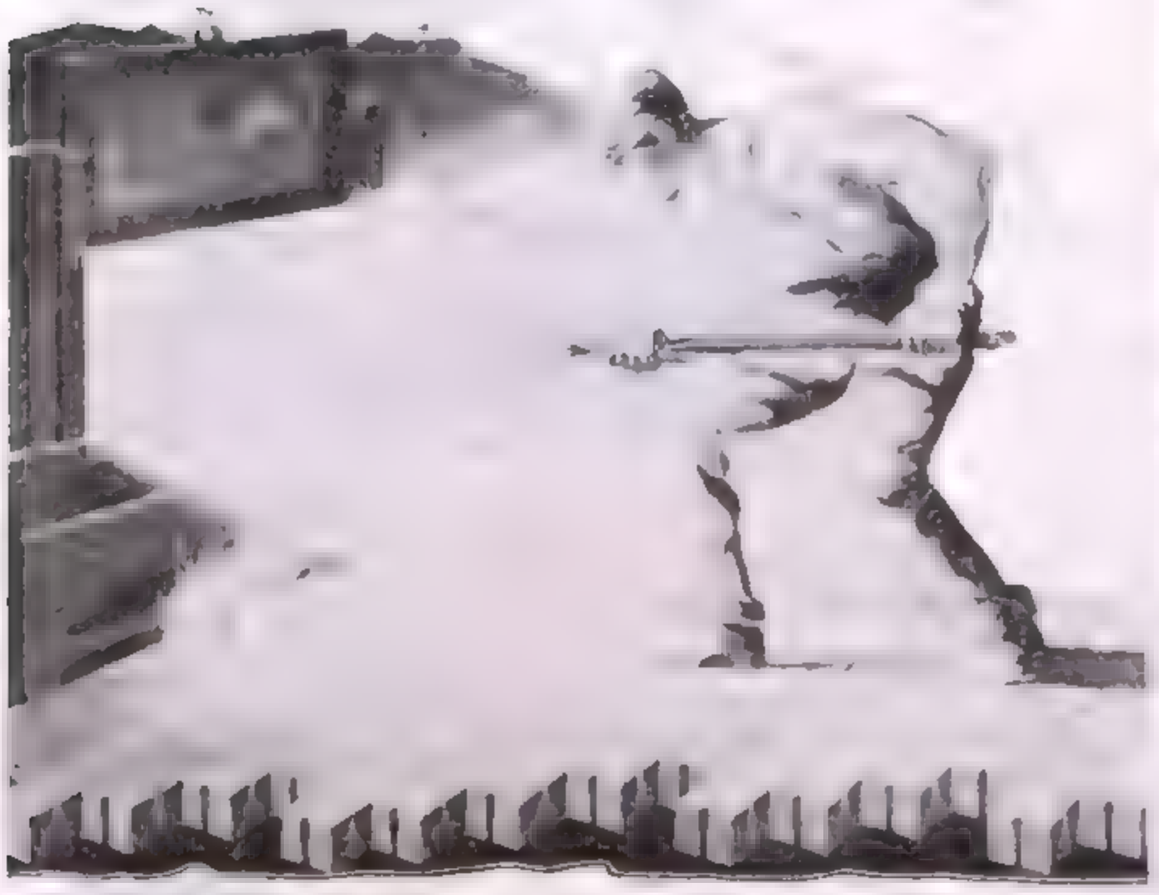

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see my people too. They live near New York."

"Yes, I know."

"See you again before I sail."

"Right-o! And congratulations!"

The actor sailed as had been arranged, went to visit his family, who lived in a suburb of New York, proceeded to Philadelphia, where The Wizard of Oz was playing, stood in line at the box office and was touched on the shoulder by a man who said, "May I see you a minute?"

"Me?" asked the actor in surprise.

"You," was the rejoinder; "and there is no mistake." The actor, greatly puzzled, stepped out of line and the other man said: "I am the business manager of the play here, and Mr. Hamlin, who is its owner but who is in New York, has instructed me to tell you that we know who you are, who sent you, and that you are here for the purpose of copying Mr. Stone's dance so that you may incorporate it in a London pantomime. We also know that if we stop you from going in now you will undoubtedly, in some way, manage to see the play either here or elsewhere; and so I have a pass for you made out for you in your name and a coupon for a seat in the fourth row on the aisle, which I give you with Mr. Hamlin's compliments, as, having come so far to see it, he wishes you to enjoy the performance as much as possible."

The manager gave the pass to the actor, who gasped, gurgled, took it and stammered his thanks. The manager added, "Of course, I am not going to give you our opinion of the ethics of the transaction, and we want both your manager and yourself to realize that you are not getting away with anything."

The actor saw the play and the dance was done in the pantomime in due course.

Secret-Service Work

Aside from the shock he must have had when informed by the manager that his errand was known, the actor must have puzzled many times over the experience and have wondered how his secret became known to the persons most interested, but who were 3000 miles away. If he reads this he will learn how simple it was.

I was sitting near the man to whom he spoke and his whisper was audible. When he left the club I ascertained his name and that he was an American who had played for a long time in London, and I cabled the information to Hamlin, who was a friend of mine. Hamlin wired his thanks and asked me to cable him if the man actually sailed. This I did.

From the minute the actor reached New York he was under surveillance. A detective picked him up at the pier and trailed him to his home. When he bought his ticket for Philadelphia the detective was next in line. They rode in the same car. The detective followed the actor to his hotel, saw him register and go to his room. The detective then telephoned to the theater, waited while the actor dined, followed him to the playhouse, and when he stood in line pointed him out to the manager.

International Appropriations

This international appropriating of ideas still exists. A few seasons ago two of the most important of New York's annual reviews both had as one of their biggest scenes a number of partially draped girls hanging from a large iron ring suspended from the ceiling and forming a human chandelier, which scene neither had copied from the other, but which both had copied from a production current in Paris—but not so unabashedly as was the case in the days of which I am writing.

At that time a prominent English playwright visited New York yearly for the sole purpose of seeing the productions there with the idea of ascertaining what ideas he could find and use in the forthcoming London productions without infringing the copyright laws, for though one can copyright plays and the scenes in the plays, one cannot copyright ideas. So brazen was he, and so well known was the object of his pilgrimage, that one year, knowing of his arrival, a number of us who had plays running in New York at the time sent him a round robin saying that as we knew the reason of his coming and wished to save him all the trouble possible, if he would let us know which of our plays he was interested in we would send him the manuscripts of them and so save him the necessity of spending his time at the theaters. The document must have left him unperturbed, for he not only made his rounds that season but for several later ones.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Broadhurst. The next will appear in an early issue.

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

(Continued from Page 19)

"Sacrilege! Sacrilege! Slay! Slay! Sacrilege!" It was a bloodcurdlingly fierce vociferation from a multitude of throats.

She continued her progress, did not turn her head, though a sudden involuntary anguish gripped her. And then she heard the rapid hoof beats of the chariot horses driven by her father, the *rex;* heard, with a peculiar, not-to-be-acknowledged relief, his great battle voice thundering above the clamor:

"Back! Back! Sacred are the ambassadors! Beware the vengeance of the gods to whom ambassadors are sacred! Sacred are the ambassadors! Back! Back! Or I smite!"

The clamor stilled suddenly. In that comparative quiet she heard again, now a little distance behind her, her father's voice:

"And thou, O chieftain, shalt expiate thy sacrilege! Between thy people and mine shall war be decreed in the council this day! Go now, swiftly, while thy sacredness is inviolate. Tomorrow at dawn shall the *fetiales* hurl into thy lands the battle spear of Mars!"

Once more Rhea heard Flavia and the novice chanting behind her the litany to Vesta, heard it mingled with the sonorous invocation of the Flamen Dialis calling the dread curse of war upon their enemies, magically compelling the Roman gods to irresistible intervention. And then she heard the jingling trot of the king's chariot, hastening to catch up in the sacred little procession which had never faltered in its pace, heard the horses pulled again to a walk in rear of her.

Thus, holding high the sacred fire and followed by the excited multitude, Rhea led the procession down the hillside through the village of circular wattled huts, to the precisely similar primitive hut which was the residence of the goddess, adjacent to the scarcely larger hut where dwelt her father, the *rex.*

There was war in the land. Many days previously the warriors had marched out of the hilltop village; the *plebes* on foot—each man armed with iron-pointed lance, round shield, and short iron stabbing sword—under the primitive standards, which were wisps of hay tied to spears; the comparatively few patrician cavalry—the *celeres,* "swift ones"—dashing about on their horses; the whole led by the *rex* in his chariot. With them had marched also contingents from the villages scattered over the Latin plain—which now is the Campagna—up to the Alban Mountains; with them had marched, likewise, the Sabine warriors from the closely adjacent independent community on the Quirinal Hill; for all the members of the loose confederacy of tribes south of the Tiber were prompt to

(Continued on Page 176)

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(Continued from Page 174)

cease their internecine feuds and unite joyously in war against the hated Etruscans.

In the village upon the Palatine, save for the small garrison left in the stronghold, only women, children and old men remained. Dawn after dawn, as Rhea and one or the other of her sacred companions came up from the sacred spring where alone they might draw the water for the ritual daily cleaning of the goddess' hut, they saw those women gazing from the hillside in the hope that this new day might reveal a messenger speeding back with news of battle. Up the left bank of the tawny river the warriors had marched, crossing it where it might be forded, and then striking boldly through the dread Ciminian forest to take in flank the lands of the Raseni.

No word had come from them. Day after day the patricians too old for war sat in council near the hut of the absent king, wagging their gray beards at one another in involved reminiscences of old-time victory and defeat, acrimoniously disputing whether or not to call in the herds and betake themselves to the strongholds on the summit of the hill. Day after day the Flamen Dialis—who might never leave the village, lest his magic potency be withdrawn from it—made incantations which seduced the gods of the enemy and reenforced their own. Day after day the Sacred Virgins fed the fire of Vesta with hallowed oak sticks, with cakes of salted dough, poured on it libations of wine and oil, maintaining the fertility of fields and vineyards which now were empty of their men. Night after night, as Rhea and her companions lay down to sleep by the ever-flickering sacred flame, they heard anxious women making private spells for the safety of their husbands and lovers.

On one of those nights Rhea dreamed vividly that a captive doomed to sacrifice cast himself for sanctuary at her feet, and, being reprieved, revealed himself startlingly and dazzlingly as the war god Mars. She told the Flamen Dialis of her dream—of extreme prophetic importance were the dreams of the Vestals—and he interpreted it solemnly to the congregated multitude of old men, women and children. They shouted with joy at the omen he deduced from it. Clearly it portended that the invincible war god definitely took up his residence among them, turning into victory any possible initial defeat, henceforth and forever banishing their dread.

By the command of the Flamen a sacrifice was offered up to him, and a deputation was sent across the swampy valley—to be known to later ages as the Forum Romanum—with somewhat treacherous gifts to the Sabine Mars on the Quirinal Hill. Haply the god might be so seduced by them as to quit his present divided allegiance and install himself exclusively, to their great profit, on the Palatine.

The old men—the *senatores*—met in full council under the great sacred fig tree, a shoot from which would, after the yet-distant union of the Sabines and Romans into one community, be transplanted to that Forum for a veneration that would endure as long as ancient Rome. They decreed that the auspicious day should be marked in red on the post where the days were numbered, and voted grateful special donations of wine and oil to the sanctuary of Vesta. The children guarding the sheep and goats on the slopes of the Palatine shouted exultantly across the broad turbid river to the Etruscan land, so that the strange earringed seafarers in the small barks passing up it ceased from rowing, and, believing the warriors to have returned, regretfully relinquished their businesslike intention of presently, when with empty holds they came downstream again, sacking the scarcely defended fortress on the hill.

By a coincidence the omen was verified. On the morning of the next day a horseman came galloping from between the vine-covered hills that were to be the palace-built hills of Rome; came in a cloud of dust down into the valley; came, waving his spear, up the rough track to the village on the Palatine. A minute or two more, and his hard-ridden steed passed with earth-scattering hoofs between the wattled huts. Instantly, while the dogs barked and the geese and hens scuttled out of the way, there was a sudden excited concourse of women running, with little children dragged half off their feet, a sudden clamor.

The messenger pulled up by the great fig tree where the *senatores* sat in session, pushed his way to them through the crowd. A moment of suspense, and then, in that deafening confusion of voices, the news announced by the white-bearded senior of the council, solemnly if totteringly erect upon his feet, was guessed rather than heard, was passed from mouth to mouth. Victory! An Etruscan force, pursuing the Latin warriors after their first easy raids, had been drawn into an ambush and utterly destroyed. The *rex* was now marching homeward, leading many carts laden with spoils, leading, bound to his chariot, a sufficient number of captives for the triumph and the sacrifice. Under the brilliant blue sky the village resounded with wild yells of delight.

The warriors were still far off, however. Another day was yet to elapse—a feverish day in which the women decked the huts with flowers, and the old men and the few slaves, captives grudgingly spared from previous wars, slew the many pigs that would be required for the great feastings of the return—before, marching in spear-bristling columns over the saddle of the hills, preceded by the readily identifiable white-horsed chariot of the king, they gladdened the eyes that peered anxiously for them from the steep Palatine.

Great were the rejoicings as the community prepared for the triumph—that ceremonial reëntry of the victor which, in the republican magnificence of later Rome, was conceded only by the senate, and for which a general might have to wait outside the city for as long as three years, even as Lucullus, the conqueror of Armenia, waited. Not yet, however, had the Roman people expelled its kings. In that primitive age the *rex* entered by his own illimitable authority, and his triumph was not so much a personal honor to him as a thanksgiving to the god he incarnated.

Rhea stood, white-robed, with her sister Vestals outside the sacred hut where burned the everlasting fire of the goddess, awaiting the passage of that procession whose distant noise was already audible. The spectators, pushing and jostling as they massed themselves on each side of the track between the conical-roofed houses, left awesomely a clear space in their vicinity. Already, long since, the *senatores*, in their best robes and carrying the green branches of trees, had marched pompously down that track to meet the victor on the confines of the village. Already the last child had been dragged clear of the roadway by its exasperated mother. The babble of voices suddenly hushed. From down the hill, their origins still out of sight, came the noise of cow horns, the shrill shrieking of reed pipes, and with that barbaric music a tumult of wild acclamatory shouts. The triumph was approaching.

Round a bend of the track it came. First marched the *senatores*, chanting a traditional hymn of victory, oak-leaf chaplets on their heads, their long gray beards intertwined with flowers, waving their branches as they sang. There followed a pair of white oxen, their necks garlanded almost to the ground, their horns tipped with gold, their heads turning bewilderedly from side to side as they were driven along to the sacrifice of which they were yet ignorant. And then, heaped on a long train of clumsy ox-drawn wagons, came the plunder, arms and armor, rich fabrics, jars of pottery and metal, disgraced idols from villages that had been sacked.

Behind them the tumult of shouts almost obliterating the wild cacophony of fifes and cow horns was suddenly quite near, was a deafening vociferation of enthusiasm. Four white horses harnessed to the laurel-festooned chariot where he stood erect, the *rex* passed slowly and superbly through his people, his oak-leaf golden crown flashing in the sunshine, his great battle spear lifted in the hand that had smitten so powerfully in the fight, his grayish-tawny beard flowing over the ceremonial robe that was the robe of Jupiter himself, draped upon occasions around his image.

Sacredly removed from human emotions though she was, Rhea gazed with a fond pride upon that stern father from whose household she had been severed since the age of ten, was thrilled by the enthusiasm clamorous around her. Surely greater warrior never lived! Nobly did he incarnate the god of Rome; far distant was yet the day when, failing in his virile strength, he would be ruthlessly slain, as his divinely royal predecessors had been slain, as those half-legendary successors on the threshold of history—Romulus and Tatius, Tullus Hostilius and Tarquin and Servius—were hereafter to be slain, lest their human senility should enfeeble the god with whom their lives were linked.

The augurs of the *rex* followed behind that chariot, each carrying in one hand the crook-headed staff that might have neither knot nor twist, and in the other the wooden cage holding the sacred hens whose behavior determined every act, political or military, of the omnipotent king.

In rear of them, their passage evoking a frenzy of vindictive yells, came, guarded by spearmen, the miserable captives who had been temporarily spared for the triumph. Their sufferings were almost at an end. Immediately the procession reached the stronghold at the summit of the hill their lives would be offered in sacrifice to Jupiter, even as, to the end of the Roman Empire, such captives were ritually butchered—sometimes in thousands—when the triumph arrived at the Capitol which had replaced the Palatine *arx*. Wretched, haggard, blood-stained and foot-weary, those hobbling alien-visaged prisoners were prodded mercilessly onward by the spearmen while the multitude howled its vituperations. Rhea contemplated them serenely, her beautiful face impassive under the hood of the white robe; not conceivable was pity for the vanquished enemy. And these Etruscans she hated. Had not one of them sacrilegiously affronted *Mater Vesta* in that never-to-be-forgotten insult offered to herself? She watched them pass, limply hopeless, on their way to death. The goddess was avenged.

Suddenly, in that onward-marching procession, there was an angry shout, a brief scuffle, and then, in a swift, startling dart from the ranks, a captive dashed headlong toward her, flung himself prone—with a wild cry of "Sanctuary!"—almost at her feet, so close that her shadow fell upon him. Rhea stood paralyzed, as though by that desperate action she had been turned suddenly to chilled stone, as though her heart in one brusquely acute spasm had ceased to function; for, in that instant when the face of the captive had been visible to her, she had recognized him—the young chief, handsome as Mars himself, who had mocked her sacredness before all the people!

Around her there was a confusion of many-voiced clamor. She became aware of fierce-faced spearmen, their upraised hands conventionally warding off closely direct sight of her, reverently imploring her to move, to turn away her gaze. For while her shadow fell upon that doomed captive he might not be slain, neither might her religiously pure eyes witness the shedding of blood. She glanced down at the prone figure whose head almost touched her feet, his half-nude body still heaving convulsively with his desperate effort. He made no attempt to look up at her. Beyond, on the track, the triumphal procession had halted, was beseeching her insistently, harsh men's voices uniting with those of the women around her, to retire into the house of Vesta.

Still she stood as though paralyzed, rigid, a strange emotion troubling her to the depths, bewildering her startled faculties. Superstitious by vocation, in a flash of false lucidity she found sanction for what was suddenly instinctive. Her dream! Her dream come true! In an impulse that was curiously automatic she raised her arm. Instantly there was silence.

"He shall be spared!" she cried—was it herself that cried?—in her clear young voice. "Was not this foretold in the sacred dream? He shall be spared that Mars shall dwell among us!"

There was a stir, a murmur of awed assent from the multitude; a babble of voices explaining to the credulous warriors that dream which the Flamen Dialis had expounded—that dream which so miraculously had proved veridical. Superstitiously the crowd fell back. Against that decree of the Vestal there was no appeal. It was as if the goddess herself had spoken.

To Rhea, indeed, it seemed as though the goddess herself were inspiring her, so instantaneously decisive came her speech.

"Let no man harm him!" she cried again. "He shall be sacred as a slave to Vesta! Rise, O stranger whom the goddess hath spared!"

Almost she expected—as the hushed throng more than half expected—to see him rise suddenly transfigured, dazzlingly and formidably, as the god Mars himself. It was not so. He rose only as a half-naked young man, his skin yet torn and bleeding with the wounds of battle, who piously made the gesture of averted gaze as he moved to sanctuary behind the three white-robed Vestals.

And then—while the crowd told one another with superstitious awe that this was wondrously he who had affronted Vesta, doomed now in divine justice to be forever the slave of the insulted goddess—with renewed wild blasts from the cow horns, with a shrieking of pipes, the procession moved onward once more, rank after rank of spear-armed footmen following the prancing flower-garlanded horses of the patricians, chanting exultantly as they marched those scurrilous songs which throughout the history of Rome were licensed to soldiers participating in the triumph.

Even as they marched, spread up and down the excited throngs the rumor of the marvel that had occurred.

It was the festival of the Floralia—that week-long, primevally ancient Maytide carnival which continued to be a scandal to the few puritan inhabitants of Rome down to imperial times. For six days already the great field immediately under the Palatine—centuries before it became classical as the Circus Maximus; it was the traditional sports ground of the primitive community dwelling on the hill—had been the scene of horse races and foot races, of wrestlings and mimic combats with blunted sword and spear; for if human beings put forth their uttermost energies in these sacred games, would it not necessarily stimulate the powers of nature to do likewise? So, at least, believed the naïve rustics of all Europe for many thousands of years, until a nineteenth-century universal education by petty pedants taught them to believe seriously in nothing whatever.

For six days already, on open-air trestle stages surrounded by flower-garlanded crowds, fraternities and sisterhoods of mummers had mimed, with assured magical effect, the myths of gods and goddesses; somewhat scabrous if uncompromisingly sincere performances which, amid the cognate people of ancient Greece, were to develop into the sublime drama of Æschylus and Euripides and give the world a new art.

For six days there had been feastings and love-makings, laughter and shouting, dancing and song and a mutually destructive manifold music of horns and pipes, in the great meadow where stood the tall poles festooned with flowers. Overhead the sun shone brilliantly from a crystalline blue sky. On the green hillside the wild rosebushes were masses of pink and white bloom. Within the still-uncleared oak thickets on the unoccupied Aventine the birds sang, and semisacred wolf cubs rolled over and over

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Front view

Front and back views of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing the "key"—*invisible on the completed roof*—that locks each shingle tightly to those underneath. This is the exclusive feature that makes Genasco Latite Shingles so well adapted for laying over old, worn-out wood shingles.

Back view

Genasco Latite Shingles owe their great durability—therefore their long life—to protective coatings of Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement.

Streets paved with this remarkable material have withstood the wear and tear of traffic for nearly a half century with little or no need of repairs.

Top and bottom layers of this asphaltic cement—*like armor on a battleship*—make Genasco Latite Shingles particularly immune to damage by weather.

The top layer is not only an impregnable defense against the attacks of weather, but it serves as an anchor for the surface of granulated slate that gives beauty and fire-resistance to a Genasco Roof.

The bottom layer—known as the famous Genasco "Sealbac"—adds years of life to Genasco Latite Shingles. It protects them against condensation—seals in the waterproofing saturant—and tends to bind each shingle closer to the others.

No matter how you lay Genasco Latite Shingles —*over old wood shingles or over new boards*—you get a dependable, storm-tight, fire-resisting roof that will safeguard your property against weather for years.

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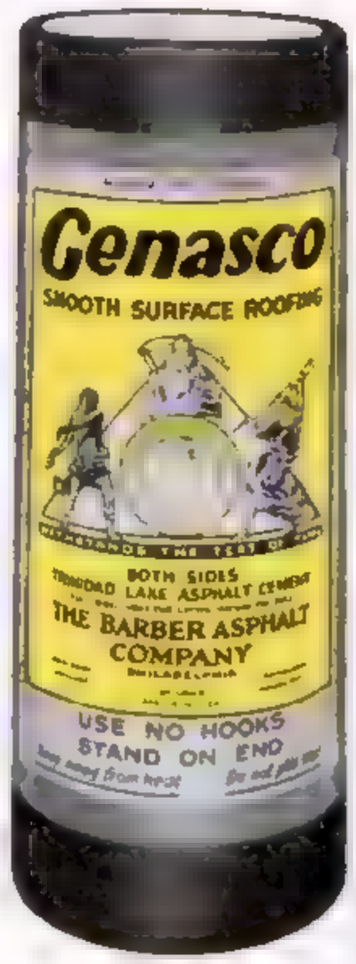

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one another like puppies at play. The whole animate world was happy, as perforce it must be; for was not this festive humanity deliberately stimulating it to be happy and productive by the spectacle of its own exuberant happiness?

Rhea sat within the hut of Vesta, keeping her turn of vigil over the sacred eternal fire that never might be left unguarded. She was alone in that smoke-blackened interior, dark by contrast with the intensity of the sunshine visible through the doorway. Her sister Vestals had availed themselves of their privilege to walk abroad—preceded solemnly by a great bearded spearman of the *rex*, as in later times they would be preceded by a lictor—had gone to witness the merrymakings in the garlanded field.

Twice had Rhea risen to tend the sacred fire since they had departed. Very quiet was it in this sun-baked village emptied of its inhabitants; even the dogs slept, and the geese that waddled around the huts found it too hot to quack. Rhea sat motionless, the white hood thrown back from her redly auburn hair, her blue eyes dreamy in her beautiful face as she propped her chin upon a white hand whose elbow rested on her drawn-up knee. She sighed involuntarily, and, becoming aware of it, smiled at her own melancholy. Why should she sigh? She had no desire to pass through those happy throngs, dividing awedly to make way for the Vestals, in the noisy meadow where her father, the *rex*, was surely foremost in the feats of strength. She preferred to be here, at her sacred duty, in solitude. For many days now she had found herself preferring solitude.

Was it true that, as Flavia alleged, she was no longer the same, that she no longer laughed in the innocent merriment of the Vestals when, shielded by their sacred privacy, they sat together making those garments of the king which they alone might spin and weave and sew, lest inimical magic went to their fashioning? She had been angry with Flavia for saying it, even while her conscience misgave her, had illtemperedly chided Flavia again, a little later, when—not for the first time in these few weeks since the warriors had returned in triumph—she had wondered whether that respited slave—Tarchen was his foreign-sounding name—was not indeed the god Mars in patiently humble disguise?

Such stories were told of the gods; almost always, in fact, when they appeared among men, it was in some lowly shape—a shepherd or a cattleman—which made dramatic contrast with the divinity brusquely revealed at their departure. Flavia knew many such legends in elaborate detail, would recite them at length to the never-satisfied delight of the ten-year-old Lucretia. She had been exasperatingly insistent. How then did Rhea explain the exact fulfillment of the first half of her dream? Moreover, was he not—and the young girl's voice had dropped to a whisper—visibly handsome as a god, bearing himself nobly, and not with the half-sullen, half-fawning servility of other slaves?

Rhea had found herself strangely trembling at this interrogatory. Sharply she had bidden Flavia to cease this talk, which was unseemly among maidens of the goddess, had glanced superstitiously at the sacred fire, to see whether it were affected by this wickedness. She regretted now that she had spared him. Better were it that he had been slain, as the other captives had been slain, in the great sacrifice to Jupiter, when her father, the *rex*, had stabbed them one after the other with his sharp short sword—that sacrifice of which she had heard the distant acclamations. Not the god Mars was he—still lingered in her that disappointment when he had failed to make the instantaneous transformation—but an insolently sacrilegious youth whose audacious public affront haunted yet her memory with a peculiar and distressing vividness.

In her ears rang persistently the insulting tone of his voice when he had dared to offer himself, before all the people, as her lover. Her dream had been false. Had he been Mars, long ere this he would have revealed himself in dazzling majesty, would have snatched her—as would have been his divine right—from her vows, would have wedded her in those summary nuptials licensed by an infinity of old legends between a Vestal and the god of war.

He was but a hated Etruscan. She brooded in her hate for him as she sat alone in the semigloom of the hut. Should she not even now exercise her unquestioned *potestas* of life and death over her slave; bid him be dragged from among the slaves of the king where she had relegated him, be summarily slain? So perhaps would his voice, the vivid memory of his young handsome face, of his nude back heaving convulsively as he lay prone within her shadow, cease to haunt her. She sighed again. If only her dream had been fully true! Marvelous would have been the miracle. She saw him, arrogantly godlike, within the flashing metal of his great helmet, his gilt cuirass blazing at her, as bearing high the sacred fire of Vesta she had approached him in conscious holiness; felt anew that sudden shock when his voice had come to her ears. Mater Vesta! She breathed a prayer for deliverance from this obsession.

Something darkened the doorway of the hut. She glanced up, sprang to her feet, snatched, in that instant shock at her heart, the shielding white hood to cover her head. She could not speak, could only gasp. The figure within the doorway was Tarchen! In the sideways light his face was silhouetted, touched on brow and nose and chin with a glint of that outdoors radiance, more handsome than even her memory of it. She saw his large dark glowing eyes fixed upon her. He stood superbly—not as a slave—his bare strong arms crossed on his breast. It seemed to Rhea that the earth heaved a little under her feet as she looked at him; she felt herself alarmingly deprived of physical strength. Magic? The dreaded Etruscan magic? Assuredly, she must have him slain—as soon as someone was within call—immediately the warriors returned from the field of games! She found a voice—an insincere voice that was splendidly disdainful:

"What brings thee, slave? Thou hast a message?"

He smiled at her, and she was frightened at that smile; so confident was it, so handsome was his face in that gleam of his white teeth.

"Yea, O Virgin!" Piquant was the foreign accent with which he spoke her tongue. "A message from me to thee." He smiled again, more disturbingly than before. She felt herself quivering, terrifyingly weak at the knees. His insolence awakened a swift superstition in her. Perhaps, after all ——

"By the eternal god thou callest Mars"—she quivered again at the name—"I swore thou shouldst be my beloved. Behold, I come for thee!"

She flashed at him, genuinely outraged.

"Silence, slave! For this sacrilege thou shalt die!"

He remained arrogantly imperturbable.

"No slave am I, O Virgin! I am a chief of a race of chiefs, and Mars, the war god, is my ancestor. No sacrilege is there between thee and me. If as a captive I flung myself at thy feet, it was that so I willed it. Dost think any of thy warriors could vanquish me in the fight? I gave myself captive into their hands that so I might come to thee. The great god Mars protected me even as his son. And now, behold! Thy warriors are absent at the place of games, and my warriors wait for thee and me beyond the river that divides our lands. Therefore, O Virgin, I come for thee!"

She shrank back, superstitiously fascinated though she was. The son of Mars and Mars himself were not easily distinguishable—it might be the euphemism under which the god disguised himself, lest she be destroyed utterly by his authentic splendor—but this flight from the community was startlingly at variance with the legendary procedure.

"Across the river—to thy people?" she gasped at him. A deadly suspicion shot up in her. Surely, if this were indeed the god, he was an alien war god, protecting only alien folk!

"Even so, O Virgin! Over my people shalt thou reign as queen. By Mars have I sworn it, O thou who settest my heart aflame, thou who wast destined to me before ever our eyes met on that day which was the day when Mars laughed in the beginning of joyous war! Come then!" He reached out his strong hand, grasped her wrist, dragged her toward him. "Swiftly! My warriors wait, and I hear thy people returning from the place of games!"

She threw herself back with all her strength, in the revulsion of a wild alarm. Never would the Mars of Rome drag a Vestal from the sacred precinct to a strange land; for with her would go something of the divine potency of the goddess to whom she was dedicated. This was but a deceiving Etruscan, working strange and enemy magics upon her. Her sacred public duty, become a part of herself through long years of meticulously performed rites, of austerely conscientious identification with it, leaped dominant in her in a fierce flame of patriotism. Roman she was, and only Roman! Never would she make desolate that sacred hearth. She fought desperately to free herself, heard, as she writhed in his grasp, footsteps beyond the hut.

"Sacrilege!" she shrieked. "Sacrilege!"

Those footsteps quickened instantly to a run. The next moment she saw in the doorway the burly figure of the spearman who had accompanied her sister Vestals. And even as she saw him the grip upon her was relaxed, and Tarchen, the slave, had sprung upon the warrior, had forced his head back until she heard the crack of his spine, had snatched the spear from the hand that dropped it as the body fell, had disappeared.

Tremblingly she looked toward the doorway where lay the lifeless warrior—the sight of that corpse would cost her a troublesome ceremony of purification—and a great awe overwhelmed her. Surely, only the god of war himself could have so swiftly slain with his bare hands!

That night, by the counsel of the Flamen Dialis and the direct command of her father, the *rex*—for the wildest rumors had spread among the people, and it was necessary that she should show herself in reassurance that she had not calamitously been spirited away—she visited the place of games. It was the culminating festival of torches and great bonfires which should magically assist the sun to rise in full splendor for the first day of May, invigorating him to blaze with harvest-ripening heat throughout the summer. Guarded by a reinforced band of spearmen, she moved, still trembling with the devastating emotions of the afternoon, among the multitude, which ceased its singing and dancing about the great fires, its running hither and thither with flame-streaming torches, to crowd reverently upon her passage. Fantastic was the scene—grotesquely travestied villagers, luridly illuminated by the brands they carried, silhouetted in the wild postures of the dance against the pyres vomiting bright swarms of sparks up to the moonless black sky; as far as she could see, a wild confusion of tossing, rapidly intermingling flares—and fantastic were the thoughts that raced through her fevered brain. Was it indeed the god who had so marvelously and swiftly slain; who had so miraculously and utterly vanished, despite the ferocious search for him? Everywhere around her she heard the awed whisperings which asserted the fact. The god, indeed? Presenting himself as an Etruscan, perhaps but to test her faith? And she had repulsed him, had resisted him! Never would he come again. He had vanished forever. She felt still upon her wrist the startlingly strong grip of his hand; saw vividly his godlike face, sun-limned as, superbly, he stood in the doorway; heard still the thrilling strangeness of his voice. Yet these were but memories, and the world was empty of him. Forever had he vanished. Intolerable to her was the phantasmal crowd which surrounded her, congratulating each other that she was still among them, that still the flame burned upon the hearth of Vesta. Not for them the miraculous commerce with gods. She craved desperately to be back in the hut of the goddess, to be alone in a sacred privacy, free to weep out her heart as she lay by the sacred fire.

At last the ordeal was over. Surrounded by the spearmen, she returned toward the village on the hill, black against a sky spangled with stars. Already she was on the steep upward path, dark by contrast with the multiplied illumination they had quitted.

Her heart was bleakly desolate, ached with the henceforth perpetual absence of that god. Her own sacredness was a dreary mockery to her. She thought of Gaia, clinging in the moment of discovery to the neck of her lover Fabius. Gaia was happier than she; she had loved, and she was dead. There was no more love in the world—no more divine love, which alone to her was either permissible or desired.

Suddenly, at a bend in the path where a great bush bulked ahead of them, there was a startling movement, a sharp outcry. She saw the spearman ahead of her fling up his arms against the stars; saw him plunge headlong, ere she saw the shadowy figure with the glinting spear that had slain him, that now stabbed savagely at another of her guards, sent him lurching, with quick hands to his breast, to fall with a thud and a clash of metal; saw another of the spearmen stab vainly as he shouted, as he too fell sprawlingly; saw vivid in front of her, as some great fire blazed up momentarily in the meadow below, the godlike handsome features of him who had stood that day in her hut, of him who now raged an authentic death-dealing invulnerable god of war! She heard a masculine scream of superstitious terror; heard running feet in panic-stricken flight; sensed herself appallingly abandoned. The next moment she felt herself snatched up helplessly—there was a strange ecstasy in that helplessness, a strange voluptuousness in that half-swooning, limp surrender—borne powerfully in strong arms through the night ——

Not until long after the dawn had changed to brilliant sunshine was she found—among the close tree shadows of the thick oak forest on the uninhabited Aventine Hill. As the questing spearmen, headed by her father, the *rex*, came running up to her, she rose white against the sun-suffused green, an almost supernatural apparition. She was alone. Fiercely the spearmen sought for her companion. She laughed at them.

"Ye seek in vain!" she cried. "Know ye not Mars, the war god, when he comes among ye?"

She laughed again, hysterically.

Her father, the *rex*, shrewdly stroked his grayish-tawny beard. He glimpsed a respite of some twenty years.

"Surely the mighty death dealer was Mars, the terrible in battle!" he said decisively. "He came among us even as the prophetic dream portended. Lead her reverently, as befits her sacredness, to the house of Vesta. Of the beloved of the god shall be born the king my successor."

Some such actuality as this doubtless lay behind the miraculous births of those later but still half-legendary kings, Romulus, under whom the already long-existing Rome—centuries prior to 753 B. C. that site upon the Palatine was occupied—seems to have moved forward into political power, and Servius Tullius, who first girdled with a stone wall the future mistress of the world, that mighty city whose laws are still the basic laws of our strangely different civilization. Both were born of a Vestal Virgin and a god.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

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and you well know, how essential it is to protect the delicate skin of your child—how imperative it is to avoid the use of harsh, irritating toilet tissue in your home.

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ARVIN HEATERS

They Sure Do Heat!

Enjoy Undistorted Music!

How a new type of construction also gives Ray-O-Vac batteries astounding staying power

Your aerial picks radio waves out of the ether in their true form, but unless you have "B" current with low internal resistance, they will be distorted in amplifying and the music will sound unnatural.

TO avoid distortion the source of the "B" current should have low internal resistance. In some sets the resistance in the "B" power unit is amplified to ten thousand-fold at the end of the circuit!

For a "B" power unit that offers the least internal resistance, eminent radio engineers recommend Ray-O-Vac batteries. These batteries have only from one-sixth to one-third as much internal resistance as other sources of "B" current!

The low internal resistance of Ray-O-Vac batteries is due to a special formula used in their construction. It is the result of years of scientific experimentation and manufacturing experience.

New construction gives 10% to 15% longer life

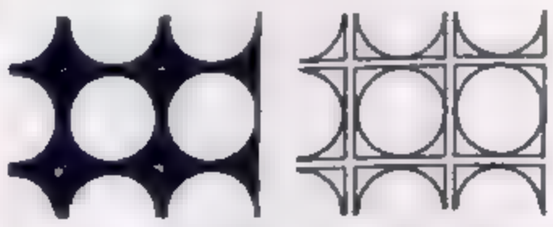
But better reception is not all that Ray-O-Vac batteries offer set owners. They also reduce operation costs because they last longer.

The hot pitch poured over the tops of the cells in old-style batteries—and which was thought to be necessary to hold the block together—has been successfully replaced by a new and greatly improved type of construction. No longer does the excessive heat of molten material rob the electrolyte in the cells of the moisture so necessary to form the gases that give life and power to the battery.

Each miniature cell in Ray-O-Vac batteries is now housed in a waterproof, acidproof and sealed carton, so that if the electrolyte eventually breaks through its zinc container it cannot come into contact with another cell, form a short circuit and cut off the life of the battery.

Instead, the electrolyte goes on producing current until almost the entire zinc can is consumed. That is why the new Ray-O-Vacs have over 10% to 15% longer life than even the old Ray-O-Vacs which were always famous for extraordinary long life.

And without the needless pitch top, Ray-O-Vac 45-volt "B" batteries are nearly four pounds lighter than old-style batteries.



Section through old-style construction. Solid pitch fills space between cells, allowing no room for expansion of the electrolyte. Short circuit usually results

In Ray-O-Vac batteries each cell is in a carton with waterproof acidproof sidewalls, top and bottom. Expanding electrolyte cannot contact with other cells

This is the master Ray-O-Vac "B" 45-volt battery, for all multiple-tube sets, sets requiring more than 16 milliamperes. It gives 45 volts, with one tap at 22½ volts. *Price* $5.00

All other sizes of "B" batteries, together with "A" and "C" batteries, are also available in the Ray-O-Vac line.

Ask for Ray-O-Vacs by name and look for this carton

You cannot determine the internal resistance and staying power of a radio battery by merely testing with a voltmeter. The surest way to know that you are getting radio batteries that have both staying power and low internal resistance is to ask for Ray-O-Vacs and identify them by the carton shown here.

Ray-O-Vac batteries are sold by radio and electrical dealers, hardware stores, and auto supply shops everywhere.

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN
Also makers of flashlights and batteries, and ignition batteries

GOLD'S WHERE YOU FIND IT

(Continued from Page 23)

with being just so much granite and little else. That's another reason why there's a dearth of prospectors in a land that is crying for them—men who know the country and who know also where to look for what they want.

There are prospectors and prospectors. The old kind, for instance, and the new. Back in the gold-rush days of Nevada, California and Colorado, it didn't require much of a knowledge of rock, of formations or of topography for a man to start in a search for gold, with the chance of finding it. All he needed to know was that any funny-looking rock was worth examination, and, in a way, that rule still holds. Beyond that, he had fairly open country over which to wander, with practically every mountain exhibiting at least a portion of the rock of which it was formed, with gullies created by the action of washes from the heavy mountain storms, which, at the same time, formed a sort of chute into which any erosive action upon an outcropping of ore would be carried by the wash, there to be found by the prospector, ground in the mortar which he usually carried and then washed in a pan for colors. If the gold was there, he then began to follow the gulch, picking up more pieces of float until he came to the place where that float, or metal-bearing ore, ceased. Whereupon he looked for the outcropping. This, in variations, applied to other ores—with the exception that with lead or silver he took his sample to an assayer. His life, in a measure, was comparatively easy; he had a burro, or a string of them if he possessed the money, to carry his every supply. He had visible ground over which to work. He had certain simple rules to follow. But in the new country of Canada there is little of this.

Looking Out Over the Frozen Surface of Lac Seul From Hudson, Ontario, at the Beginning of the 180-Mile Journey to Red Lake

His Own Pack Animal

In the first place, this new style of prospector must work in a country that is comparatively flat and where an open space of rock is a rarity. Instead, there is the bush, always the bush, a tangle of alder, of spruce, of balsam and hemlock and pine and birch, of moss, of bog, of muskeg, covering practically every inch of ground that one penetrates. As far as one can tell from within the bush, everything is the same; there is no chance to survey a gully or follow the float resultant from years of washes down a mountain gulch, for the simple reason that there is no float, and there are no gullies and no mountains.

One does not load a burro with a few months' supplies and lead him where he cares. There are no burros, in the first place; and secondly, there is nowhere for a burro to go. The bush of Canada is not a place of easy trails and soft access. It is dogged in its impenetrability, treacherous in its muskeg, its darkness, its ability so to twist one's sense of directions that he will even refuse to believe the faithful announcements of his compass.

A strip of ground 500 feet wide may have at its other side a roaring river, not to be seen until one is upon it. Lakes and streams are everywhere. The only time that a four-footed animal can travel for any distance—and prospectors often go as far as 300 miles from civilization—is in the winter, when everything is covered with snow and the lakes and streams are frozen. Then real prospecting is out of the question.

Thus what the prospector takes with him he carries by canoe and upon his back, and it is no small burden. All of which the outfit consists is a canoe, an outboard motor, rifle, ammunition, a gold pan, mortar and pestle, rope, nails, candles, towels, gasoline and oil for the motor, a tool kit for the same thing, spark plugs, cooking utensils, a tent, blankets, shovels, picks, compasses, clothing, repair materials for the time when the canoe hits a rock, flour at the rate of a half pound per man a day, 200 pounds or more of groceries, an emergency kit containing medicine and bandages to treat almost anything up to a major injury, whetstones, mosquito bar, a file or two, a light cable in case of the necessity for trenching the ground where a windlass and shaft bucket are needed, and any other little knickknacks that a man would require when living and working entirely upon his own for four or five months of an utter separation from civilization. And travel in the new North is a matter of quite some uncertainty, especially when a man is hunting gold.

It's all very well when one is scooting along in his light canoe and the outboard motor is putt-putting quite satisfactorily. But all of a sudden that joy may end—in fact it does end quite consistently. If the means of passage is a river, a rapid shows its foamy surface in announcement that no canoe can pass. If a lake, it does as all lakes will do—it comes to an end. To the bank goes the canoe, thereby changing places with the former passenger. Now the canoe takes a ride, for a distance varying from a few hundred feet to a mile, or even two of them. One man carries the canoe and one the motor, for sensible prospectors work in pairs when they strike the bush. After they've lugged that for a mile or so, they can come back and load up with files, picks, shovels, groceries and the other little what nots, proceeding at last until another portage becomes necessary. Portages are quite a heavy crop in the mineral country. Fifteen or twenty of them to be negotiated into an unknown district are not at all unusual. At least one gets a strong back out of prospecting, if nothing else—that and a knowledge of what big results can come from very little things; the black fly, for instance.

Any man who goes into the bush in the black-fly season, the schedule of which seems to be from the first of June until the middle of July, but which often refuses to run on that schedule, earns what gold he gets. A small affair is the black fly, but it carries weighty results. So tiny that it can move easily through almost anything except cheesecloth, it clamps itself upon one with the lightness of a toe dancer, and without interference, since it has sneaked upon the job, gets busy. It doesn't sting or insert a blood sucker or do any of those prosaic things. Instead, in its quiet, persuasive way, it selects a spot where the blood is close to the surface and bites a hole out of you as big as the point of a lead pencil. Then it proceeds to fill up without interference until it has absorbed enough of the fluid contents of the victim to last it until another shows up, and it literally falls off its perch from overeating. Then the blood begins to flow—and with it the cuss words. And the next morning, if the black fly has selected one of its favorite spots around the eye, there's a shiner even more gorgeous than the far-famed Aladdin's wonderful lamp.

But one hears little of black flies from the prospector. They go with the country—some day when the new North has fulfilled his dream of a continuous mining camp, there'll be settlements everywhere, and the black fly, like any other woodlands pest, will be gone. Someone once coined the phrase "as hopeful as a prospector." It still holds, whether that prospector be of a far-gone generation or the present.

Knowledge

So, with the mosquitoes, with the black flies, with civilization gone far behind him, with the bush and the lakes and the rivers and the portages as his obstacles, with a pack which easily can weigh 200 pounds, the prospector of the North starts upon no easy task. Along the edges of lakes, the banks of rivers, the runs of a rapid where the rocks are exposed, the fringes of islands—there is the prospector, paddling slowly, his eyes watching every exposure, and behind those eyes a wealth of information upon rock formations that would leave the ancient gold seeker gasping.

Here it is not merely a matter of seeking quartz or nuggets; he is looking at the edges of the bottom of the world, where almost any form of mineral may be his reward. And he knows rock—a five-minute talk with a Canadian prospector will leave one in a bewilderment of schists, lava flows, banded iron formations, quartzite, metamorphism, anticlines, synclines and intrusives. He will speak glibly of the Keewatin formation of the Pre-Cambrian age; the Grenville, Laurentian, Timiskamian, Haileyburian, Animikean and a few others, throwing in a few remarks on graywacke and conglomerates just to make it harder. And the thing which counts is that he knows what he is talking about, with the result that he looks for his age and his type of rock as he moves along, and when he strikes what he wants, he pulls his canoe upon the shore, turns it upside down for protection against the elements, puts up his tent and begins further investigations.

Quite different, indeed, from the old-time prospector with his burro, his pick and his pan, making his slow way over the mountains in his hit-and-miss journey. Different, too, is this new life in the developments which follow, turning sometimes to

Diana's Ankles

Were Nothing Like Those of the Greyhound She Held in Leash

At leading stores everywhere:

Silk, with Lisle Top and Sole
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"Pointex" means perfection and "Pointex" is made only by "Onyx"

DAME NATURE didn't exactly CHEAT Diana on ankles. The fact is she was far too generous. Diana measured almost as much at the ankle line as the modern stocking does at the calf. And so, if Diana's fabled charms were weighed in the balance today and judged by 1926 standards of beauty, they would be found more wanting than wanted—UNLESS—unless she wore "Onyx Pointex"!

"Pointex" by virtue of the converging lines at the back of the heel, allows ALL ankles to look their best. "Pointex" slenderizes. "Pointex" accentuates ankle grace. "Pointex" gives ankles the trim, smart lines that fashion decrees and the short skirt demands. "Pointex" ADORNS the ankle, instead of merely CLOTHING it.

It is well to remember, for your ankles' sake, that the "Pointex" heel is made ONLY by "Onyx".

"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex"

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scientific things which would have caused the ancient wanderer of placer days to hold up his hands in indignant disbelief. For if the prospector of Canada be in a country known to contain chalcopyrite, which is a long name for copper ore, he spends but little time in useless wanderings. Instead, he reaches into his pack for what is known as a dip needle, or, if he be more advanced, for a more complicated thing called a magnetometer, and proceeds to let it do the work, without bothering to strip the soil from the rock until he has something to strip for.

Tricky stuff, this, like holding hay in front of a balky mule. The ore in the great copper belt about Rouyn—incidentally, take any pronunciation you care to; Ruin in Toronto and Roo-ahn in Rouyn itself—is usually found with one or two companions, usually magnetite and pyrrhotite, which latter is not a tooth infection, but a mineral. Both of 'em are magnetic. Copper is not. The three of them are usually as thick as girl chums who dress alike. Now comes the trick stuff.

The dip needle is little more than a glorified compass, with a needle that swings both sideways and vertically. The magnetometer is a glorified dip needle. With both, the process is about the same. Through the bush the prospector fights his way, setting up his dip needle here and there and observing what it does. Maybe it does nothing. Then again, maybe the needle begins to turn handsprings in a certain direction, whereupon the prospector makes a few notes and moves somewhere else, observing what happens. Then he moves to another point, and in fact keeps moving about until he has a set of lines crossing at a given place.

Whereupon he goes to this possible point and allows the dip needle to do its worst. It does so by wiggling in a downward direction, pointing as best it can to those magnetic twins which are exerting their influence upon it from beneath the ground. After that, the prospector can trace the vein by the same method before he digs, or do his digging first. He usually digs. Ofttimes he finds only the magnetic bodies without the copper. Then again, he sometimes finds all three together, and an ore body which means real money. But when it comes to other minerals, the dip needle is not so efficient. Sometimes there is too much complexity. Then again, one may be looking for gold, which is not magnetic and as a rule is confined in quartz, which isn't magnetic either. Or it may lie in a dozen other formations; gold is where you find it, and the dip needle doesn't help much.

The Prospector's Reward

So, once on the scent, the prospector stays there until something happens. Often it is a striking of his camp, the straightening and launching of his canoe and a leisurely journey onward. Now and then it is a departure bearing something of excitement, with a sackful of heavy samples to add to the weight which he must carry over the portages. And sometimes—only sometimes—if that prospector be alone, he moves slowly to the water's edge and waits there weakly, his eyes searching the expanses of the lake or stream, the edges of the black bush as it creeps down to the water—searching and watching day after day, for aid, in a sudden illness or injury. Until the time comes when he does not appear at the water's edge, and there is no movement about the camp. Until the high winds blow, and branches fall upon the canoe, and the dry spruce needles rain upon it hollowly, like rain driving upon a thin roof. Until the tent sags and tatters and the black smudge that once had been a fire soils the ground with its charcoal paint, while a pot hangs empty and cold upon its bent bough of poplar from which the spring is gradually departing. Until the snows descend and the humid days of spring and summer follow.

Then, perhaps, the flurry of animals, moving before their Nemesis, a glow of red at night, of choking smoke by day, the swishing flare of birch bark yielding to the touch of heat, the roaring progress of flames in the branches of the spruce. After that, the tent is gone, and the canoe is gone, and the twisted thing upon a bed of spruce boughs is gone also.

At a later date, when prospectors gather, one of them brings forth his whittling stick and says reflectively, "I wonder whatever became of Jim Whittemore. Last I heard of him he was figuring to go up in the Big Loon country. Wonder if he ever went there."

For, as has been mentioned before, such things have always been the price of gold. Just as they have been the price exacted of him who would break the trail into any new country; the story of those two traveling men for civilization, the fur trader and the gold seeker, has always had its unmarked graves. Pioneers always, these two, beloved from a romantic standpoint, but little recognized from the angle of economics.

Yet they have ever had an intense bearing upon the development of countries, just as the prospector is having his bearing on the future of today's Canada. Toronto, for instance, now has its dreams of being a city of 1,000,000 persons, largely because of the prospector. Montreal and Quebec are looking forward to the returns of Rouyn, of the Boischatel district, of the Chibougamau Lake country and of other ore-producing areas—enough to fight for the benefits which may result therefrom.

The Real Bonanza

Mines are producers of far more than the mere ore which comes from their veins. They ask little if they are successful, and give much. One naturally does not often think of the returns of a mine other than a bonanza distributing wealth to a few persons in on the ground floor. But when one considers that the mines of Northern Ontario alone last year purchased $1,000,000 worth of boots and shoes, for instance, $100,000 worth of coffee, $1,000,000 worth of sugar, and other things in proportion through its $33,000,000 in wages, to say nothing of spending $25,000,000 for active supplies and some $10,000,000 for dividends, it is easy to see why a city or cities should cast anxious eyes toward a new mining area—even to the extent of fighting over the back fence—a little diversion which was brought about for the provinces of Ontario and Quebec by the discovery of Rouyn.

The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railroad, a province-owned line, already had its line running from North Bay through Cobalt and on to Cochrane. There would be a comparatively easy method of entrance into the Rouyn territory, and a straight shoot for all products right down to Toronto. So it started to build its line, and progressed beautifully until it reached the Quebec border.

For Quebec had reflected upon the fact that there would be products of factories to go into Rouyn, the products of mines to come out, money to be banked and various other things essential to the growth of centers of population. Having thought this over, the province of Quebec had decided that the Canadian National Railroad should build down from Taschereau on the transcontinental line, thus making the proceeds of Quebec go to a Quebec city. So at the interprovincial line the hand of Quebec authority went up. It was very sorry, but just at the moment it might not be best for an Ontario railroad to go into the province of Quebec.

That made Ontario angry. It went to law about the matter. What's more, it won the suit. But just the same, the Canadian National Railroad goes forward, over lakes and through muskeg and blue clay to reach a bonanza camp, while the ragged ends of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railroad gather rust at the boundary line. You see, once over the border,

Continued on Page 189

How Musical Experts Judge Radio

A simple method they employ—one you can use. It insures the utmost enjoyment

Kolster Radio is presented in five models, ranging in price from $85 to $375. There is a type for every home. Likewise Brandes Reproducers range from its Superior Head-set to a Power Cone. Prices from $5.00 to $250. Kolster Sets and Brandes Reproducers are built to demonstrate conclusively their own superiority. We illustrate here a Kolster 6-D, $85, and a Brandes Table Cone, $12.50

BUYING your radio need not be a complicated, speculative venture.

Radio literature may be confusing. The pictures of different sets are often distracting because they overemphasize cabinet work, a secondary item.

One simple fact must guide you. It is paramount.

What you hear when you listen to radio is *all-important*. Your ear is the final judge. Let tonal quality be your first consideration.

Accept Expert Advice

Naturally, musical experts are most critical of radio. Only the finest reproduction appeals to them. Mechanical details have little interest for them.

Many of the internationally famous composers, singers, orchestral conductors and musicians have agreed in their choice of radio. And all have come to unanimous agreement by *hearing* different radios and making tonal comparisons.

Their preference is for Kolster Radio and Brandes Speakers because these instruments have set new standards of reproduction.

And now we offer *you* the same opportunity to compare radios which has helped these great musical experts in making a choice.

Instead of Claims

Instead of giving a maze of technical descriptions of the many advancements of our instruments, we say, "Hear them."

Instead of telling of our $10,000,000 concern and its many achievements, such as building the principal radio stations for the U. S. Navy and the development of the Kolster Radio Compass which played such an important part in the rescue of the S. S. Antinoe by the S. S. Roosevelt, we say, "Let our instruments prove their own superiority."

Our dealers, the most progressive radio merchants throughout the country, decided to offer Kolster Radio and Brandes Speakers, only after hearing them and being convinced that they would afford their customers permanent satisfaction.

This is Our Offer

Hear a Kolster Radio and a Brandes Speaker in your own home. Any Kolster-Brandes dealer welcomes the opportunity of such a demonstration. Hear these instruments in their natural surroundings.

Play them as if they were your own. Turn from station to station. Make any comparison you wish. Let them prove that they are vastly superior to anything you have ever heard before.

Such a demonstration does not obligate you in the slightest nor cost you one cent.

After your ear is satisfied, then you can choose the model which you prefer; there are many beautiful cabinets and types of sets from which to choose. Our line is complete.

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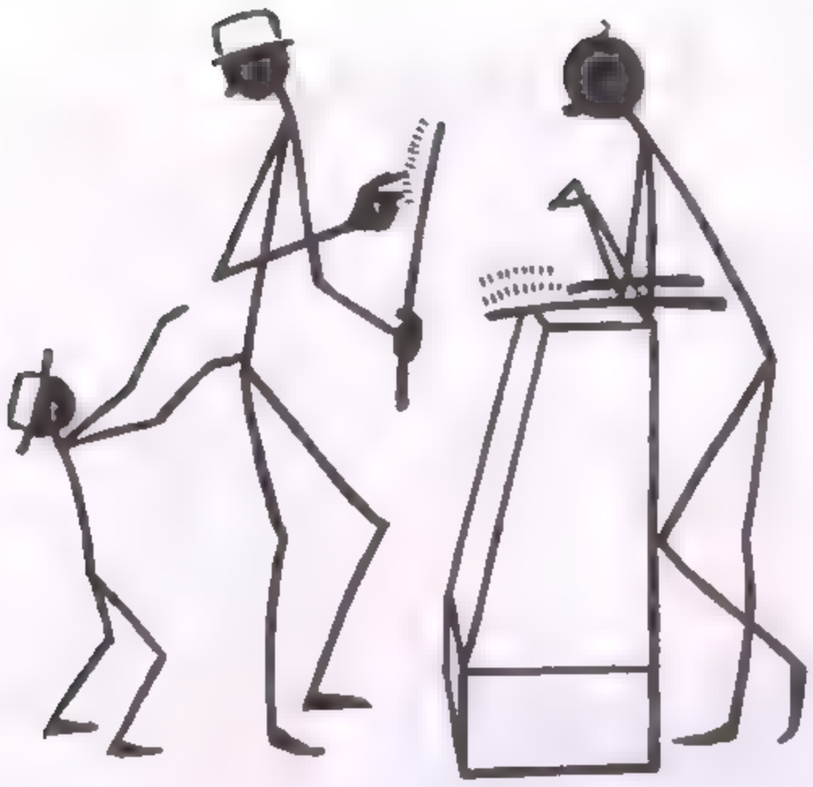

"Let me play, too, Daddy."
"No, no, Oswald! This isn't a game.
Daddy is buying a tooth brush."
"A tooth brush! Then why are you
brushing your thumb with it?"

"Open the Box" says the Thumb Brusher

"Let's try it on the thumb"

THUMB! Thumb! Thumb! That's the slogan of the Thumb Brusher. Whether the tooth brush lies in an open tray or is enclosed in a carton, he buys by rule-of-thumb. Never would the true addict think of choosing one without thumbing at least a half dozen.

There's just one way to defeat the Thumb Brusher—to keep *your* tooth brush out of his hands. Your favorite brush has provided it. Sterilized—clean and sanitary—Dr. West's Tooth Brush is *sealed* in a glassine container, inside the usual box.

How the Thumb Brushers are confounded! "Let me thumb a Dr. West's," they ask the druggist. "Right there in the handy cabinet on the counter is a sample of every one," he replies. "Thumb them to your heart's content. *They* won't go in anyone's mouth!" Small comfort, that, to an ardent Thumb Brusher. Let the Thumb Brushers have their brushes! Your interest goes far beyond theirs. You want the *right* brush—that brushes teeth in the *right* way. That is why you will value the size of Dr. West's, reaching easily into the farthest cheek-corner, with bristles erect for right brushing! And the double convex shape, built to clean *inside*, *outside*, and *between* the teeth!

And the bristles! Sturdy, upstanding bristles that wear and wear. Especially selected bristles that *polish as they clean!* Four minutes a day with this brush—two in the morning, two at night—will bring your teeth to a whiteness that will amaze you.

Yet with all these advantages, the adult's size Dr. West's costs you but 50c; the youth's, 35c; the child's, 25c; the special gum massage brush, 75c. So little for so good a brush—and protection from Thumb Brushers!

THIS HANDY CABINET stands on your dealer's counter to remind you to buy the new Dr. West's you have been forgetting. It allows anyone to examine Dr. West's Tooth Brush without touching *your* brush—sealed against Thumb Brushers.

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STERILIZED AND SEALED ~ FOR YOUR PROTECTION

(Continued from Page 186)

Quebec owns the right of way, and she can do as she pleases about letting a railroad have it.

For all of which blame the prospector, for he was the one who started things by going in there and finding copper-gold ore. For him such developments only add a zest. It was romance and the love of adventure and dreams of the future when cities would build upon his discoveries that went with the lure of gold for the men of other days. The same thing still holds true, for the romance is there as strong as ever.

True, there are various divisions of prospectors. There is the civil engineer, for instance, with a knowledge of geology, who stakes ground as he goes through in advance of a railroad or upon a forest survey—there are claim stakes today as far away as forty miles from Rouyn. Then, too, there is the mathematical, hard-headed, sharp-eyed scientific man who is sent forth by the big mining companies, upon a stated salary, to locate ground and stake the claims which he is allowed under the various provincial acts, while on his trail come the workmen to do the assessment work necessary under the mining acts, thus holding the ground for future development, even though that may not come for twenty years. For a third class, there is the newly graduated school-of-mines student, anxious to put his theories into practice. And, finally there is that real figure of romance, the grubstake prospector.

It is not a cheap affair to prospect in the Northern bush; I met more than one man in the North Country who had expended $1000 or more for his summer in the Pre-Cambrian. Prospectors as a rule are not rich men; when that time comes, they lean upon their wealth and let somebody else do the searching. The result is that the average prospector is grubstaked—that gambling process by which someone else puts up the money and stays at home while the prospector takes the hardships, dividing the profits, if any.

"How do I get along?" a prospector said to me as we watched the distant blue of a forest fire from the window of a chugging Hudson's Bay Company packet, en route to the Red Lake district, near the Manitoba line. "Well, I've got it kind of easy. You see, my doctor—that is, he used to be my doctor in Winnipeg—always was an awful active fellow. He'd go out moose hunting every fall, and knew every stream in Canada where a fellow could step into a five-pound speckled trout. Just a fellow who loved the outdoors, every inch of him. I've seen him having a peach of a time with the black flies so thick around him you'd think he was an electric light in North Bay during shad-fly time. Had plenty of money, what he'd made and what'd been left him; doctoring wasn't any more'n something to keep him busy when he wasn't out in the bush. Then he got all smashed up in an automobile accident. Bedridden now. So"—and the prospector grinned—"I'm his substitute."

A Gamble With Nature

"Of course," he continued, "there's always the chance that I'll find something big and we'll get a thrill out of that. But besides that, there's the adventure. He grubstakes me, and I go out every year, and follow every staking bee. One of the first in the Red Lake rush last winter, for instance; fact is, whenever I hear of excitement anywhere, I'm johnny on the spot; guess we've got claims staked out all over Canada. Then, when the season's over, I go back and spend the winter telling him about it, and it's just like he had been there with me."

An exaggerated case? Perhaps in some of its elements, but not in all of them by any means. Prospecting is a gamble; it is a life for an adventurer. And there are those who cannot move from their desks or from behind their counters to get the real thrills which their souls demand. Canada is a new country, a place where there is still adventure to be had at every corner, still the thrill of risk, of obstacles to be overcome—and only overnight away. To those who feel the call of the bush, the desire to get out, the urge to quiver with excitement, yet who cannot do it personally, there is the prospector to go forth into strange places, to see strange things and to gamble against the elements and Nature in search for that most romantic of all things—gold.

Gold! It calls to them behind their counters and their desks. No matter whether the mineral in the final analysis be silver or galena or nickel or tin or copper, in the vision it is gold, and there has always been the saying that the dear public loves a gold mine. Besides, there is the gambling element which is ever present in the human race, to risk little and gain much; the feeling which surges through one when he has risked five dollars on a long shot in a horse race, the pull-on that leads a man to spend another dollar for ten more punches on a gift board, to play poker hands with his taxicab companion as they go home from work, using the numbers of passing license tags for their pairs and sequences.

The Grubstaker

Upon those two elements the grubstaker works, giving of his time and experience while others give of their money. Up in the North, there is more than one grubstake club, composed of from five to fifteen men, each of whom may be perhaps earning not more than a nominal salary, yet who out of that salary contributes a few dollars a week to the upkeep of some wandering man, far in the bush or penetrating the new mining districts as they spring up from the seaboard on to the agricultural districts of Manitoba, and then, leaping the prairies, take new strength in far western British Columbia. It carries a thrill for these men, one perhaps a clerk in a store, another a railroad brakeman, a third a bookkeeper, the adventurous side of him a-surge as he leans over his tiresome columns of figures. It gives to them in the actuality the same sort of reaction that a shut-in receives from the reading of an adventure novel, for here they are a part and parcel of that adventure, even though four walls close them in.

"And they've got a chance, you know," said my friend of the poison bottle. "There's always the chance—especially in a country like this, where there is so much unscratched country. Sometimes I wonder when people will find out all there is to know about Canada. That's what gives grubstaking the thrill; like some old king sending out a Columbus to find out what's on the other side of the horizon, and wondering from day to day where he is and what he's doing, whether he's just killed a bear for his supply of meat or has discovered a spot of land where the veins crop out in every direction with riches on every hand. It's a thrill for a fellow behind a counter. But then it's a thrill for anybody. Lawyers and doctors especially; they're awful good grubstakers. Don't ask me why; I don't know." He lighted a cigarette.

"Then there's the money element too. Now I work differently, in a way, but the results are about the same. I've got three partners. We haven't all been together for five years; one of us is here, another one somewhere else—I'm on the way now to meet one of 'em. First time I've seen any of the gang in two years. But we keep in touch through one or the other and we take separate districts. There's a sort of rule that a fellow makes a small stake on an average of once in four years—something he can sell, you know. Now suppose a new mining district opens up where there's been a real strike, and where there's the money to develop it. A good prospector will jump in there right away and stake as many claims as he can. But he doesn't try to work 'em himself. Instead, he either tries to sell 'em to the big company or to a syndicate that's figuring on getting the money for development. Maybe he gets $4000 or $5000—maybe only $1000. But it's something to carry on with, and," he added with a smile, "there's always the big strike waiting just on the other side of the bush."

Much has been told of Red Lake through the newspapers, a great deal of it being wrong in that it depicted Red Lake as a place of sudden wealth. That was the fault of neither the newspapers nor the correspondents; when one is dealing with word-of-mouth reports handed from one to another along 180 miles of sledge trail, facts are sure to be twisted. Nor would even this writer, after interviews with prospectors, with mine owners, with officials of the Province of Ontario who took part in the rush that claims might be recorded, with outfitting companies, dog-team owners who also made the rush, people of commerce, following the gold seekers, and others, venture to guarantee every statement that is herewith made upon Red Lake. The North Country is a country of rumors, as is any vast land; rumors which spring unfounded, and in passing from one hand to another immediately become facts. Here are hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of square miles of new country; quite naturally much of it is vague. It is only by talking to many persons, and from those many taking the most logical and often agreed upon points, that one can even piece together a story at all. But there is plenty to be agreed upon.

A ghost-story camp, this patch of canvas tents and deal-board buildings that is called Red Lake. Perhaps that is what made it so romantic. It seems inevitable that there should be always a ghost story to boom gold; perhaps the recital of the old prospector, dying upon his bed of spruce boughs, and in his final paroxysms coughing up the gold nuggets which he had swallowed to prevent anyone ever discovering his riches. Or the ghost which appeared in the shape of a vague light, leading some prospector on and on, at last to disappear into the ground, where, the next morning, the pursuer discovered ten-pound hunks of gold at the very grass roots. Or the cows which once wandered where Cripple Creek later burst upon the world, the hunter who roamed in from what later became the Tonopah district and tossed a sample of ore into an assay office, there to lie for a full year before it was examined. Always the story—and Red Lake had it.

Red Lake's Ghost Story

Upon the edge of Goose Island, in Lac Seul, on the way to Red Lake from the railroad station at Hudson, stands a large cross upon a rock, and prospectors as they pass often raise their hats to it. It is in memory of two men who died because of Red Lake, but they were not the first. Long ago, so the story goes—nearly forty years in fact—two other men struggled through the wilderness to Slate Bay, along the northern shore of Red Lake, and there found something which induced them, with a moose hide for a shaft bucket and a windlass built from the bush about them, to sink a shaft. Perhaps they died, perhaps they didn't. No one even seems to know their identity. Then, years afterward, a government geologist, making his way through this far North Country, paused in his journey at the edge of the vegetation-fringed shaft. He staked the ground as a mining claim. Soon he would come back and do his necessary assessment work. But he didn't, and in time he died also. Red Lake remained undiscovered.

But the ghost story was out—the tale of that yawning mine shaft, dug there nearly forty years ago. At last three prospectors, Johnson, White and Conn, went in to search for it. They didn't find the shaft, but they found gold along the shores of Red Lake and staked six claims. Back to Winnipeg they went and found two backers. But one died before the first year's assessment work was done, and the other followed him in death before the second year rolled by. They found a third, a lawyer named Elliott. But before they could go in, Elliott also was dead.

Stories of hard luck travel swiftly. The ghost camp of Red Lake was becoming more widely known, and prospectors are sometimes superstitious. What great lodes lay there that the fates should throw the shroud of death about those who strove to break the barrier? There was more to come. The Canadian National sent in two men, E. L. Murray and Capt. Christopher Kelly, K.C., of Winnipeg, to look over the ground about which there had been so much whispering. At last they moved down along the slow route of portages and lakes from Red Lake, to Keg Lake, thence through the Gull Rock and the Pagwash at last to breast the heavy waters of the sixty-mile-long Lac Seul on the last lap of their journey to Hudson. But canoes are frail and November winds are strong on Seul. Wandering Chippewas found one body when the break-up came the next spring; the resting place of the other remains a mystery of that mysterious place, the bush. And to memory a cross stands there, upon a bare rock, a cross beside the pathway of gold.

A Dollar a Pound

Death had done almost sufficient press-agenting now. In went a geological outfit in 1923, to make a full report which did not come out until last year. And following this, the Howey brothers, prospectors, who staked claims late in the year, and according to rumor, engaged the services of a third man, who had made his name widely known through the success of several mining properties, to manage their find and swing a successful sale to a large mining company.

There are hints that what followed was press-agent stuff; there are equally valid claims that it was merely the result of an earnest effort to get a new mining district opened up in record time.

Soon the word began to travel with the swiftness that only a mining rumor can assume. There was something real to the Howey claims over at Red Lake; something big, something tremendous. Dog teams were making their way over the frozen stretches, through bitter below-zero weather, carrying men and supplies to work a new discovery through the winter. The great Dome Company of Canada, as well as the McIntyre interests, was ready to put real money into it. There were whispered inferences that the gold vein in this new camp would carry greater riches than Cobalt and Porcupine and Kirkland Lake and Gowganda combined.

One bitter morning a prospector dropped off the Transcontinental at the little Hudson's Bay post at the foot of Lac Seul, quite appropriately called Hudson on the railroad time-table, and inquired of the station master where he could buy a dog team and a sledge for a trip to Red Lake. Then others followed. A building or two sprang up to join the railroad station, the Hudson's Bay post and the fishery warehouse which had formed the town. Dogs bounded out of baggage cars. A big equipage in the form of a house on sleds, bearing in circus colors the name of the Howey Red Lake Gold Mining Syndicate, rolled in on a flat car, and with horses plugging along through the snow, started off toward those vague regions, 180 miles across the ice and snow. Newspaper men arrived, and more prospectors, to make their arrangements, and then with cracking whips and yapping dogs, started their journey. From far away, the crisp air carried the hum of an airplane, which swooped lower, then landed upon skids upon the frozen surface of the lake, while the befurred aviator stepped forth and announced that he was ready at all times to carry passengers to Red Lake at the insignificant rate of a dollar a pound. A passenger hurried forward to be weighed. Then he bethought himself that it might be a bit colder in the altitudinous regions traversed by the plane. He rushed away to the Hudson's Bay post, bought himself a fur parka and hurried back. But at the cockpit he halted.

(Continued on Page 193)

LC Smith

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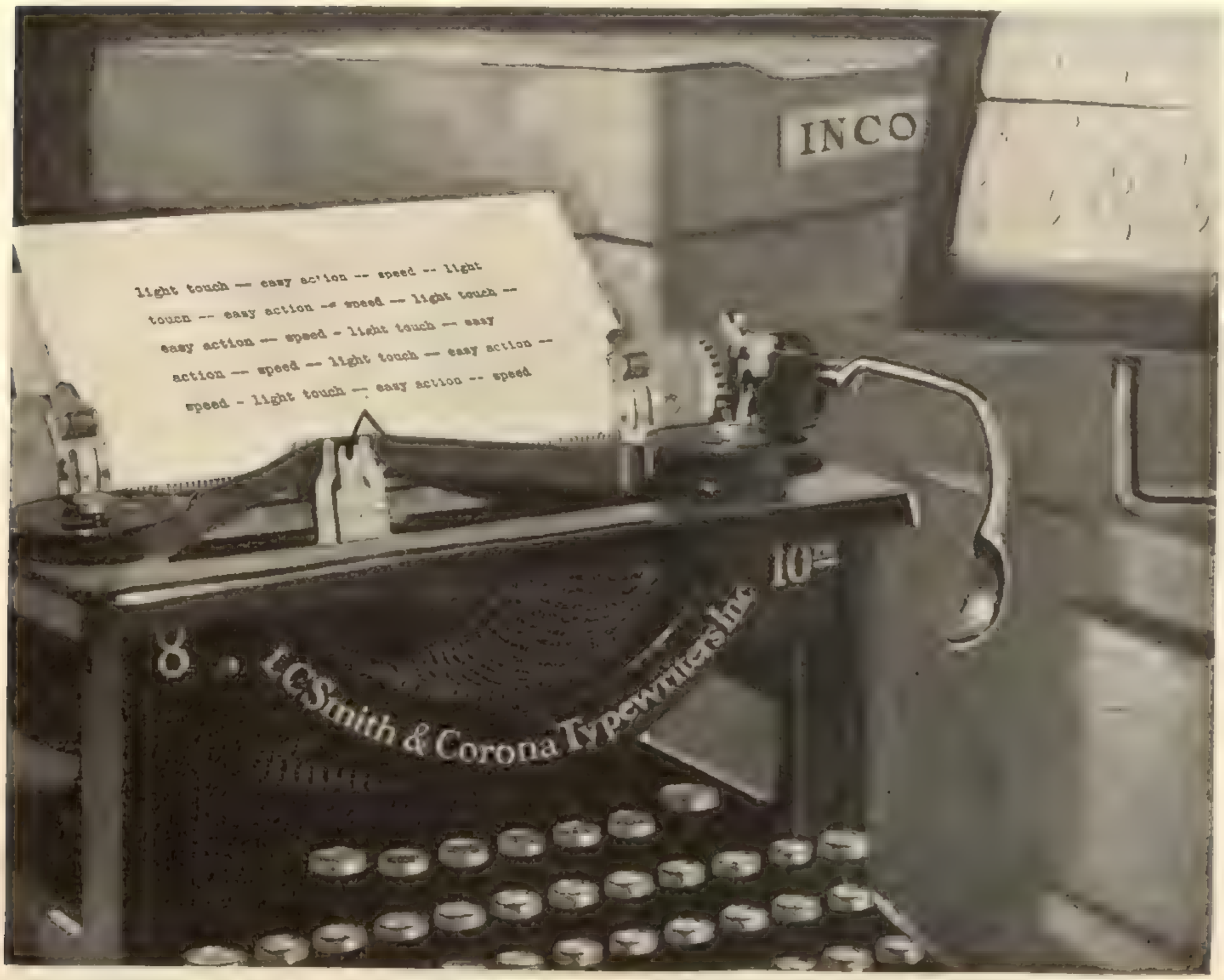
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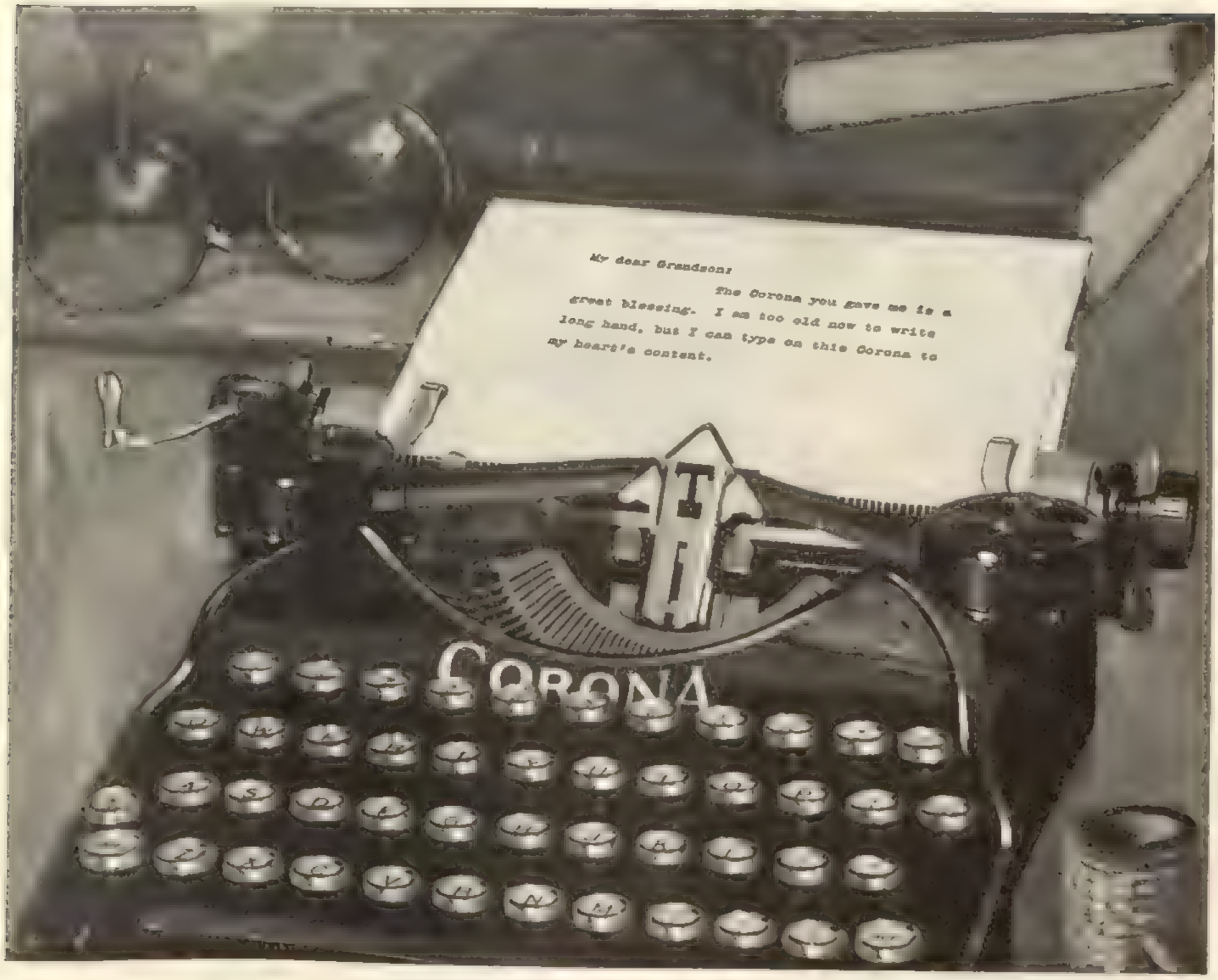
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great blessing. I am too old now to write
long hand, but I can type on this Corona to
my heart's content.
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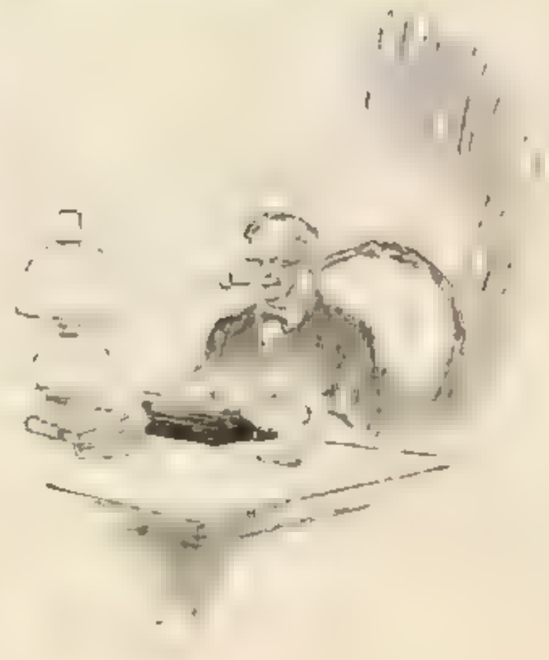

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(Continued from Page 189

"Step on those scales again," came the command of the aviator as he pointed to the portable affair which had come with his ship. The gold seeker stepped. "That coat weighs twenty pounds!" was the verdict. "Give me twenty dollars more!"

Then, with a full cargo, the airplane roared and was gone, while beneath it, the deep snow of Lac Seul showed a sharp-cut path, and upon it black dots and bouncing forms—men and dogs mushing their way to a new gold camp.

The fever grew. The town of Hudson became larger. The factor at the remote Hudson's Bay station at Lac Seul, mourning over the fact that his four-hole golf course was buried under four feet of snow, found something else by which to pass the time—the coming and going of excited men, dropping to rest in their eider downs when night closed in, or fussing over their fires with the cooking of rice and corn meal and fish for the faithful dogs that would carry their supplies to the new bonanza. Lights gleamed along the otherwise deserted bush which fringed the frozen lakes and rivers. At Hudson a new business started—that of trading in huskies for men who had come too hurriedly to bring their motive power with them. Again, at still a farther advanced Hudson's Bay post, that of Pine Ridge, a tent went up and an enterprising soul began the furnishing of food to weary gold hunters. Then another tent joined it, and still others—thus towns begin when gold shouts for discovery.

At a point on the shore of Red Lake still another town began to blossom—if anything can blossom in near-arctic temperature. A thousand prospectors were on the trail now; the airplanes hummed consistently, except when they crashed, the wreck of at least one to sink into the waters of Lac Seul with the spring break-up. Out from the governmental offices of Toronto moved the mining recorder and his assistants, to begin the recording of claims.

For men were staking everywhere now. It meant nothing that they could not see the ground, that they did not even know whether they were staking above soil or above the waters of the lake itself. Stake, stake, stake, each man taking to himself the three claims of forty acres each allowed under the Ontario laws. In that little ten-by-twelve tent, hurrying recorders accepted claims at the rate of 100 a day and more; there was no time for close examination or investigation. Nothing to do but take the prospector's announcement and file it. Of mail service there was none; the railroad was 180 miles away and no one to drive a dog sledge containing official communications to meet it.

The Red Cross in the Field

There was nothing to buy, nothing to sell, nothing to do but stake claims and burn with the fever of what would happen when the summer came. There was little food. The mine had brought in a fish net, and by community agreement, the inhabitants of the little tent town went each day upon the lake, chopped holes through the ice, put the net through by means of poles, and then by dint of more chopping at other spots pulled it and yanked out the catch of trout and pickerel and pike, the fish often freezing solid even as they died.

Fish and beans, beans and fish—and the dream of gold. Throughout the winter the frenzy continued, pale sun or shrieking blast in the daytime, crisp stars and the wolflike, incessant howls of the huskies by night. But gold was there! What cared these men for hardships if the yellow god be in the offing? The winter would fade some day; one need not starve. There were others to help, and in case of illness, was there not a Red Cross camp—to say nothing of the Red Cross car itself on the sidetrack at Hudson, only 180 miles away? So on and on continued the frenzy, until the snow on the shores of Red Lake bore the marks of many a tramping man, and 5500 claims announced the fact that at least 1000 men would be back to work them when the snows faded, revealing what lay beneath.

It was early August when I saw the Red Lake district. The 1000 men were not there. The hastily constructed little city of Pine Ridge was rather sad. The mushroom hotels at Hudson were far from filled. There were vague whisperings of regret, of inference that the big mining companies were holding back and not giving forth the true reports demanded by their contracts. Maybe Red Lake was a mining camp, maybe it wasn't, they said. Maybe those big mining companies, these whisperers told me, were just keeping mum until after the first of September, when they could absorb the best of 4000 or more claims which men had staked in the snow after their grueling journey over the icy trail, then failed to cinch by not returning to do their assessment work.

Prospector's Paradise

Maybe this was a big thing, this Red Lake; maybe it would turn out to be the greatest thing in Canada after the Dome and McIntyre had finished its diamond drilling. But—oh, well, what was the difference? A lot of fellows had got disgusted, waiting for the big companies to do something, and they'd moved on to Woman Lake and Birch Lake and Narrow Lake, where there was a lot better stuff than anything Red Lake ever had seen or ever would see. Didn't a fellow just come in the other day with a sample that assayed eighty dollars, taken from a twenty-foot vein? Nothing like that ever bobbed up at Red Lake, did it?

Always something ahead, always the fever, always the let-down; it has been ever the history of the mining camp and the gold rush. For mines cannot be made in a day. It takes only an ordinary imagination to vision how much time must elapse before Red Lake, even though it really be potentially one of the biggest camps in Canada, can connect itself with civilization. But the prospector, once the fever of gold is on, seldom thinks of that. In the first place, if he stakes claims within reasonable distance of a big find, there's usually someone to buy them, allowing him to be off to newer fields. And the new fields always beckon, as they always have in the past and as they will in the future. The prospector himself knows it even to the recital of the story that is the classic of every mining camp.

All the prospectors had died. All the prospectors had gone to heaven, and with one whoop, kicked their burros through the gates, then with hasty unlimbering of pick and shovel, begun their assault upon those golden streets, thereby causing the harassed Saint Peter to move from his customary position at the portals and make a remonstrance.

"Please don't dig it all up," he begged. "The gold on top there is absolutely pure. We assayed it three times before we ——"

"What do you know about mining?" asked an indignant prospector. "The deeper you go, the bigger the value."

But there was one among them who had pity. "I'll get rid of 'em for you, pardner," he said, and moved toward the fevered mob. "Listen, boys, maybe there ain't anything to it, but I've just heard from a pretty reliable source that there's been a whale of a strike in hell."

The next morning there was only the street-repair gang upon the golden pavement and a solitary prospector moving toward the gates with his loaded burro—the purveyor of the previous day's rumor.

"Well, so long, pardner," he said.

The guardian of the gates stared. "You're not going?"

A lean hand stroked at a stubby beard. "Well, I'll tell you, pardner," said the last prospector. "The way those fellows lit out sort of set me to wonderin'. I've been thinkin' it over considerable and I've come to the conclusion that I'll just go down there and stake out a few claims myself."

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GULF COAST

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME TROUT

(Continued from Page 17)

"There ain't any brook any more," said the second fisherman, coughing up a number of inhaled mosquitoes and brusquely removing several blood-filled black flies from behind his ears.

"Stop talking so much and hunt for it," said the first, "or first thing you know you'll step over it and never know it. There's been some fine trout caught out of this brook."

The party at length encountered a series of small puddles that seemed to have a suspicious continuity about them. Twigs dropped into the puddles moved reluctantly in one direction; and this fact proved conclusively to Raymond and Roger, who had been trained in woodcraft since infancy, that they had at last found Perkins' Brook.

Perkins' Brook eventually emerged shyly from the alder swamp, and swelled into a magnificent stream fully two feet wide at its more impressive portions; and in the course of time the party of fishermen also emerged from the swamp, accompanied by several million mosquitoes and black flies and a powerful odor of citronella.

After removing the more annoying twigs, brambles, thorns, burs and leaves from their persons, they proceeded to fish Perkins' Brook with all the skill and resourcefulness of trained woodsmen. At the end of an hour and a half of valiant endeavor their catch consisted of one trout six and one-quarter inches in length that looked as impressive in its captor's fish basket as one baked bean on a hungry man's plate, and one trout three and one-eighth inches in length that was replaced in its native element to provide an afternoon's sport for other optimistic fishermen.

Both Raymond and Roger agreed, as we pounded homeward in a state of almost complete exhaustion, that such bad luck was unaccountable. They thought that possibly the moon might have something to do with it. It was on the wane, and everyone skilled in woodcraft knows that sometimes fish won't bite when the moon is on the wane. We could, they suggested, try it when the moon was full, or when it was half full, or when there wasn't any moon at all.

"Just as like as not," said Raymond, "we could come back here two weeks from now and get as nice a mess of trout as anyone would want to see, couldn't we, Roger?"

"Sure," said Roger.

"You let it rain a little," said Raymond, "and get the moon just right, and come up there just the right time of day, and just as like as not you'd get some big fellers out of there, wouldn't you, Roger?"

"Sure," said Roger. And so on and so on and so on.

The Man From Mississippi

Having thus disposed of one important protest against the manner in which I had insulted the noble pastime of angling, I was at liberty to take up the next protest, which had arisen from another trained woodsman in the person of Mr. Ben Ames Williams, the persistent and prolific author. Mr. Williams, though born in Mississippi, has long been sympathetically attuned to the fish, the animals, the birds, the residents and all the other wild life of New England. It was his implied contention that any person who speaks slightingly of or brings a blanket accusation against trout fishing—especially trout fishing in Northern Maine, which has almost become his exclusive property for literary purposes—is guilty of destroying the faith of the people in rustic fiction.

In rustic fiction any character, including the village idiot, can go up to the brook that runs across the old woodlot and catch a dozen speckled beauties in the time that it takes an ordinary fisherman to pull up his waders, straighten out a leader, thread his line through the guides of his rod, find out where he put his matches, light his pipe, anoint himself with fly dope, and climb over the barbed-wire fence that always lies between a fisherman and a brook in all sections of America.

It was also Mr. Williams' contention that if a person can't catch trout, he either doesn't know where to go or he can't catch them anywhere.

This being the case, Mr. Williams was anxious to point out a few places to go; and his anxiety finally resulted in a party of three hopeful fishermen, headed by the superconfident Mr. Williams, faring northward through the beautiful city of Portland and the ruggedly smiling Maine countryside around Brunswick, Bath, Damariscotta and Wiscasset, and finally entering that seemingly archaic and almost prehistoric section of the state where the little villages lie along the folds of the rolling hills, uncursed by railroads, filling stations, hot-dog stands, roadside advertisements of corsets, cigarettes, noodles, garters, underwear and what not; or by dance halls, trick bungalows, auto-camp sites and other stigmata of progress, civilization and contempt for beauty and the rights of others.

Maine Fiction

The center of Mr. Williams' fishing operations was the town of Fraternity; and when he had arrived at Fraternity he led his party triumphantly to the farmhouse of his chief fishing and hunting accomplice, Mr. Bert McCorrison, a skilled woodsman of many years' standing.

"How they biting, Bert?" inquired Mr. Williams, gracefully decanting his two hundred and thirty pounds from the automobile and unbuckling his belt preparatory to donning his fishing pants. And as he asked the question he cast a triumphant glance at Mr. Charles Francis Coe, who formed the third member of the party, and myself, as if to say, "Now listen to this, and don't ever talk to me again about fish being scarce in New England."

"Fine, Ben, fine!" replied Bert, offering Ben a large handful of matches. "You remember that pool down in the meadow where I caught the seventeen fish last July, the biggest one being fourteen and five-eighths inches, hey, Ben? You remember that pool?"

"Yes," said Ben, glancing at us proudly. "I took eleven fish out of that pool, you remember, Bert, one day last summer, and one was thirteen and a quarter inches long."

"No, Ben," said Bert, "that biggest one of yours was thirteen and seven-sixteenths inches."

"Well, anyway, he remembers the pool, Bert," said Mr. Coe somewhat impatiently. "What happened to it? Have the trout been pushing each other out on the bank?"

"No," said Bert; "but I took two men from Melrose down there last week, and they got fourteen trout out of it, and the biggest was thirteen and fifteen-sixteenths inches long."

"We'll go right down there," said Ben, going through the preliminary motions of pulling off his shirt and casting a final pitying look at us over his shoulder as he disappeared into the house.

"Ben! Ben!" shouted Bert after him. "Ben! We'll stop on the way down and look at a moose track! I been saving that moose track for five weeks. It's one of the nicest moose tracks you ever saw. I got a board over it, saving it for you."

So in the course of time the entire party, having inserted itself into an expensive assortment of fishing pants, fishing shirts, fishing boots, fishing hats, fishing stockings and fishing underwear, and having hung on

(Continued on Page 197)

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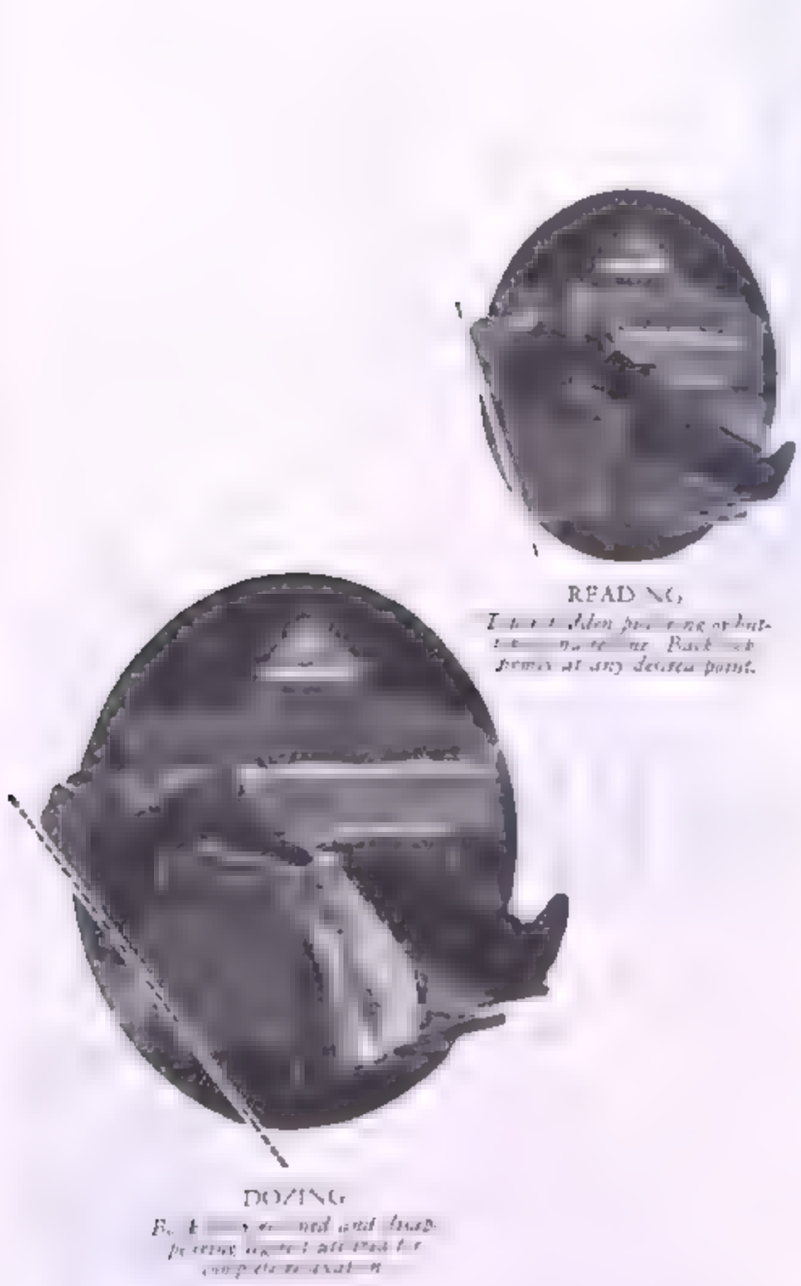

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(Continued from Page 104)

and about itself a sufficiently large assortment of fish baskets, bait boxes, fishing knives, sandwich containers, tobacco boxes and what not to warrant the belief that it was going to catch a large quantity of fish, set off comfortably by automobile for the meadow through which ran the trout-infested stream that had been under discussion.

There was a pause to view the moose track that Bert had been saving. The edges had disintegrated somewhat, and the footprint itself was less suggestive of a moose than it was of a forcibly dropped or hurled flatiron or some other blunt instrument. It was, however, viewed with great appreciation, and from every angle, by Ben and Bert. It occurred to Mr. Coe that Bert could easily save time, in the future, by carrying a bucket of plaster of Paris with him and taking impressions of the moose tracks that he encountered. Thus he could make a collection of moose tracks and keep them in the home, and spend many a long, happy winter evening sorting them out and discarding the small moose tracks and the imperfect moose tracks. The further suggestion was made that when a party was in a hurry to go fishing, the freshest moose tracks could be hung up outside the house, so that they could be viewed without loss of time.

Traffic Officers Needed

This suggestion was received coldly by Ben and Bert. Being trained woodsmen, they preferred to view their moose tracks in a state of nature.

As the automobile sped along the winding and always beautiful roads of Fraternity, the party was kept in a state of eager anticipation by Bert's exciting and dramatic tales of the denizens of the forests and the streams.

"See that field over there?" Bert would ask in the quiet but authoritative tones of the trained woodsman.

"Yes, yes!" the other members of the party would reply, almost dislocating their necks in an effort to see the field.

"Well," Bert would say, "a feller saw a moose there, right over by that big rock, the sixth of last November, about three o'clock in the afternoon. I went up and saw the tracks."

And then, whipping around with the silent sinuosity of the trained woodsman, he would point to another field on the other side of the road.

"See that little mound over in the corner of that field?" he would demand in the repressed but thrilling voice of the skilled huntsman.

Again the heads would jerk creakingly around and cries of "Yes, yes!" would arise from every side.

"Ben and I saw two moose on that mound a year ago last June," Bert would say. "Two moose! Yes, sir, we went over and saw their tracks, didn't we, Ben?"

From one side to another the heads rotated, obediently following Bert's pointing finger. Two moose had been seen in this field; a moose track had been seen in that field; the tracks of three moose had been seen in still another; a moose had walked from this field into that field, and his tracks had not only been seen by Bert in both fields but in the road as well. And so on and so on and so on.

When, for a time, wooded hill slopes replaced the fields, the exciting tales of moose tracks gave way to blood-quickening reminiscences of mighty fish catches that had been made in the neighborhood.

"That's a nice trout brook when it's right," Bert would remark, indicating a purling watercourse. "One day I took sixteen trout out of the pool just above the bridge, and the largest one measured fifteen and one-eighth inches, and the three next largest were over thirteen inches long."

"Why not stop here?" asked Mr. Coe fretfully.

"'S no good now," replied Bert hastily.

"When was it that you made that catch, Bert?" inquired Mr. Coe suspiciously.

"That was in the spring of 1892," replied Bert soberly. "I wish it was a little later in the season so's we could show 'em some fishing down in the Sheepscot, hey, Ben? The big fellers come up and lie in there later in the season, and you can see 'em lying there. You remember that pool where the bank hangs out over the big rock, Ben, where I saw the moose track two years ago last fall? Last year I took eighteen trout out of that hole, and the largest one was fourteen and a half inches long, and none of 'em were under nine inches. About a hundred yards below that is another pool, and one day I took eleven trout out of that pool, and the largest one was thirteen and three-quarters inches long."

"They tell me," observed Mr. Coe casually, "that there aren't as many people living in this part of Maine as there used to be."

"That's a fact," said Bert regretfully. "It's a hard country, and people desert their farms and go to live in the cities, or in places where it's warmer in the winter."

"After all," Bert was told, "you can hardly blame the people for going away from here, when the little children can't go out in the fields or walk along the roads without running the risk of being stepped on by a moose."

"And of course," added Mr. Coe, "the little ones who go too near the brooks would probably be eaten by trout."

"The state," Bert was told, "ought to do something about providing traffic officers to direct the streams of moose traffic."

"We get out here," said Bert, with the imperturbable face of the trained woodsman.

So the automobile was left by the roadside and the party surmounted the usual number of barbed-wire fences and prepared to utilize its expensive fishing equipment. Instructions as to modes of fishing were also issued by Ben and Bert, because of their superior knowledge of woodcraft. Maine trout, it seemed, were excessively timorous, and the successful fisherman approached a stream by lying on his stomach and stealing up on the trout-infested waters in a silent and serpentine manner, so that the trout might not be made suspicious by unusual sights and sounds.

"Right down there," said Bert, in a tense whisper, "is a fine pool. Last year I took seven trout out of that pool in less than half an hour, and the largest one measured thirteen and an eighth inches, and year before last Ben took ——"

Another Victory

But at this point Bert's voice vanished in the distance as I approached the pool on my stomach in a manner to win the approval of any well-trained woodsman. The pool was all of four feet in diameter, and at least a foot deep, and it was guarded by a broad expanse of gluey and odorous mud, which had evidently been churned into a rich paste within a recent period by large numbers of cows, Maine natives and moose. Digging a few mosquitoes out of my eyes with a mud-covered hand, I cast cleverly into the pool and abstracted a four-inch chub.

From the bank Bert burst into a flood of plaintive remarks. "Don't that beat all!" said he. "I wish it was three weeks later, or even two weeks later. The weather's been a little dry, and I certainly wish you could be here in July. There ought to be some good fish in that pool. I took seven out of there in less than half an hour ——"

Further careful casting resulted in a second chub four and three-quarters inches long, after which Bert, exuding reminiscences of the numbers and sizes of the fish that he had abstracted from scores of neighboring pools, led me down into the meadow, where the pools were full of big fellers, to hear Bert tell it.

As a result of the first day's fishing four strong men, of whom at least two were trained woodsmen, failed to get enough trout for supper.

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On the second day the upper reaches of the Sheepscot were fished. The record number of fish taken from any one pool was one. The record length was nine inches. The consensus of opinion between Ben and Bert, at the end of the day, was that it was certainly a shame that we couldn't come up a little later—say, in July.

On the third day Ben led me to the broad quick water of George's Stream, where the monster fish lurk beneath the banks and the big bowlders—if one believes all that one hears. Out of George's Stream nobody got anything at all—due, Ben thought, to the fact that we were a little early. Two weeks, he thought, ought to make a great difference. If I could have come up in July now.

So early on the following morning I left for home, happy in the knowledge that another protest had been relegated to the background, and ready to wrestle with the final protest to which I would be able to give consideration.

This final protest had emanated from a personage of great importance in government circles. Since it is fashionable to apply nicknames to government officials—to speak of President Coolidge, for example, as a White House Spokesman—the nickname of General X will be applied to this personage of great importance for the purposes of this narrative. It is probable that one nickname more or less means little in his life because of the great numbers of unprintable nicknames that have been applied to him by United States senators, especially by the more incompetent and useless United States senators, who are constantly afflicted with a flux of tiresome and futile talk.

The protest that emanated from General X was milder than most protests that had been hurled in my teeth by outraged anglers. There was no doubt, General X admitted, that wherever one went trout fishing, the fishing always failed to come up to specifications. In the matter of trout fishing in America, however, there was one exception to the general rule, and he had found it. It was located in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, in Southern Colorado, and would I kindly accompany him there, since I owed it to myself and to the world at large to make a first-hand study of trout that bit when they were expected to bite, and that bit what they were expected to bite, and that bit where they were expected to bite, and for whom no excuses needed to be made, such as: "The water's a little too high today and of course you can't expect the trout to bite; but if you'll come back in September they'll probably be biting."

The King of Wildcatters

Enthusiastic claims of this nature are not uncommon in angling circles; but General X's long record of accuracy and moderation of statement caused his claims to carry vastly more weight than the average fishing claims. The services of Mr. Ben Ames Williams were consequently enlisted, in order that the party might have the advice and companionship of a trained woodsman; and in due season General X's party arrived in the ultra-hospitable city of Denver, Colorado, and was ultra-hospitably received by Col. Albert E. Humphreys, the owner, controller, chaperon and guardian of all the trout in the wide demesne in which General X proposed to do his fishing.

It seems that the colonel is what is known in Western parlance as a wildcatter. A wildcatter is a person who goes into a section of the country that is generally regarded as valueless, but where he has reason to believe there are ore deposits, coal deposits or oil, and prospects for these valuables with the utmost vigor. The enthusiasm with which Colonel Humphreys plunged into this form of endeavor, coupled with his success at it, caused him to be known in the West as the king of the wildcatters. He was one of several men to open up the Mesaba Iron Range; he developed gold, silver and lead mines in the Kootenay country of British Columbia; he opened up great coal deposits in West Virginia; he discovered and developed many silver and lead mines in Colorado; and he finally made some very large oil strikes in Oklahoma, Wyoming and Texas—two of his notable operations being the discovery of the Big Muddy oil field in Wyoming, the opening of the great oil field along the Balconnes Fault in Texas, and the discovery of the big Wortham field near Mexia, Texas.

For many years Colonel Humphreys had been so addicted to fishing that no trout was safe while he was in the vicinity—a fact that is borne out by his holding, through many years, the presidency of the Izaak Walton League of Colorado. During his mining days in Colorado, when he owned and operated a stamping mill in the celebrated mining town of Creede, he fished for trout in a beautiful canyon that extended up to the very backbone of the Rockies—the Continental Divide. In that canyon the cutthroat trout had the reddest bellies that were ever seen on a cutthroat trout, and the rainbow trout had far brighter rainbows down the center of each side than could be observed on other rainbow trout. Furthermore, they were always suffering from the pangs of hunger, if the eagerness with which they inhaled trout flies was any criterion; and, probably due to the snow-chilled water in which they lived, the vigor with which they hurled themselves from their native element to take a fly or to eject a hook was such that persons with weak hearts were advised to forgo fishing and read a book.

Simple Camp Life

These things frequently led Colonel Humphreys to remark that if he ever struck it really rich he proposed to buy the beautiful canyon and turn it into a fishing preserve in which the trout could relax and enjoy themselves. Eventually he struck it really rich; and since that time the trout in the beautiful canyon have been, as the saying goes, well fixed.

From Denver the colonel led the way up into the mountains, along the fertile San Luis Valley and past the jagged and endless range of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains; and finally, nearly two hundred miles from Denver and nearly two miles above sea level, the party came to a gash in the mountains known as Wagon Wheel Gap. Beyond Wagon Wheel Gap, a padlocked gate barred the road into a narrow canyon; and some seven miles up this canyon, behind a towering concrete dam that blocked the canyon from side to side, dwelt the millionaire trout, theoretically ready for business at any hour of the day or night, and even anxious—according to General X—to come up to specifications.

The building of the dam across the canyon had resulted in the formation of a commodious lake, and into the upper end of the lake poured the tumbling waters of Goose Creek, cold from the everlasting snows of the Continental Divide and protected from the sun by the high walls of the canyon through which it raced.

"You see," said the colonel, "just a simple little place; nothing much; nothing but log cabins."

The log cabins concealed baths in which the water ran freely, beds fitted with comfortable mattresses and large electric heaters to ward off the chill of Colorado nights. Two foreign cars were parked negligently behind the chief log cabin. Half a dozen saddle horses dozed comfortably at the tie-up. On the hill slope behind the chief log cabin a swimming pool shimmered in the sun. "Heater," said the colonel indicating a structure higher up the mountain side. It was a commodious boiler, into which a Mexican patiently fed large logs, so that the mountain water that flowed down through it and into the swimming pool might be pleasingly warmed.

The colonel swung his hand around the lake and pointed to a little log cabin at the water's edge. "Power house," said he.

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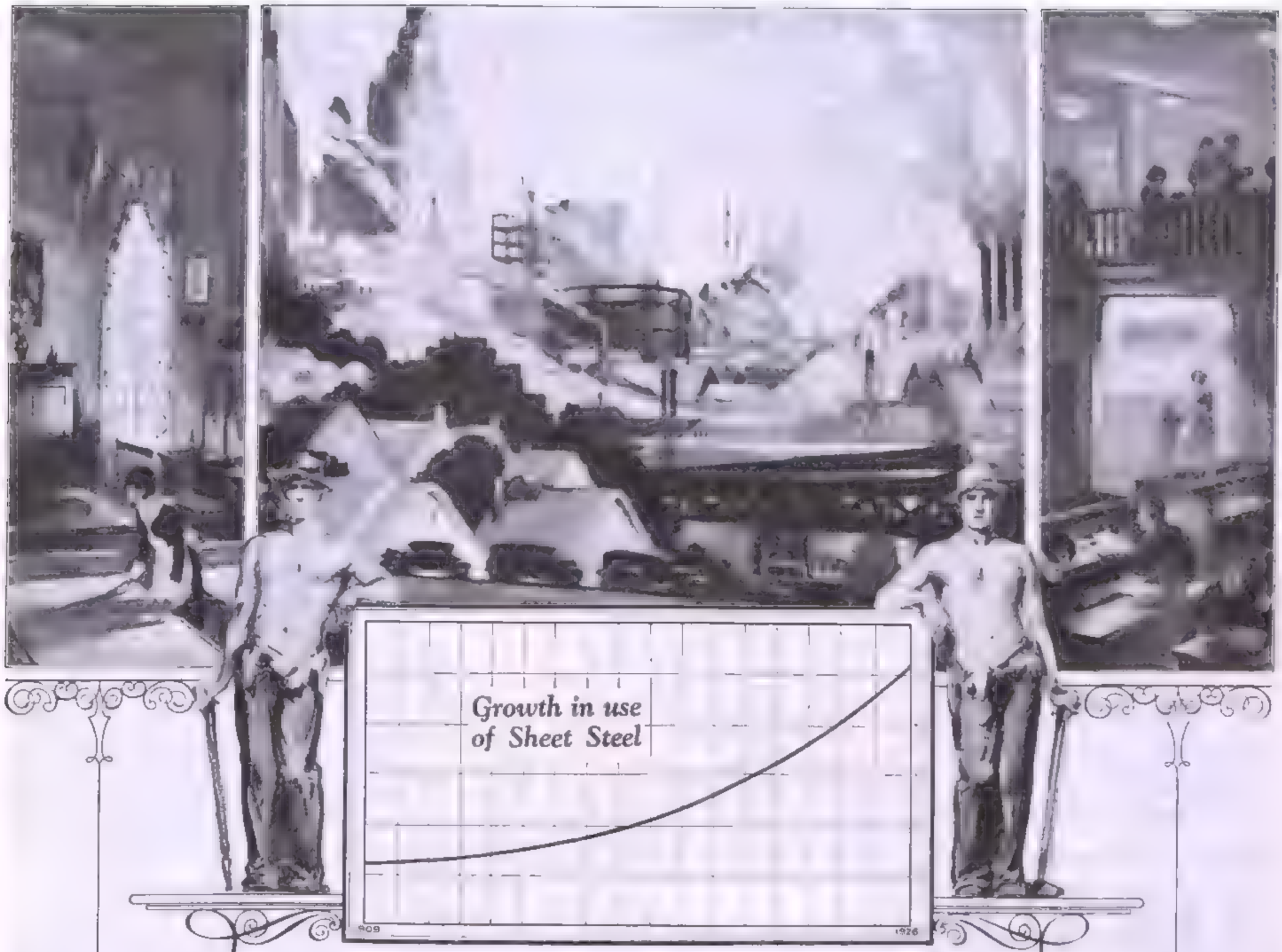

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(Continued from Page 198)

From the log cabin a mighty jet of water gushed out into the lake, providing electricity for the entire camp; and in the foam of the jet two large rainbow trout playfully did a wild, free one-step. The colonel's hand swung still farther, toward a large log cabin across the lake. "Fish hatchery," said he tersely, "and hatchery lake." In this log cabin the millionaire trout are born and in the hatchery lake they are educated to millionaire standards before being allowed to run at large in the waters of the big lake, and to associate with millionaires. A simple little place, indeed! Just as simple as a blue print of a printing press or the insides of a raccoon.

The water escaped from the lake through a spillway that led from the dam down into the canyon a hundred feet below, and at the beginning of the spillway was stretched a wire, just beneath the surface of the water.

"Charged wire," said the colonel contentedly. "Fifty thousand trout a year used to back up to the spillway and slide down into the canyon backward. Now they back down until their tails touch the wire, and there they get a shock that shoots them all the way across the lake and halfway up to the Continental Divide. Good for 'em, too; educates 'em and gives 'em an electrical massage at the same time." This might possibly be called a part of the graduation exercises of the educated trout. It emphasizes, in a manner of speaking, the simplicity.

The genuinely educated trout are the large trout, thirteen and fourteen and fifteen inches in length. They not only know the difference between such artificial flies as a Brown Hackle and a Black Gnat and a Silver Doctor and a Royal Coachman, but they know the difference between a millionaire and an author. They toy lightly with the flies that authors cast over their favorite haunts, nipping at the feathers and slapping contemptuously at them with their tails; but when a millionaire casts a fly over their homes they suck it in voraciously. I do not pretend to explain this fact; I merely offer it as a statement, with the idea of letting ichthyologists explain it if they can.

The Result of Higher Education

For example, the scene is a small park between two of the series of canyons through which Goose Creek runs. Tied to an ancient pine in the middle of the park is a horse, while the horse's temporary master, an Eastern author who rather fancies himself as a fisherman, is industriously casting his fly into a clear deep pool at a bend in the stream.

At the bottom of the pool can be seen six or eight fine fat twelve and thirteen and fourteen inch rainbow trout, holding themselves in place against the cold rush of the current by an occasional voluptuous waggle. As the author's fly settles above them and moves in a lifelike manner across the pool, they roll their eyes cynically at it. They are educated trout.

Occasionally one rises and gives the feathers of the fly an experimental tweak. Occasionally a small uneducated trout dashes out and absorbs the fly, and is tossed back with a sore lip for his pains. The author changes from a Black Gnat to a Ginger Quill, and from a Ginger Quill to a Royal Coachman, and from a Royal Coachman to a dozen other varieties of flies. He fishes upstream, downstream and across stream. He fishes the pool for two hours without hooking one of the big boys that lie at the bottom of the pool.

They see that he is not a millionaire.

The Colorado sun is hot, and the two-mile altitude makes the author peevish and short of breath. So he gives it up, places his rod on the bank, removes his garments and enters the ice-cold water below the pool. Somewhat refreshed, he emerges to dry himself before donning his clothes and going home. And then it occurs to him that possibly the trout cannot know, if he wears no clothes, whether he is a millionaire or an author.

So, all wet and naked, he casts his fly alongside a floating fleck of foam. Instantly an enormous trout surges up and annexes the fly with a thrilling splash, and simultaneously the air is shattered by wild howls of excitement and distress. The author is far removed from his landing net, the shore of the stream is heavily grown up to thistles and the trout is excessively active.

A Fisherman's Excuse

The trout dashes from end to end of the pool, and the author accompanies it by dashing along the bank, stepping on a thistle at nearly every step, and emitting poignant cries of anguish as each thistle is encountered.

The fight proceeds briskly for five minutes, for six minutes; every square inch of the author's legs has been punctured by thistles; the trout is beginning to tire. The author sneaks up on it, determined to clutch it to his breast if necessary. Just then the trout looks up and gets its first good glimpse of its captor. Instantly it ties itself into a bowknot and frees itself from the hook. It is an educated trout, and has recognized the author as no millionaire.

That night the tale of the extra-large and extra-active educated trout is told by the author to Colonel Humphreys and General X, both of whom are millionaires. At ten o'clock on the following morning Colonel Humphreys and General X dismount from their horses on the bank of the pool. At 10:15 o'clock the extra-large trout is twitching nervously at the bottom of the general's fish basket—nervously, but probably proudly. He is an educated trout. I know of no other way in which to explain the fact that the general and Colonel Humphreys invariably caught the largest fish.

Fishing standards are as different among the haunts of educated trout as the Colorado atmosphere and surroundings are different from the atmosphere and surroundings of New England. In most parts of America one proceeds to a trout brook by automobile, applies citronella or other fly dope to the face, hands, hair, forearms and hatband, makes an effort not to stumble over the other fishermen who are busily engaged in fishing the same brook, and dangles a wounded angleworm in a majestic waterway some thirty-three inches wide.

In the home of the educated trout, to use an angleworm for trout bait is considered as foul an act as to push one's little sister down a well or to eat sugar on beefsteak. Other fishermen are never encountered. The use of citronella or other insect deterrents is unknown, inasmuch as the sight of a mosquito or a biting fly is so rare as to give rise to a considerable amount of dinner-table conversation. The use of an automobile in reaching any fishing spot is also an undeveloped art, owing to the fact that there are no roads up Goose Creek Canyon. One rides up it on horseback, and the conformation of the trail is such that one frequently finds himself looking straight down between his horse's ears at the stream a quarter of a mile or so below. It is common knowledge among constant riders at Wagon Wheel Gap that any horse that travels the canyon trails is frequently obliged to lean so far away from the ragged edge that if his rider expectorates from the left-hand side of the horse, the expectoration lands on the horse's right-hand side.

There are various things to see along the mountain trails, as one fares forth to capture the educated trout in his lair, so that only the most confirmed city dweller is saddened by the absence of small tin automobiles that hurl dust and gravel in the faces of all other travelers, and by the lack of alien fishermen that scatter empty tobacco tins and luncheon wrappings along the brook sides.

The fields and mountain sides are covered with baffling varieties of rock roses, delphiniums, columbines, phloxes, snapdragons, mallows, gentians, asters, buttercups, bluebells, lilies, Indian paintbrushes, primroses, geraniums, mustards, capers, milkweeds, pinks, heather, orchids, decorative grasses and other nameless plants in such profusion that a botanist could easily spend two weeks in traveling a hundred yards.

Countless gophers, marmots, chipmunks and oddly colored woodchucks dodge petulantly from beneath the horses' hoofs. An occasional porcupine clatters and pants off the trail. Black tailed deer bounce into sight high up on the mountain slope and nervously bounce out of sight again. Great crested Rocky Mountain jays flash in and out of the trees like animated black opals, complaining raucously at some imaginary wrong. A family of ptarmigan in their brown summer dress hustles briskly into the scrub. Hawks and an occasional eagle wheel languidly around the mountain tops. The hot Colorado sun scorches the back of the neck, and an occasional thundercloud growls morosely as it catches its fleecy overcoat on a cliff edge. A pleasing and absorbing country, in very truth!

The General Demonstrates

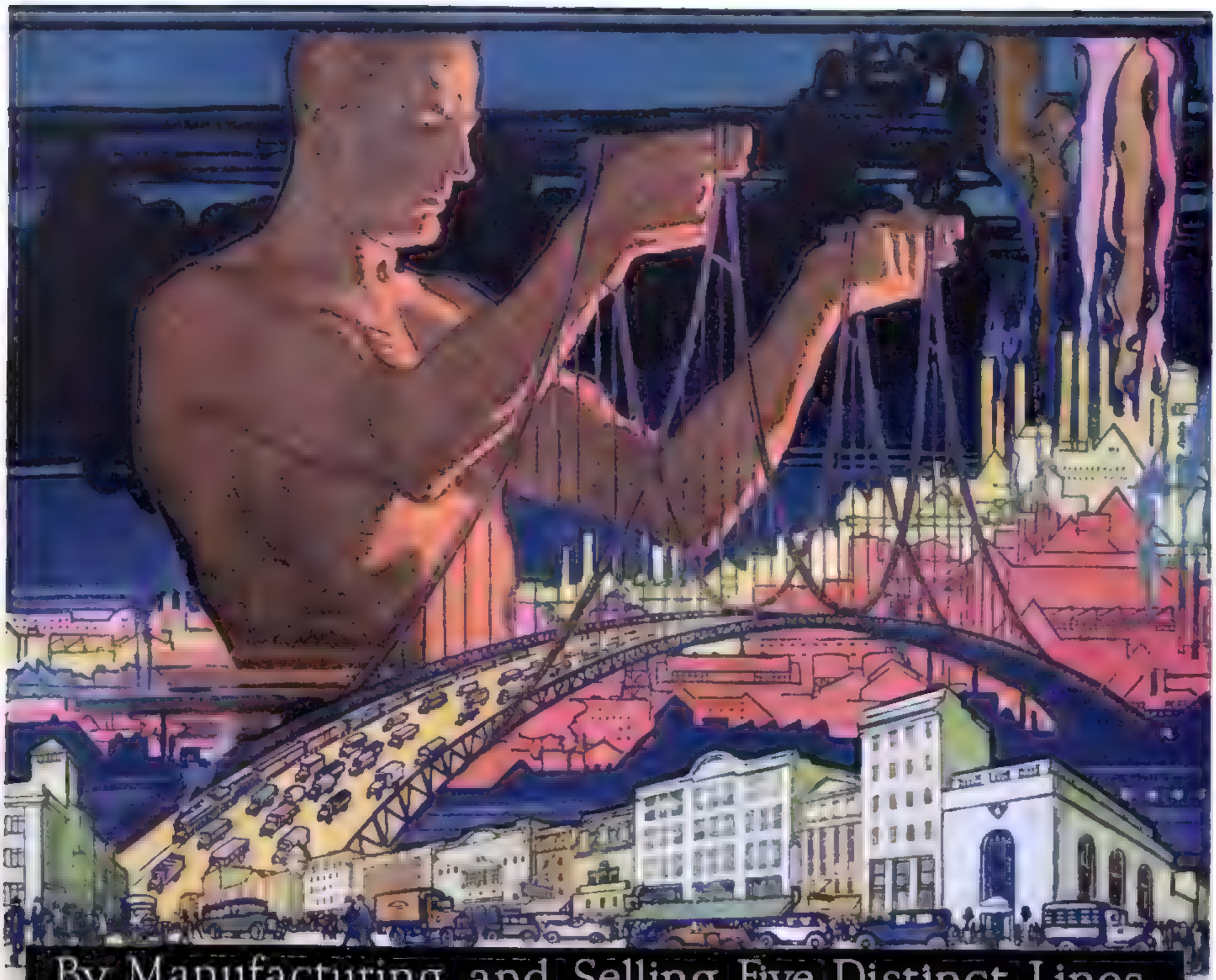
No excuses have to be made for the educated trout. The fisherman either gets them or he doesn't get them; and when he doesn't get them—which he frequently doesn't—he curses himself instead of the fish. The fish are always there.

General X led his Eastern guests to the banks of Goose Creek to initiate them into fishing for educated trout. "You can get 'em in the riffles or you can get 'em in the pools," explained the general. "See, like this." He dropped his fly where the quick water raced past a bowlder, and a large, red-stomached cutthroat trout seized it voraciously. Ben, the trained woodsman, promptly stepped into the water with a landing net; and the educated trout, recognizing a nonmillionaire, immediately flipped itself free of the hook and vanished in the foaming current.

"Heh-heh-heh!" said the general. "Get out of the way and I'll catch another!" This he promptly did.

So the trained woodsmen from the East began to cast. One of them snaked a glistening rainbow-sided fish from the lower end of a pool. "Hey!" he shouted exultantly. "Hey, Ben! Hey, general, look here! Look what I got!"

(Continued on Page 202)



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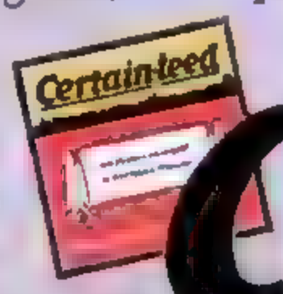

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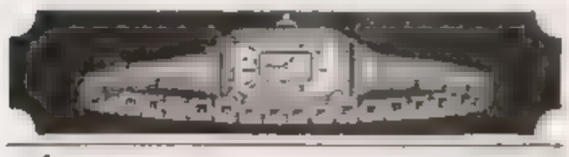

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(Continued from Page 200)

"Throw him back," said the general coldly.

"What do you mean—throw him back?" cried the captor peevishly. "My goodness, it's all of ten inches long!"

"Yes," said the general; "but nobody keeps ten-inch fish out here. Some days when they're taking hold well we only keep twelve-inchers."

In vain the trained woodsmen from the East searched for someone to make excuses for the fish.

"They aren't biting," they complained. "Maybe we should have been here a month earlier, or maybe we should come back two weeks later."

"Nunno!" objected the Coloradoans. "You're casting your fly downstream, and you can't see the trout when they rise. These trout, you know, are educated. The big ones don't come up and gulp things down. They dash up and touch the fly, and when they find it's artificial they spit it out. You can't even feel 'em do it. So you have to fish upstream. When you fish upstream, the sun shines on the trout when it rises, so that you see it; and the second you see it you pull, even though it hasn't reached the fly. When it hits it, it's moving so fast that it hooks it. See?"

"Well," protested the trained woodsmen, "we'd probably do better if we fished at different times of day, wouldn't we, or in different sorts of weather?"

"Hell, no," replied the Coloradoans. "The trout bite here all the time. They even bite at night. They bite so fast at night that there's a law in Colorado that forbids trout fishing after eight P.M."

Baffled, the trained woodsmen from the East devoted all their energies to equaling the fishing record of the general and Colonel Humphreys—who, being millionaires, couldn't be overtaken by any mere proletarians from New England.

The chief differences of opinion between those who fish for educated trout are over the numbers that are thrown back. General X, for example, rides back from a trip up the canyon, dismounts stiffly and lights a pipe with an underslung bowl.

"How many you got, general?" inquires Ben, climbing up wearily from the shore of the lake.

The general abstracts a worn notebook from his hip pocket. "I got seventeen," he announces positively, consulting Page 31 of the notebook, "and I threw back nineteen. That makes a hundred and eighty-three that I've caught in all, and ninety-six that I've kept."

"Well," says Ben, "I threw back about twenty-five."

Another trained woodsman from the East here enters the conversation. "I must have thrown back forty," says he wearily, tilting back in his chair in order to alleviate the sore spots caused by the persistent trotting of his Rocky Mountain horse.

The general, however, being an expert on reparations and other matters requiring accurate figures, is the only one that writes down his catch each day. A careful computation based on the verbal estimates of some of his fishing companions tends to show that they throw back about three fish for every two minutes of fishing.

The fishermen lay out their catches on the stone porch, surreptitiously stretching their largest fish in an effort to lengthen them half an inch or so. The womenfolk come out and pretend to admire them. "And how did you get along?" one hears them asking the proud fishermen night after night. "How was the fishing? Did you have to throw back many? Did you catch some big ones?"

And one can almost hear them thinking: "If he answers me in detail I'll get the gun and shoot him or polish him off with the ax! He'd better not say fish to me! I never want to see another fish again!"

It is consequently safe to say that there are a few places left in America where the trout fishing comes up to the standards set by the novelists and the poets of the great outdoors. But the trout have to be educated.

THE GRIGSBY FORMULA

(Continued from Page 15)

he's white, naturalized, and able to get a driver's license anywheres. He owns all the lumber camps and sawmills and everything in the great city of Shoalsville, if you know what I mean, and he's got an income like a bootlegger."

"And why am I getting all this?" Margie asks.

"Listen, and don't trip me," I says. "Grigsby's folks are all dead, and he's a lonely little guy, and he ain't learning about women from nobody at present. Today you had him jumping into the boat of his own free will, and beginning tomorrow he will be downtown every morning till his loose change gives out, which can be watched on his margin slate. A word to a wise girl is one too many, but we're talking confidential now, and my advice is to gather ye each shining hour while ye may, and you might yet be the first lady of this Shoalsville and adjacent points. I'll coach and pinch-hit and carry the bats for you, and all I ask in return is for you to keep Gus believing that Larry Owens, the handsome head order clerk at Reilly & Wilson's, is the only high-class party in Wall Street who it's safe and sound to do business with. How about it?"

"You're commonplace and low and vulgar," says Margie, "but I think I see what you mean. I might keep your remarks in mind, but don't crowd me."

When I got down to the office the next morning Grigsby was there already and couldn't wait to tell me he was all fixed to get the first leg on the fifty thousand by buying Universal Carpet. Out of all the stocks on the list he had to pick that one.

"Of course it's your money," I said to him, "but did you read the morning paper?"

"I never do," he says. "It is only waste of time."

"Well, you better read this," I said, and I showed him where the president of the Universal Carpet had come out and announced they wouldn't increase the stock's dividend now or probably not for a long time to come.

"Everybody's been buying Carpet for a month or two on the tip the dividend would be raised," I explained to Grigsby. "It's already gone up from around 25 to above 46 on that idea, and now the official boss tells the world the dividend will stay right where it is, at a dollar a year. You don't want to buy it on top of that, do you?"

"Certainly I do," says the nut. "I am being guided by my formula and I can't pay attention to trifles in the newspapers. Please don't bother me with them."

Well, I knew he would have to get his shock sometime, and I thought it might as well be early. So I just asked him how much Universal Carpet he wanted to buy, and I found out that was a foolish question, too, because his only idea was to buy as much as he could. I kept him down to five hundred shares, telling him that was all his five thousand margin would stand, and I put in the order to buy it at the opening of the market.

On account of the president's speech, Carpet naturally opened with a break, and we got Grigsby's five hundred for him at 42, which was four points down from the closing the day before. In five minutes more it was down further to 40, and I went out in the customers' room to see how he was standing it. He was sitting by the ticker, alongside of Old Man Cook and another regular tapeworm by the name of Harry Kelly. As I come up I heard Cook say: "So, after you read all about the dividend, you decided it ought to be bought, did you? Jumping Christopher, I call that genius! It makes me believe in evolution. And you got hooked at 42, did you?"

"I think I was fortunate to get it at such a concession," says Grigsby. "Yesterday it was at 46."

"Sure you was fortunate," says Cook. "And wasn't it fortunate, too, that you got so much of it? You might of bought less and not had so much loss by this time. That would of been hard luck, wouldn't it?"

"Why," says Grigsby, blinking at him, "I have no loss at all."

"No loss!" old Cook barks. "Carpet's down two points from where you bought it, ain't it? Don't you call that a loss? Ain't you out a thousand on your five hundred shares already? Here it is on the tape—three hundred Carpet at 40."

"But those are not my shares," says Grigsby. "Mine were recorded several minutes ago—five hundred of them—and the price was 42."

"I begin to understand you," says Cook after he got through coughing. "You mean that the stock being down now to 40 don't affect your stock that you paid 42 for."

"Of course not," Grigsby told him. "How could it?"

"Larry," says Cook to me, "I ask you, can such things be?"

"It's a new rule," says Kelly. "He made it up himself, and if you ask me, it's a good one. See if he's got any more."

I could see they would be making a monkey out of Grigsby if I let him stay around there, so I got him away on the excuse of telling him I had found out Margie Deever lived with her family up in the Bronx and spent all her spare time making dresses for her little sisters.

"Please don't let her know I asked," he says. "I wouldn't care to have her know I was curious, but I think she is a very charming young lady."

"She's all that," I told him, "and any time you might want to dictate any personal letters of your own, I know she'll be glad to do them for you."

"What a good idea," he says. "Perhaps I could send some instructions to my superintendent this afternoon, if you don't think Miss Deever will be occupied."

Of course I fixed that up for him, and him and Margie was a little better acquainted when I dug him out just before the market closed to tell him Universal Carpet had rallied to above 43, where he could get out of his five hundred with a little profit if he wanted to.

"Very well," says Grigsby when I told him. "Please sell my shares for 55."

"Fifty-five!" I says. "That's twelve points higher still. When do you expect it to go there?"

"I can't tell that," he admits. "My formula is definite on price, but not on time."

"And what's going to put Carpet to 55 anyhow?" I asked him. "It's only up this afternoon on covering by the traders that sold it short on the news this morning. With them covered up, and with only a one-dollar dividend and no prospects, it's likely to break wide open tomorrow. It's more liable to go to 25 than 55."

"Oh, you're quite wrong," says Grigsby. "I am sure the price will rise to 55 in a short time."

And I'm here to say it did. It went to 57 in about four days. The crowd that was handling Carpet in the market just let the wise boys sell the stock short on that dividend statement, and then simply squeezed them to death. Grigsby sold out at 55, like he said he would, and took a profit of over six thousand; and he had Old Man Cook tearing his hair by telling him the jump had been an absolutely sure thing all along. The

(Continued on Page 205

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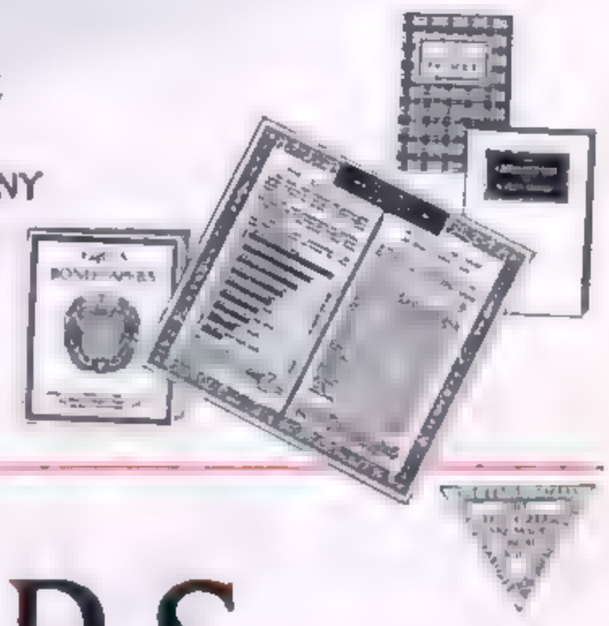

MARK OF QUALITY-STANDARDS

EAGLE-A *Business* PAPERS

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(Continued from Page 202)

old man went short of a couple of hundred himself around 48, and got trimmed for about a thousand, so naturally he was crabbed.

"It was his formula that made the money for him," says Cook to Harry Kelly. "Do you know what a formula is?"

"Sure," says Kelly. "It tells you how to fix the baby's milk."

"Right!" says Cook. "And wait till you see what the next bottle will do to this baby."

"At that," Kelly points out, "Grigsby's got some velvet to play against."

"All beginners get that," says Cook, "but it don't last long. He'll make a bigger bet next time and he'll be twice as stuck on his chart."

And Grigsby done just that. There was a stock called Federal Coal & Oil that was beginning to show a little pep after being dead for years, and that was the thing Grigsby picked out to buy the next day after he cleaned up on the Universal Carpet.

"You're the boss," I told him, "but if I was you I wouldn't go into that one very heavy. They tell me the kind of buying that's been going on in Federal don't look so good, and it's likely to flop back and go to sleep again, and there might not be any bid for it when you want to sell out."

But he didn't think that way at all, and he said he was going to buy all his account would stand. With the stock selling around 35, that was fifteen hundred shares, so that was what we bought for him, paying up above 36 for some of it. When old Cook heard about the thing he had a great laugh.

"What do you know about Federal Coal?" he asked Grigsby. "Do you even know what it is or where it is?"

"I expect it to rise to 50 at least," says Grigsby.

"Why?" says Cook. "It ain't earned a dollar in ten years. It ain't mined a ton of coal in five. The only oil it ever owned was what it bought to run the machinery on. There's more bonds out than the whole property's worth. Why, them Stock Exchange people ought to be locked up for keeping a thing like that on the list where the insiders can keep the price up and fool the public into paying good money for what ain't worth a nickel. Still you think it's going to 50. I suppose your chart says so."

"Yes," blinks Grigsby, "my formula indicates fifty dollars a share at least."

"Sure you didn't point off wrong?" says Cook. "It might of been fifty cents. Do you use any facts at all when you make up your dope?"

"I include all conditions which statistics show are influential," Grigsby told him. "Of course I include the element of chance."

"How can you work that in?" Cook asks.

"I use a very simple device that is somewhat mechanical," says Grigsby, and Cook threw up his hands.

"Jumping Christopher," he cackles, "he's playing the market by machinery! Why don't you wear overalls around here?"

"Even so," says Harry Kelly, pointing on the tape, "this Federal stuff is up to 39 while you're talking about it."

"Naturally," says Grigsby, and Old Man Cook grabbed his hat and went out.

In a couple of days after that Federal Coal was up to 42 and I was begging Grigsby to clean up. He had about ten thousand profit in it by then and I wanted him to take that and get out. But all he would do was turn his goggles on me and tell me to sell it at 50 as soon as possible.

"But it might never go to 50, or it might take a long time anyhow," I told him. "What's the use of being stubborn when you got such a sure thing now?"

But it wasn't any use. I got hold of Margie Deever that day after the market closed.

"Princess," I says, "your boy friend don't seem to recognize real money when he meets it. By this time don't you know him well enough to tell him different?"

"How would I know him?" says Margie. "Every day he gets me to take a letter for him, and it's always the same letter. Wouldn't you think a man would have more imagination?"

"Grigsby's got plenty," I said, "but now he's using it all on Federal Coal." And I showed her how he was missing a chance to collect ten thousand profit by sticking to his rifle bullets and things.

"Well, couldn't he be right?"

"So could I be right," I told her, "and cashing in on a ten-thousand-dollar ticket can't be wrong any way you figure it. Of course this bird is crazy, and he's certain to go broke sooner or later, but I want to string him out as long as I can. Be a good girl, princess, and slip him the idea how this Federal Coal is known by one and all for a bum stock that is intended only for suckers."

"Why should I try and influence him?" asks Margie. "It's nothing to me."

"You can't tell what any rainy day might bring forth," I said. "You'd be America's uncrowned queen with him in one jump if you give him the right steer on Federal Coal."

"Didn't you just say Mr. Grigsby was sure to lose all his money anyhow?" she says.

"They all do," I told her. "Maybe he's different from most of them, but not that different. Still, some lasts longer than others."

"I don't see how I can help you," says Margie, "and yet I might get a chance, at that. Who can tell?"

Then next day Federal Coal jumped another three points to above 45, and Margie caught me coming back from lunch.

"I was talking to Mr. Grigsby about that stock last night," she told me.

"Oh," I says, "he dictates them letters at night, does he?"

"He come to call," says Margie. "He is a perfect gentleman, and you might make a note he made the grade with my mother right away. We went out to a picture and he told me all about the Federal Coal & Oil stock. I am certain it will go up to 50 like he expects."

"I suppose he showed you how he makes up his dope," I said. "They have such good light in the movies you must of been able to see it plain and clear."

"Some of it is so simple you might be able to understand it yourself," she says. "Besides, didn't I hear this morning that the stock has kept on going up?"

I couldn't come back on that one, and in fact I handed it out again afterward to Old Man Cook, when he was telling me what a crime it was I didn't get Grigsby out of his Federal even if I had to use a gun on him.

"It's going his way, ain't it?" I asked Cook. "If he ain't suffering, why should you be?"

"It's only an accident, like the fool play he made in Carpet," says Cook. "He's just a lucky beginner, but I hate to see even a boob like him overstay his market and miss out on a big profit."

"What a pity you ain't got a little to miss out on yourself," says Harry Kelly. "Why didn't you and me buy some instead of being so crafty and kidding his system?"

"Me?" Cook yelps. "Me buy that Federal? Why, I wouldn't be found dead with the stuff."

"Why not?" says Kelly. "Don't you make the same kind of money in that as you would make in anything else? Couldn't you spend it in the same places?"

"Federal ain't worth the paper it's printed on," Cook grouches. "You can see that by the balance sheet. Look what it owes the banks. I learnt to keep out of swamps like that a long time ago. Anybody's welcome to all the money he gets out of a thing like Federal Coal."

And look what happened! Less than a week after that the news comes out that the Hilltop Petroleum had bought up control of Federal Coal in the market, and was ready to pay 52 a share for all the rest of the stock that was outstanding. Of course, the price had shot up by then, and Grigsby's fifteen hundred shares went out at 50, with a profit of about twenty-two thousand for him.

"Well," I says to old Cook, "who's loony now?"

"It's just one of them swindles, and you can't tell me Grigsby wasn't let in on it," says the old man. "It's the insiders pulling off a crooked deal, buying up Federal cheap in the market between 30 and 35 and then turning it into Hilltop at 52. That's the kind of thing that gets the stock market a bad name. If the Stock Exchange don't stop things like that it will be put out of business, and it ought to be."

"What's the Stock Exchange done now?" I asked him.

"Wasn't it on the Stock Exchange where the people that owned Federal was deceived into selling out their stock cheap to the insiders below 35?" he says.

"When it was at 35," I said, "you was yelling that the Stock Exchange ought to be arrested for keeping it on the list where poor boobs could be bunked into paying that much for such a gold brick."

"Me?" says Cook. "When did I say that? Just tell me when I said anything like that. You must be crazy."

It wasn't my job to get in a fight with a customer, so I went out to see Margie Deever. I thought I would get a good razz from her, but all she said was "Ain't science just wonderful?"

"I'll admit I was wrong," I told her, "but just the same that dope won't always work so good."

By this time, as you might know, the firm and the whole office was talking about the way Grigsby had rolled five thousand up to over thirty in two plays. You can imagine I didn't duck any of the credit Mr. Reilly give me for getting in such a good customer.

"Don't let him overtrade," says Mr. Reilly, "but of course don't discourage him neither. Try and get him into stocks of a better class than the ones he has dealt in so far."

On account of that last remark I was glad when Grigsby told me the next thing his system tipped him off on was Allied Electric. That was a high-grade stock, paying good dividends and selling around 120, only it had a bad habit of making wide fluctuations all of a sudden, maybe for no reason at all. As usual Grigsby wanted to buy all he could of it, but I showed him how he needed a big margin, so what he bought was fifteen hundred shares again. It cost him an average of about 122.

"That machine of yours is getting some sense," says old Cook when he heard what Grigsby done this time. "Allied Electric has been sticking out on the tape for a couple of weeks. I've been watching it, and I heard something about it, and I never seen anything act better. I've been going to pick up some myself."

Of course he was only following Grigsby, but you wouldn't expect him to admit that. He bought a hundred shares at 122½ and another hundred at 123, and I guess that must of started the war. The same afternoon the whole market got weak, and Allied Electric closed at 119.

That was the start. It opened up a little the next day and then hit the slide again. I'll say it went fast. Old Man Cook's two hundred went overboard at 115, and after that he begun to bark at Grigsby. He was almost happy again when the stock closed down around 111.

"That's a fine system you've got, ain't it?" he says to Grigsby. "Cost me nearly two thousand the first time I tried it, so I know how good it is. What did you do—forget to oil the machinery? Or maybe you put too much gin in the boiler."

"My formula is not at fault. This decline is only temporary," says Grigsby, blinking as usual.

"So's your margin," says Cook. "You'll need your check book soon."

The fact was he needed it right then. The break to 111 had dented his account for about seventeen thousand, and he only had

(Continued on Page 207)

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left about half the twenty points margin the firm wanted kept good on Allied Electric.

"You'll have to let us have about fourteen thousand to put you in good shape," I told him.

"It's not convenient," he says. "I'll let things remain as they are."

"It can't be done," I said. "How about putting up some securities—bonds, or things like that?"

"I have plenty of those," he told me, but I could see he was sore. "If you really insist, I will have my bank send them down."

"Do it by wire," I said; "and tell the bank to telegraph the firm that the stuff is on the way."

That made him hot. Not only he didn't like me pressing him, but he said I was suspicious he wouldn't come through with the bonds like he said. More than that, he was insulted because we didn't trust to his formula dope.

"Listen, Mr. Grigsby," I says, "if I was you I'd dump that Allied Electric tomorrow morning, or most of it anyhow. Then you won't need to give us your bonds for more margin, and you'll be in out of the wet for a while. If you hold on, Allied could easy break another twenty-five points, and then you might be in bad. Why not sell it out?"

"I will do nothing of the kind," says Grigsby. "I have complete confidence in my formula." And then he walks.

Later on I found out from Margie that he had give her a telegram to send to the bank in Shoalsville, telling them to send down all the bonds they were keeping for him.

"Princess," I said, "this ain't so good at all. My one and only customer is losing his shirt, and that means I am going to lose him."

"Tell me exactly what you mean," orders Margie, seeming kind of interested; and I explained it to her as good as I could to a woman.

"He's still ten thousand or more on velvet," I says, "but if the Allied Electric keeps up the cracking process tomorrow, it's likely to wipe that out and take a nick out of his gold piece besides. He's so cuckoo over that rifle-bullet idea of his that he's liable to hold on till they get him good. I'm afraid the artificial egg farm is gone now, and some of the lumberyard might go too."

"Why can't you talk so as I can understand you?" says Margie, and I noticed her voice was a little excited. "Is that Electric stock going down very much more?"

"Its brakes didn't work today," I said, "and it's always a bad actor when it gets a chance."

"Then the sensible thing for Mr. Grigsby to do would be to sell what he bought," says Margie.

"You guessed the only answer there is," I told her. "He probably might get out tomorrow morning and still have more coin than he brought here. Besides, I would then get more business out of him afterward."

"Oh, would you?" says Margie, and she give me a kind of nasty look. "Would you really?"

You can be sure I worried about Grigsby's account that night, and I felt a lot better in the morning when I found out the office got a wire from the Shoalsville bank telling they had shipped us a big list of Grigsby's bonds. When Grigsby come in he give me a good imitation of an iceberg, and when I asked him had he made up his mind to do anything, he just said, "I will enter an order when I am ready."

Old Man Cook was buzzing around as usual, and he started in on Grigsby early.

"Well, what is the formula for this morning?" he says, rubbing his hands together. "What is the scientific way to get stung today?"

But Grigsby didn't pay any attention, and only set down at the ticker to watch the opening. Margie Deever come into the order room for a minute about that time, and give me a queer grin.

"Was you out to a movie last night?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said with a kind of funny laugh, "and the picture ended wonderful." And she didn't say any more.

Allied Electric opened at all kind of prices from 110 down to 107, and for the next five minutes kept wabbling between the two. Grigsby was at the tape watching it, and I was watching Grigsby. All at once he jumped up and headed for my window, looking very sour. But instead of coming up and telling me what he wanted to do, he stops at the shelf where we keep the order pads, and writes out his order himself. Then he shoves it through to me and scoots back to the ticker. When I looked at the order I needed a shot of heart medicine. It was to buy fifteen hundred shares of Allied Electric at the market.

What I expected, of course, was an order to sell out the fifteen hundred shares he already had, and for a minute I was going to run out and ask him wasn't it a mistake. Buying fifteen hundred more would give him three thousand in all, and that was a lot. But then I thought about how he was giving us a big bunch of bonds for more margin, and I remembered how sore he looked, and I just put the order over the phone to the floor.

Well, we paid different prices, from 108½ to 110, for the fifteen hundred shares, and I went out to give Grigsby the reports. He just nodded his head when I whispered the figures to him, and stuck the report slip in his pocket. A minute or two afterward he got up and went out without looking at me or anybody. By that time the whole market was a little better, and Allied Electric was selling at 112. As soon as I could I went out to see Margie.

"Gus, the boy plunger, ain't lost his nerve," I told her. "Did you know he was going to double up on that Allied?"

"What does that mean?" says Margie very quick; and I told her how Grigsby had bought more stock and now he had three thousand shares.

"But he couldn't of done it," she says, jumping up. "He promised he would sell what he had. Where is he?"

I said he had beat it out of the office, and might be going to another movie.

"It must be a mistake," says Margie, looking a little wild. "He couldn't of been so deceitful."

Then I begun to wonder. "I got it in writing," I told her, "and so has he, so there ain't any mistake at all. What is it to you anyhow?"

"Nothing—or maybe everything," she says. "I won't know till I see him."

That Allied Electric was up to 114 by the time I went out to lunch. Then some kind of announcement come out on the news tickers and it was about 117 when I got back. It hit 119½ just as Grigsby come in again a little before the market closed. He didn't look at the prices on the quotation board or nothing, but come up to me and said he wanted Reilly & Wilson to send his bonds back to the bank in Shoalsville right away, and also a check for whatever money was coming to him.

"How can we do that until you even up your account?" I asked him.

"It is evened up, as you call it," he says, and then I got excited.

"Did you think we sold out fifteen hundred Allied for you this morning?" I says, and the way I grabbed his arm must of hurt.

"Certainly," he said to me. "I instructed you to sell it."

"Wait!" I yelled, and I run back and fished out the order he wrote. "That says buy, don't it?" I says, and stuck it up in front of his goggles.

Can you see what the lucky simp had done? He had picked up the wrong order pad that morning, and had wrote his order on a black buy slip instead of a red sell one.

He just blinked for a minute, and then he says, "Through pure carelessness I have made a serious mistake."

"Serious!" I said. "You make about twenty-five thousand by it. Allied is up again to above 119."

He seemed to have to think that over, but finally he says, "That may soften the offense, but I don't know what Miss Deever will think."

"Margie Deever!" I says. "Where does she come in?"

"I promised her I would sell this morning and never operate in the stock market again as long as I live," he told me, and you would of thought he was going to cry. "We became engaged to be married last night after I gave her my solemn promise."

Well, when I finally got my breath back, I says to him, "You stay out here, Mr. Grigsby, and let me ease the bad news to her. Maybe I can do it without breaking her heart." So I went back to where Margie was pounding out letters. I could see from the way she was working that she knew about Allied being up and wasn't worrying any more over what Grigsby had done.

"Congratulations," I handed her. "What are you going to wear going away?"

"So he has come back," says Margie. "Where is he?"

"He was detained trying to hire Astor's yacht for the honeymoon," I told her. "He can do it easy with that money he picked up today."

"He broke his promise to me," she shot at me.

"Who wouldn't for twenty-five grand?" I says. "Besides, it was only a boy's mistake, made by him being absent-minded when thinking of you." And I give her full details.

"You can't tell anyhow," I says. "All he done was pick up a black order slip instead of a red one. How do you know he ain't color blind?"

"Let's eliminate the comedy," says Margie. "How does he really stand now?"

So I figured it out for her how, if he could sell out all the Allied Electric for as good as 119, he would be about nine thousand ahead on the play. That would give him something like forty-two thousand cash in his account, including the five he put up in the beginning.

"We'll run that up to fifty thousand for him and then he'll be satisfied," I says to Margie, thinking I might possibly get away with it.

"We'll run it down to nothing," says Margie, "by selling out the Electric stock at sunrise and putting all the money in the bank."

"What's all the hurry?" I wanted to know.

"He might invent some new kind of mistake," she says. "I got a future to think about now, and I'm taking no chances. Look at what happened last night. I not only got him to promise, but I broke up his formula, and yet that didn't keep him from trying suicide again today."

"How could you break up his formula?" I asked her.

"Oh, that was easy," says Margie. "I stole the works."

"What works?" I said. "I thought his act was just to figure things out by algebra and like that."

"That was most of it," Margie said, "and it took him a long time to do that part. But after he got down to a lot of funny x's and z's and other things, he had to find out which of them to go by. The way he found that out was using these."

And she digs down in her bag and brings up a nice sweet pair of dice.

I looked at them and at her, but I didn't get it. "How do you mean?" I asked her.

"He rolled them," she says. "He rolled them to get the final results."

"The final results of what?" I said.

"Of the formula," says Margie. "That's what we're talking about."

I just set there and looked at her for a while. Then I said, "You win, Margie. Go on and take him away from here quick. Only give me the bones."

"Why?" she says. "What do you want to do with them?"

"I only want to do one thing with them," I told her. "I only want to show the machinery to Old Man Cook."

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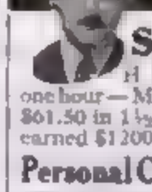

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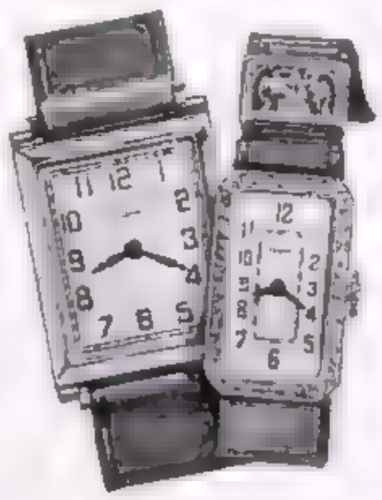

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YES, SIR; HE'S MY MAYBE

(Continued from Page 31)

answers Turner, "and calls up your friend's room. In a little while a lad comes down and tells me he's McMe's secretary and that McMe never sees anybody until after sundown on Thursdays. Talking doesn't do any good, so I drifts back in the evening."

"What did he have to say?" I encourages.

"Nothing much," returns Sid. "He's dumb on where he came from and things like that, but it's a cinch he's going to play third for the Sox. It didn't take more than one degree to get him to admit that."

"Ask him about Thursday?" I goes on.

"Yes," nods Turner; "but he just says it's a personal matter. He dropped a couple of remarks, though, that makes me think there's a girl mixed up in the gag somewhere. My idea is that McMe's a college man with a lot of dough who made a rash crack about being better than any league player in the business and the frill called his bluff. Thursday's probably the day he sees her. Anyway, that's the way my story reads."

"Oh," says I, "then you did send a yarn about Wiji."

"Sure," snaps Sid. "Things have been so dull around here that I'm willing to fall for anything—even a plant. It's a good story—mysterious rich man who's got to get a place on the team to marry the girl. The Subway Sadies and the shipping-room slick-hairs'll eat it up."

"Even if it isn't the truth?" I asks.

"What's the truth got to do with true stories?" comes back Turner.

An hour later I runs into Wiji in the dressing room at the ball yard. I'm passing a few words with the kid when Simonds, scowling all over, bustles up to us. Bill never was my favorite brand of sardines.

"You the busher," he barks, "that won't play anything but third for the Blue Sox?"

"Why, yes," smiles McMe. "What plans are you making?"

"Plans?" gurgles Simonds.

"I should imagine," goes on Wiji, "you could get a minor-league team to manage. Grogan might trade you, but you're getting kind of old and slow ——"

"Slow!" bellows the infielder. "Know how many bases I stole last year?"

"Oh, yes," says McMe; "but do you know how many battles Napoleon won in 1813?"

"What do I care?" growls Bill.

"The next year," continues Wiji, "they traded him to Elba in the Mediterranean League."

"Never heard of it," snaps Simonds.

"I imagine," says McMe, easy and soft, "that was just a trifle before your time—or was it?"

Nut or not, I'm for the kid, and so's the rest of the gang in the clubhouse; Bill being about as popular with his playmates as a kleagle in a kosher kitchen. For ten years he's silk-hatted and uptowned everybody around the ball yard, and now, the first time in his career, he's run up against a lad that sends 'em back faster than he gets 'em. No wonder the boys are grinning and nodding encouragement to Wiji.

"The bushes and benches," sneers Simonds, "are full of fresheimers like you who thought they could push me off third. I'll be there long after you're dry behind the ears."

"At your age ——" begins McMe.

"Cut out that age stuff!" snarls Bill, and makes a pass at Wiji. The youngster ducks it without trouble and sits down with a grin.

"Be your age," he chides, "and remember your blood pressure."

Simonds roars with rage and plunges at McMe, but along about that time some of the gang steps in between the two, and that ends what the movie folks would call the clubhouse sequence.

Bill's still upset when he goes out to practice, and he makes a merry mess of the first few bounders shot in his direction. Wiji, watching from the sidelines, just shakes his head pityingly at each foozle as if sorrowing over the breakdown of a grand old horse. Simonds doesn't miss any of it; neither does Grogan.

"Chase yourself out there," growls Bull, "and show me some of your college stuff."

McMe starts off with a flash. Sticking out his manicured meat hand, he pulls a wild one out of the dust and with the same movement zips it over to first.

"Not bad, that," I remarks.

"It takes more than one swallow to dry up a spring," grunts Grogan. "He looks circusy to me," he adds, with a frown, as Wiji leaps into the air and gloves a hot drive.

Circusy is right. For the next hour or so I keeps a tight eye on the kid, and I notices he does everything the hard way, like the bird in the crap game trying to make a ten-point with an ace and a nine. Bounces that could have been taken care of easily with both hands are turned into difficult three-ring tries through one-hand stabs, most of which, however, are successful. Instead of waiting for the ball to come to him, with lots of time to make the out, McMe rushes forward to smother the hit while it's still hot from the bat. When he makes a muff he does it so graceful it looks like an achievement.

While this kind of trick stuff doesn't go so good with the managers and the averages, it's white meat with the fans, and the local optioneers, watching the practice between real-estate deals, give the boy a handsome hand. Safe-and-sane players deliver in the box score, but it's the chance takers who pull 'em out of their seats and make 'em break their straw hats. A spectacular baby, failing to complete a daring steal, gets bales of applause, while the conservative Luke, who gets away with it, finds the patrons of the game sitting on their hands.

At the end of a week Grogan and I have a talk about Wiji.

"He shapes up nicely," admits Bull, "but as for crowding Simonds off the bag—that's a joke. There's nothing sure about him."

"Yes, sir," says I, "he's your maybe."

"I'd try him out at short," goes on Grogan, "but he refuses."

"How about shifting Bill to short?" I suggests.

"That's out," snaps the manager. "He's been at third so long he'd think he was being shipped to Siam if he was moved fifty feet from the foul line. Besides, he wouldn't stand for being ousted by the kid. They don't love each other so much."

"Like rheumatism loves red meat," I similes, "but it'd be a shame to keep the boy under cover. The fans seem to be wild about him."

The day before we'd had a game with the Lizards, whose camp was close to ours, and the bleachers had kept yelling for a peek at Wiji all afternoon, but Bull wouldn't oblige.

"Oh," scoffs Grogan, "that was on account of the hogwash in the papers about him being a millionaire in disgust and the society girl who wouldn't yes him unless he got a place on the team. The mob wasn't shouting for a ball player; it was whooping it up for a side show. McMe's talking too much in the papers anyways," he finishes grouchily.

"How do you mean?" I asks.

"I read a piece this morning," returns Bull, "that kind of intimates that I'm not giving the kid a square deal and that I'm too much of an old fogy to give the youngsters a chance. How does he get that way?"

"Call him over," I advises, "and ask him."

For a spell Grogan sits still in moody silence; then with a sudden movement he beckons Wiji to him.

"We're playing the Tarantulas next Thursday," says Bull, "and I'm going to let you work the whole game at third."

"That," returns McMe coldly, "is typical of your sense of fairness. You're willing to give me a chance on the only day I'll not play."

"Why the devil won't you play on Thursday?" flares up Grogan.

"That," comes back Wiji, "is the grocery store on the main street of Red Rapids, Iowa—not your business. Your business is to send ball players out in the field that'll please the fans. If you want to be fair ——"

"Fair!" splutters the manager. "I suppose you'd think it'd be fair to oust a steady seasoned infielder to make room for a young in-and-outer who picks the days he'll play. It'll be years before you're anywhere near Simonds' class."

"If you want to be fair," continues McMe, "you'll try us both out in the same game and under the same conditions. The Jaguars come here Wednesday. Let Simonds play five innings and then put me in for four."

"All right," mumbles Bull. "I got a hunch," he says mournfully to me, after Wiji leaves, "that kid was sent here to make trouble for me."

"Trouble?" I puzzles. "How?"

"Well," admits Grogan, "I've been kind of uneasy since young Tabor got hold of the team. I guess some of his boy friends have slipped him the idea that I've got too many vets in the line-up and he's sent McMe down here for a kind of a test. If Wiji doesn't get a berth, the boss'll probably tallow the skids for me on the grounds that a swell youngster can't get a chance with the Sox even if he works for nothing."

"For nothing?" I questions.

"Yes," says Grogan. "Yesterday I offered to put McMe on the pay roll for two hundred a month. He told me he didn't want any pay—to keep the money and give it to Simonds for a farewell present at the end of the season. WJ's just a ringer that Tabor has dug up to make a sucker out of me."

"How," I wants to know, "does that explain the Thursday lay-off, the Palm Towers and the rest of the racket?"

"I don't get that," mutters Bull; "but it's some part of Tabor's scheme to show me up. He's away on his yacht, or I'd call for a show-down right now."

"If I were you," says I, "I'd give the boy a chance and let the fans and the box score make the show-down for you. No matter what's in the air, Wiji's work so far entitles him to a try at third. There might be something in that ringer stuff," I adds. "McMe won't talk about himself and nobody's been able to get a picture of him."

"I'll send him in Wednesday," promises Grogan, "but Simonds'll get all riled up."

"What of it?" I snaps. "He wasn't elected for life."

III

THERE'S been so much hooey and hurrah about the mysterious McMe in the local sheets and in the papers that have come down from the big town that some five thousand folks crowd into the park at Optionville on Wednesday for a possible peek at him. In the stands I notices flocks of women, vacationeers from the Palm Towers and other Ritzy roosts in the neighborhood, judging from their rocks and rags.

"Imagine all these frills are here to see WJ?" asks Grogan.

"No," says I with irony. "They're here to listen to Bill Simonds' arteries harden."

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An "Oh!" of disappointment quivers through the seats when the old-timer takes his place at third. Standing on the coaching line, I can see Bill's fidgety and worried looking. Bull's told him that Wiji'd play part of the game—the first show of competition that Simonds has had in twelve years, and it tells on him.

In the first inning he gets only one chance, an easy pick-up and throw to first that could have been pulled off by a Girl Scout with a broken arm. At that, the heave's wide enough to drag all the baseman off the bag excepting the extreme end of his left toe. Bill gets by well enough in the next three sessions, but in the fifth the breaks go bad for him. Like I told you before, Simonds is not my favorite flute player, but just the same I'm sorry for him.

With the bags filled and two out, the Jaguar batter zings one toward third. Bill rushes in, grabs the ball and shoots it home, the proper step under the circumstances.

Unfortunately our catcher is less than twelve feet tall, even when he's on his toes and reaching. The high-and-wild pill sails over his head, tangents crazily off the concrete backstop and, by the time it's corraled, all three runners are in. It looks as if the fans were waiting and hoping for some excuse like this to express themselves.

"Take him out! Take him out! Put in Wiji! We want Wiji! We want Wiji!"

It seems like everybody in the park is in on the anvil chorus for Simonds and the drone for McMe. The women particularly are shrilling for Wiji.

"Isn't it hell?" groans Grogan.

"Don't worry," says I, soothing. "We'll get those runs back."

"I wasn't thinking of that," comes back Bull. "I promised to put McMe in the next inning, and now they'll think I'm taking Bill out on account of that rotten throw. I've got half a mind ——"

"Forget it," I cuts in, curt. "I'm sorry, too, that Simonds is being let down this way, but you've made a promise and you've got to keep it."

At the end of the inning Grogan goes over and talks to the old boy with his arms around his shoulder. I don't know what's said, but the team's no sooner off the field than Bill departs for the showers, passing up his turn at the plate. Wiji bats third in his place, getting a tremendous send-off from the cash customers and their ladies when he ambles to the plate.

The first pitch is a beaut, splitting the pan in two, but McMe lets it go by.

"Ball!" yelps the ump.

"What!" howls the Jaguar catcher, throwing his mask to the ground and jumping up and down in a rage.

"You're right," I hears Wiji say. "It was a perfect strike. What's the matter?" he bawls to the umpire. "Did you leave your eyes in your other suit?"

The idea of a ball wrangler kicking against a decision in his favor is too much for the local O'Day. There's no comeback in his repertoire for such a situation. He just looks kind of dazed.

"What's up?" demands Bull, climbing out of the dugout. I explains. "Just a pecan," snarls Grogan, and walks away in disgust.

The pitch stays a ball and the game's resumed. McMe catches the next throw—a bad one—on the handle of the bat and pops a fly barely out of the pitcher's reach. Wiji beats the toss to the bag by a couple of feet, and despite the frantic shouts of Bull on the coaching line, keeps on going. The first baseman's no more prepared for this than he is for the crown of Denmark. Without aiming, he snaps an excited ball to second and the kid slides safely into the bag.

When he gets up and finds the pill is still being fumbled with he dashes for third amidst the dying agonies of Grogan—and he comes darn near making it.

If Wiji had hit a home run in the deciding game of the World's Series, with three on and two out in the ninth inning, and four runs needed to win, he couldn't have been done better with by the Optionville fans.

"What are those cuckoos yelling for?" snorts Bull. "A filbert who tries to stretch a shoe string into a mile of cable?"

"They're not yelling for a ball player," I grins. "They're cheering a handsome and mysterious young millionaire who's battling in the lists of sport for his lady fair."

"Gosh!" wails Bull. "The game's sure gone to the dogs when ——"

"No," I interrupts, "not to the dogs—to the picture sheets. Did you see that piece this morning in the Daily Blaze about our little boy friend?"

That's the rag that Turner works for and he's kept the cracks between pictures filled with McMe stuff, most of it about as true as an Arabian Nights yarn rewritten by Ananias with notes by Captain Munchausen and maps by Doctor Cook. As Sid says, truth may be stranger than fiction, but who wants a stranger at breakfast?

Wiji finishes the rest of the game with the Jaguars in his regular circus style, making every stop and throw look 100 per cent harder than they actually are, his stunt being to turn the possible into the impossible and then, by a miracle, to turn it back into the possible. Everything he does, though, gets the crowd; and even when he forces in the winning run in the ninth by being hit by a pitched ball the fans whoop it up for a stroke of genius.

The following Monday we breaks camp and starts North, with a schedule of practice mix-ups on the road home. The first stop's Jacksonville, where we have a fuss with the Leopards. Again we draw an enormous mob and again it's cold and handcuffed until McMe is injected into the line-up. Everything the kid does is jake in Jacksonville; the boy grabbing off applause for stuff that would have and should have sent the average ball player back to the borax mines.

"Bull," says I at the hotel that evening, "you'll just have to put in Wiji regular."

"He isn't in Bill's class," blusters Grogan.

"I know it," I agrees; "and from the standpoint of players and experts, he'll never come near being the workman that Simonds is. However, you don't fill the bleachers with players and experts. Baseball's a show business and you've got to cater to the gate. Wiji's a big draw ——"

"Until they get wise to him and the newspaper talk dies out," cuts in Bull. "After that he'll just be a joke."

"Perhaps," says I; "but in the meantime why not cash in? Shoo Bill over to short or second—we need his hitting—and put McMe on third. After he fades out, let Simonds go back to his old place."

Bull's stubborn, though, and nothing happens until we get to Savannah. On a Thursday we play the Coyotes, and there aren't enough people in the stands to crowd a phone booth. There are more folks around the hotel waiting for a peek at Wiji than there are in the ball yard.

"Well!" says I to Bull, pointing to the bleachers

"All right," returns Grogan. "I'm putting McMe at third. I've had a talk with Bill and he's willing to take a try at short for a while."

After sundown I goes up to Wiji's room.

"You win," I tells him. "You're the regular third baseman now."

"Is that official?" he asks eagerly.

"Yep," says I. "Simonds is going to short. Bull's told all the newspaper men. Tomorrow you start the game at third—and finish it."

"Tomorrow," smiles McMe, "I'll be halfway to New York. I'm leaving tonight."

"I don't get you," I mumbles.

"When a salesman," says Wiji, "sells a bill of goods, he should leave the scene of the sale as quickly as possible. If you linger around, there's always the danger of unselling yourself."

"You mean you're not going to play with the Sox any more?" I demands.

"No, nor with any other team," returns the youngster. "I'm no ball player. Simonds has forgotten more about the game

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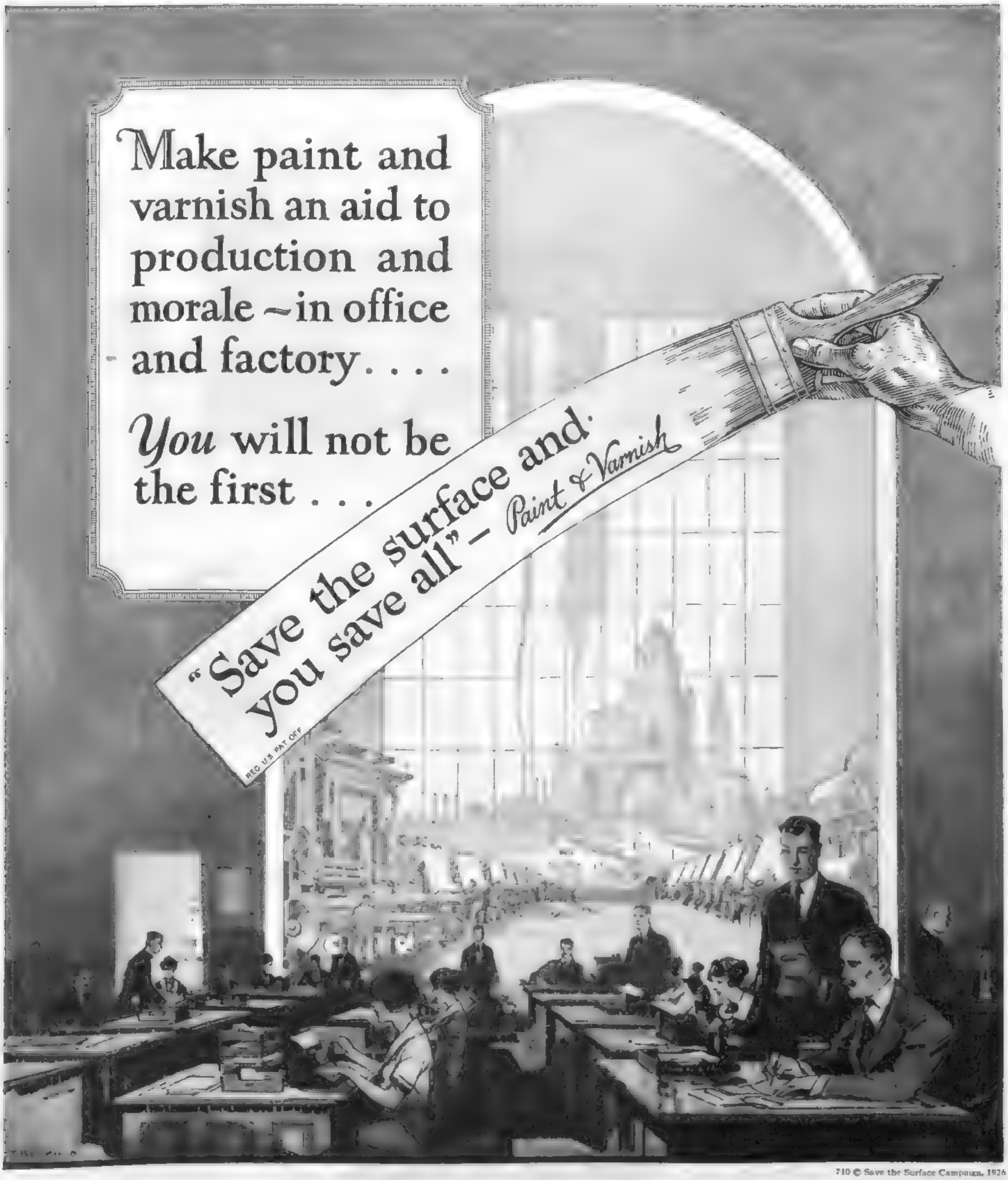
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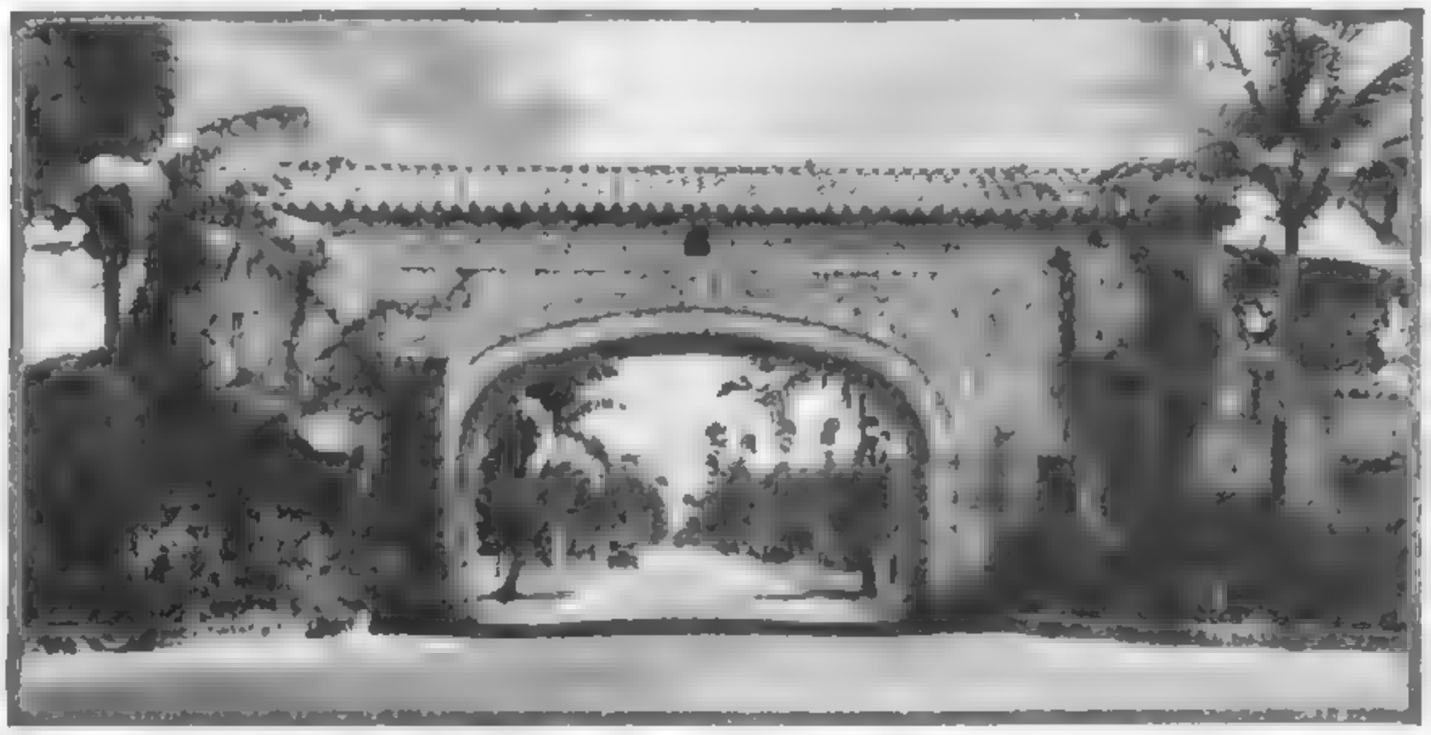

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(Continued from Page 210

than I'll ever know. I've merely sold Grogan and the public a contrast."

"You're talking," says I, "but you're not saying anything."

"Let mother tuck you into a highball," grins Wiji, reaching for a nonrefillable, "and then she'll tell you all about it."

"Shoot the bedtime tale," I urges, after the hospitalities.

"Last January," retails McMe, "I finished a course in salesmanship at college. I had a vacation coming, so I figured I'd use it to make a test—to see if I really had the stuff that a high-pressure peddler needs. The only thing I had about me that was salable was my skill at baseball. It wasn't much, but I'd managed to make the college nine three years. I studied the field a bit and decided that I'd sell myself down the river to the Blue Sox for a third baseman."

"Why us?" I asks. "And why Simonds' spot?"

"I'd read some stuff in the papers," explains Wiji, "that showed that the writers and the fans were getting kind of weary of seeing the same old faces in the Sox line-up, and the same old machinelike, conservative baseball. The dingier the home, the more chance you have of selling a flashy chromo—and I was going to be flashy."

"And how!" I mutters.

"As for Simonds," goes on McMe, "he was supposed to have his job cinched tighter than anybody in the league, and I wanted to make my test as ——"

"—— hard as possible," I finishes.

"As easy as possible," contradicts Wiji. "It's easier to tumble a man who's sitting on top of the ladder without a worry than one who is hanging on, tight and frightened, to the bottom rung."

"The statics," I frowns, "are bothering the reception."

"It'll all clear up in a little while," smiles the kid. "Having picked my prospect," continues McMe, "I arranged to meet George Tabor through a fraternity brother of his—Al Mason. Al, by the way, is my secretary. He came along for the fun," adds Wiji, with a laugh.

"So Tabor knows all about this stunt?" I remarks.

"Not a thing," returns McMe. "The night I saw him at his club he was in no condition to tell me apart from an ocean-going cattle boat. All I got from him was that bearer note you saw."

"Grogan," says I, "got the idea the boss some way or other was behind you."

"I thought he might," comes back Wiji coolly. "That's why I got the note. I imagined he must have been worried some by the criticisms in the newspapers, and that a flashy young fellow with a letter from the owner would put suspicion in his head that Tabor was getting ready to shake up the club."

"Just what he doped out," I nods.

"To sell anything," resumes McMe, "you must create a demand, and to create a demand you must arouse curiosity."

"Your name," says I, "aroused curiosity to start with."

"My name," smiles Wiji, "is William J. Smith, the J standing for Jones."

"I see," I grunts, "and that Thursday racket, the swell hotel, the millionaire hop and the girl and all the rest of the skits were just yokel yankers. How'd you happen to pick on Thursday?"

"I guess," laughs McMe, "because it's the day after Wednesday. That girl stuff, though, was no part of my plan. Turner put that into my head, without meaning to, by some of the questions he asked. I encouraged the idea. There's nothing the public loves better than a boy fighting for a girl. That's what pulls 'em into the movies. As a matter of fact," adds Wiji softly, "there is a girl. We're to be married right after Easter. That's one of the reasons I'm going North at once."

"I suppose," says I, "you got her with a selling campaign."

"All life," comes back McMe, *né* Smith, "is a selling campaign."

"Getting Simonds' goat," I remarks, changing the subject, "was the slickest part of your act."

"You'll remember," says the youngster, "that Simonds started the quarrel we had in the clubhouse. My program called for nothing so crude. I was merely going after his morale by treating him as an inferior and by playing a daring, dashing type of ball that would make Bill look as if he was chained to the bag or too old and stiff to move. But that wasn't the high light of the campaign."

"What was?" I asks. "Fighting with the umps over a decision in your favor."

"A mere detail," returns McMe. "My best turn was putting the notion into Grogan's head that he wasn't giving me a square deal. You get that thought into the mind of a decent man—and Bull's decent—and he'll lean over backward to treat you right. That's the whole story. The breaks I got from the newspapers, combined with the stuff I worked up myself against the background of a safe and sane and unromantic team, delivered the goods. It was quite easy. I just made myself a red flower in a field of dead white."

The door to the room suddenly smashes open and in busts Al, Wiji's secretary. He's all excited and waving a newspaper.

"Betty's eloped!" he gasps. "Look!"

I can't help reading the headline he's pointing to:

SOCIETY GIRL SECRETLY WEDS
CABARET DANCER

It's the girl McMe was to have married right after Easter. His staring eyes and pale lips tell me that.

"Somebody," I remarks, "must have created a demand while you were away."

"But," mumbles Wiji, paying no attention to my crack, "how ——"

"Probably," says I brightly, "by running his initials together and refusing to dance on Thursdays."

The Crest of the Cascades, Oregon

What these 4 say thousands confirm!

TAKE a look at the floor space your own letter-files occupy. Unless they contain 5 drawers, they are wasting 25% floor space.

Even if this is immaterial Baker-Vawter Space Savers will prove economical.

If saving floor space *does* matter Space Savers with one—sometimes two—extra drawers will give from 20% to 33% greater filing space per cabinet.

Baker-Vawter knowledge and service demonstrated for 39 years by salesmen everywhere, is of course yours.

Increase capacity one-third, without enlarging vault

The Peoples Savings & Trust Company of Pittsburgh say:

1. "Changing our old 4-drawer wood-filing cabinet to Baker-Vawter 5-drawer Space Savers has given us over one-third more filing capacity besides saving us thousands of dollars for additional vault space." —Gould Report

"Pay for themselves several times during their long life"

H. W. Eddy of St. Louis says:

2. We began 19 years ago with Baker-Vawter 5-drawer Space Savers. For low maintenance cost they are the best filing investment we know of. Each section is saving us $5.50 per year in floor space compared to 4-drawer files." —Gould Report

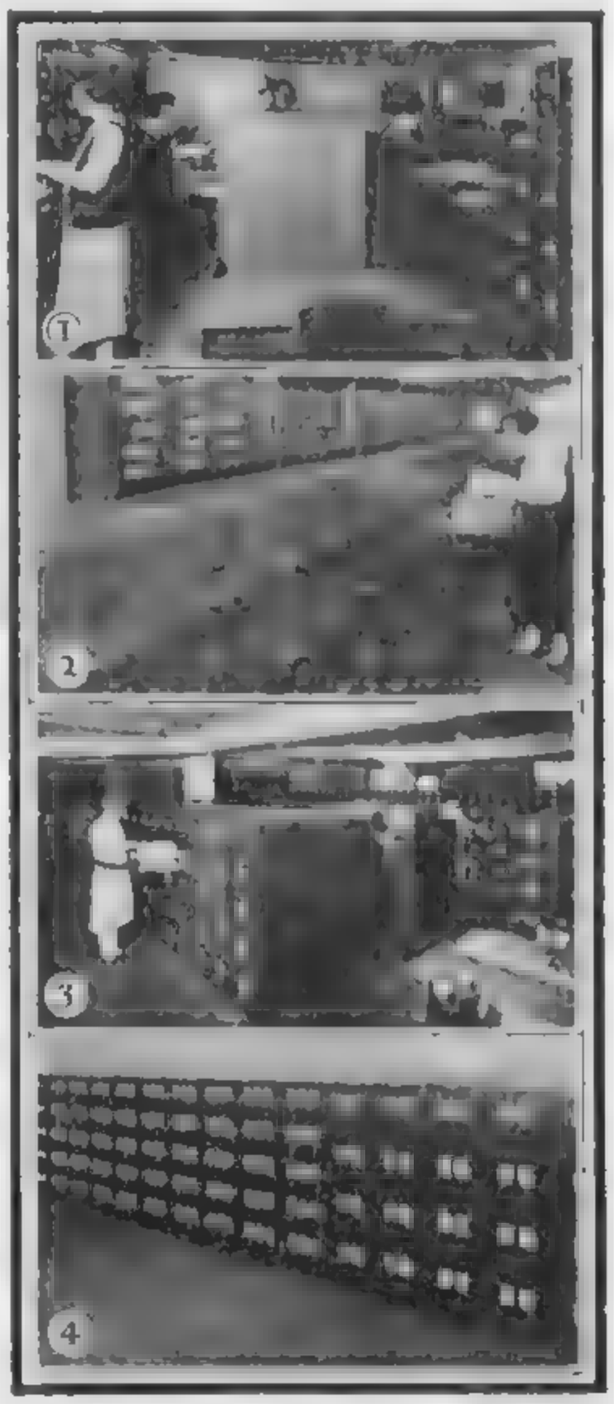
Saves Moving to Larger Quarters

Field and Cowles of Boston say:

3. "Our space limitation is so serious that without our 120 Baker-Vawter Space Savers we could not remain in our present quarters. "These 5-drawer files replaced 150 4-drawer sections. Saves us $700 yearly on floor space cost." —Gould Report

Files 330,000 More Pieces on Same Floor Space

4. The American State Bank of Detroit say they can file 330,000 more pieces in Baker-Vawter Space Savers on the same floor space previously occupied by ordinary steel files. In their mortgage vault 22 Space Savers supplanted 27 4-drawer cabinets, giving equal filing capacity. —Gould Report



BAKER-VAWTER
BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN

Even if you use only one filing cabinet in your business this catalog will be helpful to you. It shows how "Space Savers" will increase the capacity of your filing room and how they pay for themselves in your office or vault. It is free—send for it.

Attach to your Letterhead and Mail

BAKER-VAWTER CO.
Benton Harbor, Mich.

Please send me your catalog "Space Savers."

Name_____

SEP-11-4

"Continued Service" Files

A SUBMARINE puts out to sea. The engines are shut off. Hatches are secured and valves opened to fill the "trimming tanks" as the orders to submerge are carried out.

The work is done rapidly and well, for the Navy picks experienced sailors to man its submarines. Many are "continued service" men, as those who enlist more than once are called.

NICHOLSON Files might well be called "continued service" files for the Navy has ordered the NICHOLSON Brand many times for duty on our undersea craft.

Every day the NICHOLSON Brand is "enlisted" for "continued service" throughout industry and homes.

Our booklet "Files and What They Will Do For You" tells more about these useful tools and many interesting uses for them. A copy will be mailed you upon request.

NICHOLSON U.S.A. (TRADE MARK)

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

— A File for Every Purpose

THE NEW CAPITALISM

(Continued from Page 5

shall produce, since all industry must be operated to meet consumer demand, and the majority, which is to say the wage workers, form the great body of consumers. When that time comes, he believes, the industrial overhead will be the wage bill and not the interest charge. Labor will have the first claim on the proceeds of business; capital will take what is left. So Professor Carver. The reader can write his own ticket as to what he thinks the outcome will be. Let us take a concrete illustration of what labor is doing in banking and finance and see how far the movement has already got and how it got there.

The completest example is that of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, not only because it is the pioneer in the field of the modern labor bank but because its operations are on a unified national scale and in point of capital and volume of investment activity it is by far the largest unit in the field. The American Federation of Labor has not as yet gone into banking as an organization; local unions and groups of unions affiliated with the Federation have established their banks in many centers and with a high degree of success, but the Federation as such has so far adopted no policy in respect of labor banking. The third group of organized labor, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, has two large and successful banks, located in New York and Chicago, and an investment corporation. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers owns twelve banks, with $4,150,000 of banking capital, not counting surpluses and undivided profits, with $40,436,654 in deposits and total banking resources of $48,220,619. It controls ten investment corporations, with a total combined capital of $26,500,000. It has a substantial interest in the handling of another $90,000,000 of banking resources, through stock ownership in one of the large New York trust companies.

Here is a block of investment capital important enough to be listened to in Wall Street, owned by a group of wage earners which constitutes not much more than 3 per cent of America's organized labor. The whole structure has been built up in less than six years. The Brotherhood opened its first bank on November 1, 1920. It had certain elements in its favor when it decided to go into the banking business, chief among them being public confidence in the integrity and conservatism of the Brotherhood's leadership as demonstrated throughout its more than sixty years of existence.

Sifted From the Mass

I fancy none will challenge the statement that the late Warren S. Stone, under whose leadership the Brotherhood embarked upon its venture into high finance, commanded almost universal respect and admiration. Mr. Stone was succeeded as president by William B. Prenter, the present head of the Brotherhood's business enterprises. The office of Grand Chief Engineer, which pertains chiefly to the internal organization and purely labor-union aspects of the organization, was relinquished by Mr. Stone some time before his death, his successor being L. G. Griffing, who is first vice president. The present Grand Chief Engineer is A. Johnston. These men and the other national officers of the organization were Mr. Stone's confidants and trusted lieutenants, trained in the same school of social and economic thought, and each, like Mr. Stone himself, has risen to leadership from the ranks of the oldest labor organization in America.

Even were its leaders not men of outstanding quality, there is that in the organization itself which makes for a high degree of stability and conservatism. Its members are not alone the most highly paid of all wage earners, but the nature of their occupation imposes upon them a higher degree of responsibility and calls upon them for a quicker intelligence than is demanded in most other trades. Only four men have ever become members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers who were not actually employed as locomotive drivers; that employment in turn is the result of selective tests which only 17 per cent of railway firemen, from whose ranks engineers are uniformly chosen, succeed in passing. Only 6 per cent of firemen, in fact, ever become passenger engineers. The Brotherhood, therefore, is made up of men who have been sifted from the mass of wage earners because of special qualities of intelligence and reliability.

In the Interest of Capital

In its form and principles of organization it differs at many points from the standard labor union. With its secret ritual, obligations and discipline, its women's auxiliary and other appendages, it follows more closely the familiar forms of fraternal organizations. To one of the fundamental principles of unionism, the closed shop, the Brotherhood has never subscribed, although its 91,000 members include approximately 95 per cent of the locomotive drivers in the United States and about the same ratio on the Canadian railroads. For this reason, among others, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. By the same token, its approach to railway capital and management in its efforts to obtain better pay, working conditions and safety for its members has uniformly been on a somewhat different footing from that of the ordinary labor union, with the result of the development, in the course of years, of a high degree of mutual respect and toleration

From the inception of its financial enterprises, therefore, the Brotherhood received encouragement and evidences of good will from sources which might have been expected to be apathetic, if not openly antagonistic, to the entry of labor into capital's preserves

"Capital simply can't afford to let the Brotherhood fail; it would be too serious a setback to the growing amity between capital and labor," is the way the head of one of Wall Street's greatest financial institutions expressed the view of big business

Another element making for the Brotherhood's success in high finance is the organization's long experience in handling and investing large amounts of money in the conduct of its own affairs. Established in 1863, the Brotherhood, as early as 1868, set up an insurance fund for the benefit of its members. The old-line insurance companies refuse to insure locomotive engineers. The risk is too great. The average life of an engineer after he takes charge of the throttle is only eleven years and seven days. Every new member admitted since 1890 has been required to carry life insurance of one or more $1500 units. Accident-and-health-insurance departments were added, pension funds for permanent disability or old-age retirement, widows' pensions, and the like, with the result that the accumulation of reserve funds reached a point where their investment, for safety and income, brought those charged with their administration into many of the fields of high finance. Ten million dollars is no trivial amount to administer successfully. After paying out $4,394,363.41 in 1925, for all forms of insurance and pensions, the surplus remaining in these funds was above $10,694,000, and figures of similar magnitude represent the average over many years. In 1910 the Brotherhood was able to finance the construction of its own headquarters building in Cleveland, a fourteen-story structure on a lot 132 by 165 feet. One floor suffices for the Brotherhood's offices; the remainder, rented for stores and offices,

(Continued on Page 217)

They raced the western prairies with the government mail as the stake

SINCE 1884, fast Burlington trains had carried the government mail from Chicago to Omaha —and made history

That such a record should go unchallenged was not to be expected. The government mail was a prize worth a railroad's winning. And great trainloads of mail were not all of it. There was the prestige—for none but a fast road could compete.

* * *

The challenge came, and a race of flying steel—a race that still lives in Middle West prose and verse.

Day after day, night after night, the challenger matched its trains against the Burlington. Across the western prairies, like greyhounds, the giant locomotives strained steel muscles to their limit.

The challenger's trains were empty, but ready to be filled with the fast cargo. Let the government patronize the winner. The issue was fair

* * *

But more than tracks and powerful locomotives make a railroad. The Burlington still carries the fast mail from Chicago to Omaha has carried it for forty-two uninterrupted years. A striking

For 75 Years

The Burlington has completed seventy-five years of successful railroad service. The Burlington has never been in the hands of a receiver: it has never defaulted on a financial obligation. The Burlington has counted success as necessary to a useful existence. It knows no other way to provide the high class of service the public has demanded and which the Burlington has made its first purpose

Hale Holden

PRESIDENT OF THE BURLINGTON

achievement in good management, of course. On the merit of its performance the Burlington has continued as the fast mail carrier. There is no contract The government stays on as a satisfied customer.

A striking record in operation too. For months at a time these all-mail trains, four or five a day, go crashing westward and eastward, passing a dozen other trains in their flight, without being late by a single minute!

* * *

But Burlington *men*, with forty-two years of "knowing how," have made the fast mail record in the Middle West Men on the trains and men behind them. Men in overalls, men in uniforms, men at desks

It's the brains and skill and experience of Burlington *men* that have made possible the kind of service you find on Burlington trains today—mail trains, passenger trains and freight trains.

* * *

Burlington men—who were first to use air-brakes, who made a world's "on time" record, who conceived and put into service the first railway mail postoffice, who made the Burlington the largest carrier of summer tourists to the Rockies, who made the Burlington the largest food distributor in the world.

Men who have made the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad *successful* for seventy-five years

The Burlington Route

The National Park Line Burlington Route *Everywhere West*

11,500 MILES OF RAILROAD IN THIRTEEN STATES

Introductory Offer - 8 days only - November 5-13

ONE PAIR OF HOSIERY *FREE*

with the purchase of two pair

FOR WOMEN • MEN • CHILDREN

FOR WOMEN

Style PHANTOM *Chiffon weight, full-fashioned, picot top, sandal foot, reinforced at points of strain, mesh clocking. $1.50 a pair, 3 pair, $4.00* Saving $1.95.

Style PENELOPE *Service weight full-fashioned silk in desirable, new shades and sizes. $1.65 a pair, 3 pair, $4.50* Saving $1.85.

Style DAPHNE—*Pure thread silk, semi-chiffon weight, closely and evenly knit; in the [illegible], $1.50 a pair, 3 pair, $4.* Saving $1.

Style MYSTIC *A beautiful [illegible] for [illegible] wear. $1 the pair, 3 pair, $2.* Saving $1

Style LADY FAIR *Fine-gauge, full-fashioned silk [illegible] reinforced, [illegible] and sole, 10 ext. a pair; 3 pair, 78 cents:* Saving 39 cents.

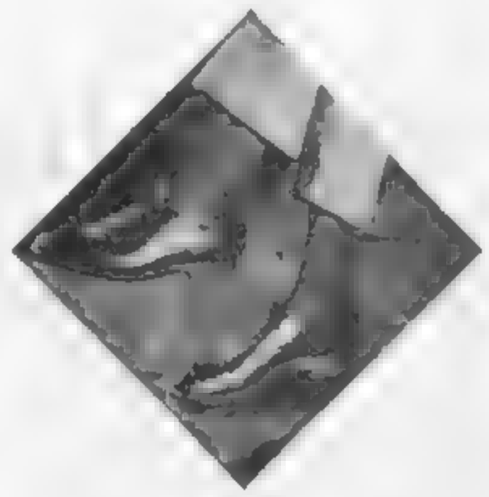
To the American Public:—

This unusual offer appears in magazines read by fifty million people. It means we shall have to supply thousands of people with free pairs of hose. We do that willingly, because experience proves that 87 out of 100 people who give Durham Hosiery a real wearing-test continue to buy Durham year in and year out.

We offer you one pair free with the purchase of two pair because it takes three pair of hose for a convincing test. We want you to use them, abuse them, put them to the test of hardest wear.

Near your home at least one of the alert stores has in stock the ten Durham styles offered. Clip the coupon and obtain your Durham Hosiery at once while sizes and colors are complete.

CLAIBORN M. CARR, *President*,
Durham Hosiery Mills



FOR MEN

Style TRAYMORE *Sub- [illegible] 1 pair, $1* Saving 50 cents.

Style DOLLAR BILL *[illegible] $2 a pair, 3 pair, $5* Saving 34 cents.

Style 1700-GS *"G.S." mean Guaranteed Stamped. [illegible] 3 pair for* Saving 25 cents.

FOR CHILDREN

Style POLLY PRIM *Fine-gauge, knit double-strength throughout, with triple [illegible] heel and toe. 25 cents a pair, 3 pair* Saving 25 cents

Style BUGGIES *Fine [illegible] 3 pair, 50 cts.* Saving 29 cents.

REDEEM BETWEEN NOVEMBER 5 & 13

This coupon, properly filled out, entitles you to one pair of Durham Hosiery *free* with the purchase of two pair of any one style [illegible]

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City ... State ... Date ...

Style ... Size ... Color ...

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S. 1126

Durham Hosiery

MADE IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST HOSIERY MILLS

(Continued from Page 214)

brings an income which in fifteen years has paid the entire cost of building and land, enabling the organization in 1925 to finance another building, twenty-one stories and covering an equal area, across the street, which serves as the home of its largest bank and headquarters for its general financial activities, as well as a still more prolific source of income. These two buildings cost around $9,000,000.

With surplus funds accumulating in such amounts, the problem of how to invest them not alone for income but for the widest benefit of the membership is no new one. In the Brotherhood's triennial convention of 1912 a resolution to establish a bank to be capitalized out of surplus reserves was discussed, but voted down. The subject came up again in 1915, and this time a resolution was passed, authorizing the grand officers to engage in the banking business. Mr. Stone and his associate, Mr. Prenter, who had for years been the financial manager of the Brotherhood's insurance and other funds, had by this time become greatly interested in the possibilities of a Brotherhood bank, and preparations were being made to start one, when the entry of the United States into the European war put a temporary end to new enterprises. It was not until November 1, 1920, that the new bank actually opened for business.

This bank is at once the pioneer of the modern labor-banking movement in America and the largest bank controlled by organized labor, with resources of nearly $27,000,000. Its full and somewhat cumbersome title is Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Coöperative National Bank of Cleveland. It was and is a different kind of financial institution from any which had previously been undertaken by any labor group. It was frankly an experiment, and to many it seemed a dangerous experiment. Chief Stone, however, laid his plans carefully, sought expert advice at every point and never had the slightest doubt of the outcome.

"Starting a bank is as simple as starting a grocery store," he is reported to have said, "with this difference: That a larger percentage of grocers fail than of bankers."

The Lack of Classes

Labor's previous ventures in the field of finance had been mainly confined to such enterprises as mutual building-and-loan associations, coöperative credit unions, and the like, all under amateur and practically all under unpaid management. Many of these were characterized by a class-conscious distrust of the existing financial and social order and were permeated with the belief that bankers in general were in business for the purpose of robbing the poor for the benefit of the rich, without being very clear as to how the trick was done. Most of the discussion of labor banking prior to the opening of the Brotherhood's first bank was based upon the theory that profits from banking, as well as from business generally, belong in the first instance to the customer, rather than to the investor; a theory which lies at the bottom of all the cooperative business enterprises which work so well among Europeans and so badly among Americans.

Chief Stone and his associates had no delusions as to the nature of the business on which they were embarking. They knew that they could not rely upon the loudly preached but actually almost nonexistent class-conscious solidarity of the workers to support a bank on the scale to which they planned. Even their own Brotherhood membership would require a deal of education and concrete demonstration before it could be counted upon for full support, they realized. They must, therefore, so organize and establish their bank as to command the confidence and the business of the general public. To do this involved radical departures from all previous conceptions of labor banking. It meant the throwing overboard of every half-baked theory and ism, discarding all the class-conscious shibboleths and placing the operative management of the bank in the hands of expert bankers.

"It would be as logical to expect a banker to know how to run a locomotive as to expect a locomotive engineer to know how to run a bank," said President William B. Prenter, when I visited him in Cleveland in August. "We set out with only one theory. That is the theory that in America there is no such thing as a working class as distinguished from a capitalist class. Men pass too readily from one group into the other to be tagged with class labels; an increasing proportion of Americans belong to both classes, and it is the Brotherhood's aim in its financial enterprises to show its members and workers generally how they can become capitalists as well as workers.

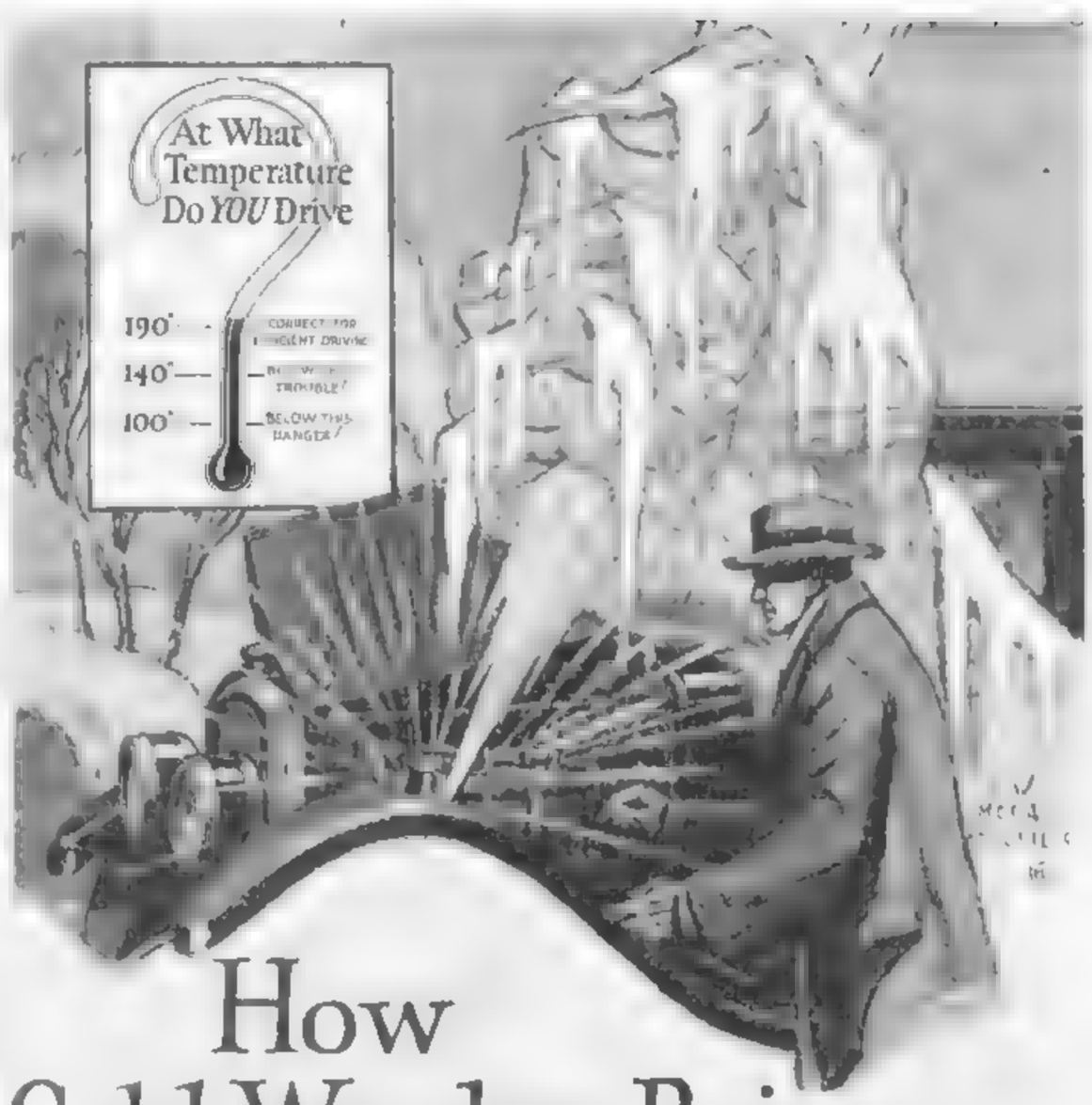
"To do this we had to demonstrate something which many workers did not believe—that it is not necessary to change the established rules of business and finance to give the worker an even break. That meant that we must sit into the game of big business and play it according to the rules. In order to do that we had to be able to prove that we knew the rules and were not trying to change them for our especial benefit."

The Brotherhood in Control

"That is what the socialists and the communists are trying to do—to change the rules of business and finance, on the plea that only by doing so has the wage earner a chance to enjoy the products of his labor. Mr. Stone and the rest of us did not believe that was necessary; we believed that in the world of money there is no class distinction. The only requisites for sitting in the game are the willingness to play it according to the rules and the ability to buy as big a stack of chips as the other players. We had the financial resources, and we could get the men who knew how the game is played. Our record of nearly six years proves that our theory was correct. We have demonstrated American labor's complete answer to the theories of Marx and Lenin."

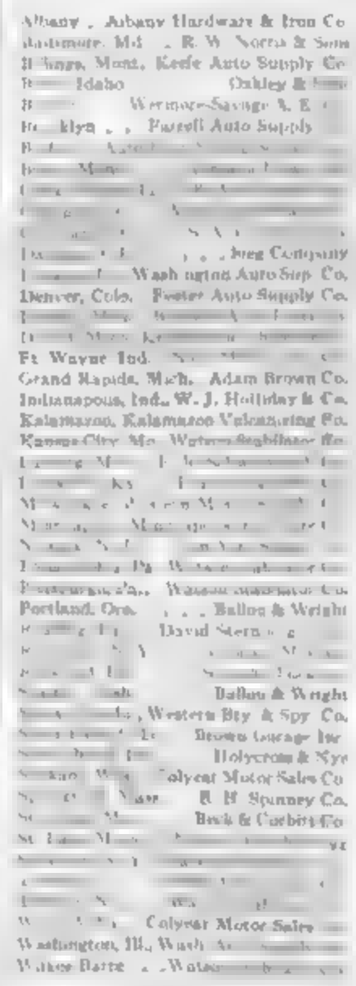
So on November 1, 1920, the first Brotherhood bank was opened in a small building on the site of the present magnificent one. It was capitalized at $1,000,000, with $100,000 initial surplus, since increased to $250,000. Fifty-one per cent of the shares were bought outright by the Brotherhood itself; the remaining 49 per cent were offered to the membership in blocks of not more than three shares to an individual, at $110, payable over a period of several months. Every share was subscribed immediately; the demand, in fact, was greater than the supply. At the suggestion of John Skelton Williams, then Comptroller of the Currency, whose approval was necessary before a national-bank charter could be obtained, a contract was made with each purchaser of bank stock whereby the Brotherhood has the first option of purchase should the holder desire to sell. It is the fixed policy of the Brotherhood to exercise this option in every instance, thus retaining 100 per cent of the stock in the hands of the organization or its members. At the beginning of August, 1926, the organization's repurchases under these options had increased its holdings to 60 per cent of the total.

Dividends under the bank's charter are limited to ten per cent a year. In the first year of operation the dividend was six per cent, the second year eight, and since then ten per cent has been paid regularly. In addition to these dividends, the bank's earnings have been sufficient to increase the surplus and undivided profits by $250,000 and to distribute $500,000 in the form of extra interest to savings account depositors. The one concession to the advocates of the standard coöperative principle that profits belong to customers, made by the Brotherhood in beginning the banking business, was to promise the depositors of savings accounts a share in the profits in addition to their regular four per cent interest. This practice, however, has been discontinued.



How Cold Weather Ruins Your Cylinders

List of Distributors



Prices, $7.50 to $15.00

For Nickel Plated Shutter Fronts add $15.00 to regular prices. Genuine Nickel Silver, all models, complete $50.00 each.

MANY a valuable motor has been ruined by cold weather. It is so easy to overlook the damage that winter does because it is unseen. Your first warning is hard starting and loss of power. Later, if these signs are neglected, comes serious damage that means expensive repairs and replacement.

Your motor is a powerful but sensitive piece of mechanism, designed to do its best work at a temperature of 190°F. When allowed to run colder than this it forms carbon rapidly, dilutes your lubricating oil with raw, unexploded gasoline, puts excessive strain on starter and batteries, and starts an endless chain of trouble and expense.

Cold weather is directly responsible for excessive wear on cylinders and pistons, and badly scored walls that require expensive work in the repair shop.

The way to avoid trouble of this sort is to do as thousands are now doing—protect your motor, and keep it at proper running temperature with an Allen Shutter Front.

The Allen Shutter Front gives you positive control over the heat of your motor. From your seat you can regulate it to meet every condition—every change in temperature and *it always works*. So simple and inexpensive that thousands prefer it to any other type of radiator protection. So handsome that it is used as standard equipment on the Rolls-Royce and the very finest cars. There is an Allen Shutter Front for every make of car. Give your motor this protection. It will add to your motoring satisfaction and save you money.

THE ALLEN AUTO SPECIALTY CO.

Manufacturers also of The Famous Allen Tire Case

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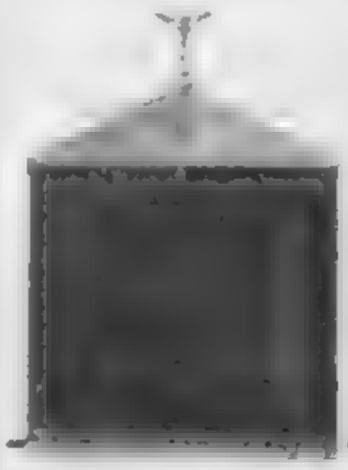

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Positive Hand Control From the Dash!—*It Always Works*

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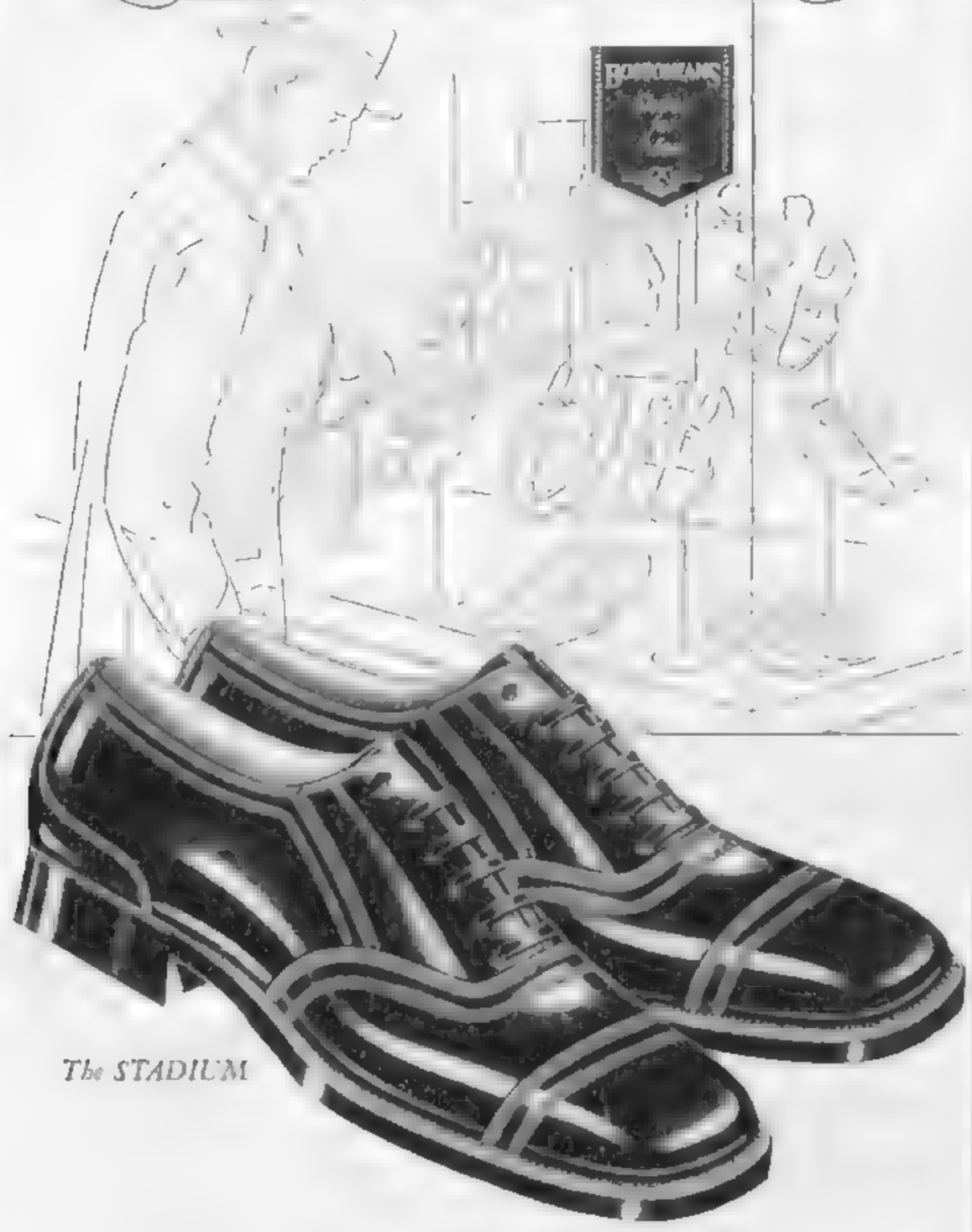
Shoes for Men



The STADIUM

WHAT are you looking for in shoes? Is it something more than even that indefinite thing called "style"?

Individuality! That's the word—the thing that makes Bostonians distinctive, that gives them character. Individual—yes. Conspicuous—no. Correct—invariably.

Why not memorize the name right now—Bostonians. Then locate the Bostonians dealer, let him fit you, and begin a new and finer experience in shoes.

$7 to $10
the pair

A good guide to good shoes is this sign on the windows of Bostonians Dealers. It will lead you to better fitted style—style that IS different.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
Whitman, Mass

The individuality of Bostonians is well shown in the Fall Style Booklet. We have a copy for you. May we send it?

Any business which can start from scratch and in five years earn profits of 119 per cent or more on its capital, while at the same time enlarging its resources from $650,000 to more than $26,000,000, thereby demonstrates not only great and growing confidence on the part of its clientele but more than ordinarily expert management. Were the bank's business confined to the membership of the Brotherhood, with its closely knit fraternal organization, the item of confidence might be taken for granted. But while nearly two-thirds of the Cleveland bank's deposits are in savings accounts, only about 14 per cent of the total of these are in the names of members of the Brotherhood. It is the bank's business with the general public which forms the backbone of its activities

Except for the name on the door, nobody entering the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Cooperative National Bank of Cleveland—or any of the other labor banks, for that matter—discovers anything, either in the physical set-up, the method of doing business, the appearance and manner of the personnel or the intangible atmosphere of the institution to distinguish it from an ordinary capitalist bank of equal financial size. The only exception to that general statement is a somewhat more cordial welcome to the man or woman whose manner and apparel indicate unfamiliarity with large-scale monetary transactions than the average worker expects to find in a bank. "One of the things which a labor bank can do for labor, that many commercial banks do not do," said Chief Stone not long before his death in 1925, "is to make the workingman feel at home." He himself admitted that although he had been doing business with banks for forty years he had never gotten over the chilly sensation which assailed him whenever he entered the portals of a financial institution, and it is a cardinal policy of the Brotherhood's banks, laid down by him, to make every visitor feel and know that he is welcome, whether he has business to transact or not.

The big banking room of the Brotherhood's Cleveland bank and the offices of its officers and employes are perhaps a trifle more severe in their architecture and decorative effect than are usual, even in banks. The effect of stability and dignity has been well achieved, however, and there is even a more appreciable sense of quiet orderliness than one expects to find in a big and busy bank. And when one meets the administrative officials he finds immediately that he is talking to bankers.

Bankers at the Helm

The presidents of all the Brotherhood's banks, in most of them some of the vice presidents, and in all of them a majority of the directors are locomotive engineers, officers of the Brotherhood, trained in sound finance in the handling of the organization's investment funds for many years. The active administrative personnel, however, has been drawn from the ranks of the banking profession. One of the vice presidents of the Cleveland bank was taken from the largest bank in that city, where he had occupied a similar position for years. Another was brought to Cleveland from a Canadian bank, to take particular charge of the business of the bank with the Canadian members of the Brotherhood. A third, at the head of the bank's bond department, had a long experience in selling high-grade securities to Cleveland business men for one of the other banks.

The executive vice president of the Cleveland bank, Mr. George T. Webb, is a North Dakota lawyer and banker who, when the state of North Dakota in 1920 found the market for its state bonds stagnant and its state bank under fire, went in person into the enemy's country, singlehandedly stormed the citadel of the money power in Wall Street, and so established confidence in himself and in his state that the North Dakota bonds were speedily absorbed and his own financial ability recognized by a place on the directorate of one of New York's most important banking institutions. In Mr. Webb Chief Stone found a sympathetic counselor who was able to open many useful doors to the Brotherhood's banking venture, and the banker-lawyer from North Dakota has played and continues to play an important part in the widespread ramifications of the Brotherhood's financial operations which have followed upon the successful launching of the Cleveland bank

There was $50,971 in deposits on the day the Cleveland bank opened for business. Two months later, on the last day of 1920, the deposits were above $1,000,000 and the resources almost $2,250,000. In another year there was more than $10,000,000 of resources. Chief Stone and his associates knew they were on the right track, and decided to take a seat at the table with Wall Street's captains of finance. It was a new experience to both sides and further cemented the foundations of durable mutual respect.

Partners in Finance

It was in a real sense epoch-making, the first venture into partnership of labor and capital in a big business transaction. For what was probably the first time, capital got a clear view of labor as neither a suppliant nor a menace, but as an equal at every point, when the National City Company, subsidiary of the largest bank in America, joined with the Cleveland Brotherhood bank, as partners, in the purchase of $3,500,000 worth of bonds of the International-Great Northern Railroad Company. It was not an underwriting transaction, but a joint purchase, and it wrote a vital chapter in America's economic and social history.

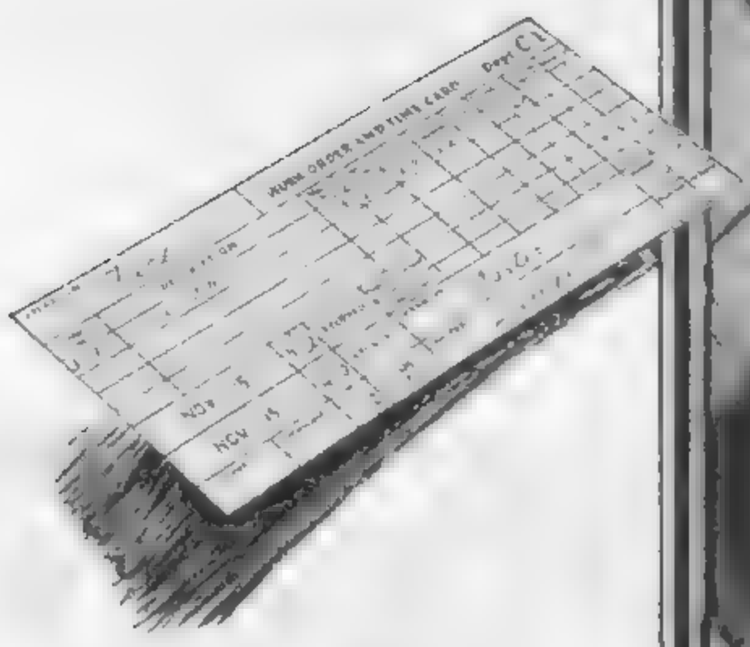
That was the first of many similar transactions. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is recognized today in Wall Street as a source of capital so important as to entitle it to participation in any bond underwriting, however large, and invitations to participate in the syndicates formed by them come to it from the largest and most influential banking houses in the world. Such invitations it accepts or rejects according to the judgment of the banking managements of the desirability of the issue and their own ability to sell the bonds to their customers and especially to the Brotherhood membership.

For investment of their savings in sound, interest-bearing securities, preferably bonds, is the second step in the financial education of the individual worker, which is the prime purpose of the labor-banking movement. The first is the accumulation of savings in one place and under their own control; that is comparatively easy. The second step—learning how to invest intelligently—comes hard. But unless the workers can be taught to do this as individuals, and so gain the knowledge of finance and business which comes only from experience, no great benefit to them has been gained by having their own banks and trust companies.

"First we try to induce our members to put their savings in our banks, then we try harder to persuade them to take them out," said Chief Stone. "As soon as a man gets $500 in his savings account with us we try to sell him a bond. We want to start them in the habit of clipping coupons. We like the partnership in business which stock ownership gives, but we do not believe that many workers can afford to assume the risks involved by the stockholder. Ownership of a bond makes a man a creditor. We sold many of the Great Northern bonds to men employed on that railroad. Immediately each became concerned with the first concern of a creditor for his debtor—the debtor's solvency. Bonds bring a sense of responsibility and of security."

The purchase of securities for its own account, as profitable investment of customers' funds, is, of course, one of the chief functions of every bank. The purchase of securities at wholesale for resale to customer

(Continued on Page 221)



The principal problem of industry today lies in the elimination of wasted time. Eliminate the confusion, the wasted steps of obsolete motor control! Modern control takes its savings out of labor cost, the major item of manufacturing expense.

Somebody must discover this in YOUR plant!

MORE than ever before in the history of America's industries, the major problem today lies in the cost of labor.

It is not a problem confined to large plants. It is not a problem alone for the small manufacturer. Nor is it the problem of any certain industry or group of industries. It is the vital problem of *every* manufacturer under the competitive conditions that exist for all.

Economists agree that wages must be maintained for the prosperity America now enjoys. The improved standard of living which has resulted from higher wages has been responsible in the main for the greater sale of every manufactured product.

The success of your plant hinges on the return you are able to obtain from this increased investment in labor—it hinges on the elimination of wasted time in production.

Conditions today demand careful consideration of correct motor control

Many executives make the mistake of believing their plant at maximum efficiency when they can say it is completely *motorized.* True, electric power with its flexibility, its ease of control, has brought a new standard of operating economy.

But motors by themselves are only brute force. The savings in labor that result—these savings that add so materially to industrial profits—come through the proper application of motors. They come through the effectiveness of correct motor control.

Look now for the wasted time in your plant! Are you burdening your men with obsolete equipment? Unless someone has been in constant touch with the rapid progress made in motor control, your plant is almost certain to have lagged behind.

Engineers with more than thirty years' experience to point out the savings possible

Many executives are making this check on their production efficiency by having the Cutler-Hammer engineers point out the equipment in their plant where modern motor control will save in labor costs.

Put the control of your motors at the hand of the operator where no time is lost. Eliminate the confusion, the wasted steps of obsolete equipment. Somebody must discover this in *your* plant. Why not call in these engineers today? They will counsel with your plant men or consulting engineers without charge—and the control equipment they recommend quickly pays for itself.

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Have you received your copy of "Industry's Electrical Progress!" It points the way to many worth while economies through the use of correct motor control. You will be interested. Write for a copy today.

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As the Bushing Bearings move through the various departments they are subjected to constant, close inspection. The result is that Bunting Bushing Bearings are exactly what the specifications call for.

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(Continued from Page 218)

depositors at retail is one of the important ways in which banks make money. And the wholesale price of securities, as of other commodities, depends upon the quantity purchased at one time. Not many individual banks can buy for themselves or have such a customers' list that they can be assured of distributing large enough blocks of bonds to entitle them to ground-floor prices—participation in original underwriting syndicates. But the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, with its chain of banks connected by their private telegraph wire, has developed both the purchasing and the distributing power to enable it to do that.

The first bank added to the original one in Cleveland was the People's Coöperative State Bank of Hammond, Indiana. This was not founded by the Brotherhood, but in 1921, when its management found itself in financial difficulty, an appeal was made to the Brotherhood for help. As many railroad men in Hammond, an important rail center, were depositors of the bank and its only need was additional capital, the Brotherhood officials came to the rescue. The Hammond bank's stock was increased from $25,000 to $50,000 and the Brotherhood bought a controlling interest at $100 a share. Within a year the Hammond bank was on a 10 per cent dividend basis, and when the Brotherhood sold its shares in 1926 they brought $200. There were several excellent reasons why the Brotherhood did not need the Hammond bank as a link in its chain. It stands now as an independent labor bank, and, with above $1,750,000 of resources, is one of the outlets through which the Brotherhood markets the securities in which it deals.

Getting Into Wall Street

That was a profitable transaction, the first of several transactions in the purchase and sale of bank stocks in which the Brotherhood has made considerable profits. As soon as the Cleveland bank was well under way Mr. Stone determined upon the invasion of New York. It would have been easy enough to start a new bank there, but he realized that its success would be limited until and unless the confidence of the New York banking world in the Brotherhood's financial ability and freedom from what Wall Street calls radicalism was established. That once established, the Brotherhood could go as far in the bankers' big league as its resources and ability warranted. George T. Webb had established relations with the Empire Trust Company; a large block of shares in that company was on the market and at a fair price. Though not one of the largest New York banks, the Empire Trust, with resources now above $90,000,000, was in excellent standing and reputation. The Brotherhood bought the stock. It never controlled the Empire Trust Company; the precise proportion of its holdings to the total number of shares has never been publicly disclosed. It was not much less than a half interest; but the prestige which it established for the Brotherhood was of more importance than the actual ownership of the stock. Mr. Stone and several of his associates were elected to the Empire Trust Company directorate, and five of the Brotherhood's national officers still have seats on the board.

This strategic entrance into Wall Street and the realm of high finance served the double purpose which Mr. Stone had intended it should. It gave the Brotherhood officials entrée into the inner circles with the minimum of risk, enabling them to learn at first hand and close range the processes and methods of big business, and it brought about valuable contacts between the personnel of big business and themselves. By no other means could the way have been paved so solidly and so speedily for the extension of the Brotherhood's financial activities on a large scale. Early in 1926 an opportunity was presented to sell a block of the Empire Trust stock at a handsome profit, and as this could be done without impairing the good relations which had been established, the Brotherhood disposed of a considerable part of its holdings, retaining, however, its seats on the trust company's board of directors.

With a New York connection thus established the Brotherhood's next step forward was the organization, early in 1922, of the Brotherhood Holding Company, an Ohio corporation with $1,000,000 of 7 per cent preferred stock and an equal number of shares of common stock. Fifty-one per cent of the shares were purchased by the Brotherhood as an organization, 25 per cent were deposited with the state of Ohio as a surety bond, and the remainder was offered to the Brotherhood membership at par. Earlier offerings of securities to the membership had begun the process of education in investing, so that one circular offering the holding-company shares sold all there were to sell.

Capital's Landlord

Through the holding company the Brotherhood in 1923 bought a bank just being organized by a labor group in Minneapolis, now known as the Transportation Brotherhoods' National Bank of Minneapolis. The ownership of its $200,000 capital, as its name implies, is shared with the Brotherhoods of Firemen and Enginemen and Railroad Trainmen and the Order of Railway Conductors, with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers owning the controlling interest. It was quickly put on a dividend basis and by midsummer of 1926 had resources totaling $2,420,835.

The chain of banks was not yet long enough or the education of the Brotherhood members and other depositors in the art of investment sufficiently complete to enable the banks to purchase and distribute securities in large blocks. Through the relations established in New York, however, excellent investments were becoming available, and in order to participate in these the Brotherhood Investment Company was organized, also an Ohio corporation, in 1923, with $10,000,000 of 7 per cent preferred stock and an equal number of shares of common. The Brotherhood bought 51 per cent of the common stock, selling the rest, with a bonus of common to each two shares of preferred, to the general public. It took only four months to market these $10,000,000 of shares at par, at a sales cost of a little more than 9 per cent. The investment company began to make money immediately and has continued to do so, paying its preferred dividends regularly and accumulating a substantial surplus.

Through the Brotherhood Investment Company the most spectacular, though not the largest, of the Brotherhood's New York financial operations to date was made—the purchase in 1924 of controlling interest in the gigantic Equitable Building at 120 Broadway. This $40,000,000 structure, for years the largest building in the world in point of floor space, stands in the very heart and center of New York's financial district and houses the main offices of scores of the world's greatest industrial and financial institutions. By the purchase of 63,000 of the 110,000 shares of the owning corporation labor became at one stroke the landlord to which capital in its most concentrated form paid rent!

Had the purchase of the Equitable Building amounted to nothing more than a gesture it would have been worth its cost to the Brotherhood. It was a notification which could not be ignored that the locomotive engineers had arrived. If anybody had seriously expected a cataclysm to celebrate labor's seizure of foothold in the stronghold of capital, he was disappointed. Wall Street took the news with its accustomed calm. It was not labor but capital which had bought the Equitable Building; and the only disappointments experienced were by those who had fondly believed that it made a difference to big business whether employers or employes owned the capital. On the Brotherhood side there is no room

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for doubt that this transaction and the sense of equality which the ownership of the Equitable Building conferred removed any last lingering trace of anything resembling an inferiority complex.

The Brotherhood did not have to take it out in satisfaction, however. They had bought the Equitable shares at thirty-eight dollars, a total price of $2,394,000; they sold them to the Vanderbilt group less than two years later at fifty-three dollars, receiving $3,339,000, thus making a net profit, above whatever the stock earned meantime, of $945,000, a return which even big business would have regarded as adequate.

In the meantime the Brotherhood had started the first bank all its own in New York City—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Cooperative Trust Company, at the corner of Seventh Avenue and West 33d Street. It was capitalized at $700,000, with $250,000 surplus, and was opened for business in December, 1923. It did a good business, but not big business. By the summer of 1926 its deposits were above $6,000,000 and its total resources above $7,250,000. But the real purpose which the Brotherhood felt its New York bank should serve could not, it was early apparent, be served by a bank in that location.

"We are in the financial big league as investors," is the way L. G. Griffing, first vice president of the Brotherhood's financial organizations, expressed it to me. "As a neighborhood bank our New York trust company has done excellently, but that is all it can ever become. It was of more value to the business men of that vicinity than it was to us, so when they offered to buy it from us at a satisfactory profit, we sold it to them. When we start another bank in New York it will be in the big-league class. With our national chain of banks growing as it is, and the establishment of other labor banks everywhere, we are justified in believing that the time will come when we should own in New York a bank big enough to serve them all on a national scale."

From Coast to Coast

On the heels of the opening of its New York bank the Brotherhood threw its lines toward the Pacific, with the organization of the Pacific Brotherhood Investment Company, with headquarters in Portland, Oregon, and a capital stock of $3,000,000, of which the Brotherhood holds its customary 51 per cent, the remainder being sold to its members and the public at par. By the recent absorption of the California Brotherhood Investment Corporation, organized later with $1,000,000 capital, the Pacific company now had $4,000,000 of capital. Through it have been organized the six banks which, up to September, 1926, constitute the Pacific Coast links of the Brotherhood's banking chain. These are the Brotherhood's coöperative National Bank of Spokane, capitalized at $200,000 and with more than $3,000,000 of resources; the Brotherhood State Bank of Spokane, located in Hillyard, a suburb of Spokane, $25,000 capital and $236,286 resources; the Brotherhood Bank and Trust Company of Seattle, with $250,000 capital and $1,126,621 of resources; the Brotherhood Coöperative National Bank of Tacoma, capitalized at $200,000 and having resources of $2,929,338; the Brotherhood Cooperative National Bank of Portland, a $200,000 bank whose resources have reached $2,327,205, and the newly organized Brotherhood National Bank of San Francisco, capitalized for $500,000, but not yet open for business as this is written.

From the Pacific Coast the Brotherhood jumped to the Atlantic seaboard. The New England Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Securities Corporation was organized under Massachusetts laws, with $2,000,000 capital, 51 per cent held by the Brotherhood, to serve chiefly as a medium through which to organize banks in the Northeastern states and hold their shares and other securities. So far only one bank has been opened in this territory—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers National Bank of Boston, with $500,000 capital and $100,000 surplus, and total resources of $4,135,828. Then followed the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Securities Corporation of Pennsylvania, a $3,000,000 concern, under whose ægis the Philadelphia bank known as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Title and Trust Company was opened. This bank has $500,000 capital, $250,000 surplus, and resources at this writing of $1,942,339. In like manner there were established the Southern Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Securities Corporation, with $2,000,000 capital, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Bank and Trust Company, at Birmingham, Alabama. This bank has $500,000 capital and resources of $1,957,598. The twelfth bank in the chain is the Nottingham Savings and Banking Company at Nottingham, Ohio, with $75,000 capital and $823,694 resources.

Definitely Friendly

How much farther the chain may be extended is a matter for the future to decide. It is the avowed purpose of the Brotherhood to open new banks or buy out existing ones whenever and wherever favorable opportunity offers and the time seems ripe. Every new bank helps to enlarge the opportunity for educating the workers to invest their savings in sound securities, and by broadening the market for such securities and increasing the organization's distributing power, enables labor to take a larger and larger part in the financing of industry through bond flotations and share participation.

It was slow work building up the distributing power of the Brotherhood banks to the point where the purchase of securities in large blocks was justified by the certainty that they would be readily marketed through the organization's machinery. It became apparent soon after the chain of banks had begun to extend that a unified system of dealing in stocks and bonds was necessary; otherwise the banks in the chain would be bidding against each other. So the Brotherhood went a step farther into the field of high finance with the establishment of the New York Empire Company, capitalized for $500,500, which became the brokerage house through which purchases and sales of securities for the account of all the organization's banks and other financial institutions are made in the open market.

At the head of the New York Empire Company, as president, is Darragh A. Park, for years a partner in one of the large Stock Exchange brokerage houses. The private telegraph wire which connects all the banks in the chain except those in Philadelphia and Birmingham has its New York terminus in his offices at 120 Broadway. A private telephone line connects the Philadelphia bank. At present the Birmingham bank is too far out of the circuit to warrant a private wire connection.

"By this system we are able to get instant action on any new offering or turn in the market," Mr. Park told me. "The New York Empire Company is constantly informed of the securities each bank or finance corporation of the Brotherhood is holding. If the market for any of these takes a turn which offers an opportunity to sell at a profit, it takes but a few minutes to transmit the information and receive the bank's decision; similarly speedy action is obtainable in the matter of purchases. A bank in the chain may, for example, anticipate the withdrawal of a large deposit of state funds, and send me such a wire as I got a short time ago: 'Expect withdrawal of $2,000,000 in ten days; please take care of us.'

"Sitting here in the market place it is much easier for us to sell bonds owned by that bank which will provide the needed $2,000,000, and get the best price for them, than it would be for the individual bank to attend to the transaction.

(Continued on Page 225)

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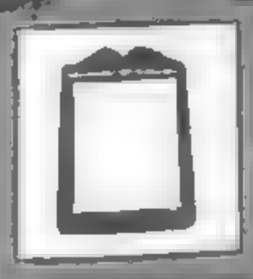

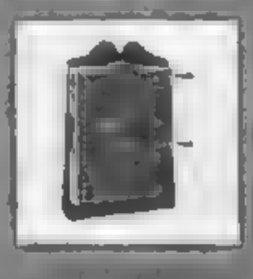

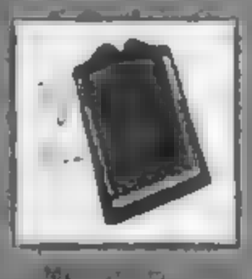

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(Continued from Page 222)

"We have developed our purchasing and distributing power now to the point where we are invited to participate in practically all the important underwriting and distributing syndicates on precisely the same terms as the largest banking institutions in the Street. I can give an answer very quickly as to the size of our participation, if the issue seems desirable for our purposes, by sending a single message over our private wire to all our banks, inquiring how many bonds or shares each can handle. Of course there are many issues, both of bonds and stocks, which do not appeal to us, although they are perfectly legitimate purchases for banks whose clientele has had a longer experience in the investment field and who are presumably warranted in taking larger risks than the wage earner ought to take. Safety and quick marketability are the first considerations."

"Have you found any evidences of antagonism on the part of the Street toward labor as bankers?" I asked.

"Not the slightest," was the instant response. "On the contrary, such sentiment as is manifested is all the other way. I should say that while the great majority of bankers and brokers have no feeling one way or the other about the entrance of labor into the field of finance, the men at the head of the largest and most important financial institutions are emphatically and definitely friendly. It was one of those who said to me: 'Capital simply cannot afford to let labor fail in its financial enterprises, for labor's success means the permanent solution of all the differences which have existed between labor and capital.'"

Since its first great adventure in International-Great Northern bonds the Brotherhood has participated in numerous underwriting and distributing syndicates, mainly industrials, but the variety of securities bought and sold by and for the account of labor's big chain of financial institutions covers practically the whole range of offerings such as any other first-rate bond house dealing only in high-grade securities might list.

To illustrate, I have before me a printed list of offerings recommended for investment by the Brotherhood's Cleveland bank to its customers.

Here are seven different municipals—bonds of towns and counties; three foreign issues—labor lends its money abroad, just as capital has always done; eight issues of power-and-light bonds, representing liens on as many public utilities scattered from California to Pennsylvania via Louisiana; four railroad issues, especially appropriate, it would seem, for the Brotherhood; seven industrials, including two issues in which the Brotherhood participated in the original underwriting, and four real-estate mortgage bonds. Just under $1,000,000 worth of bonds listed on this one daily circular, bonds owned by labor's bank and offered as investments for labor's savings.

Customers in the Community

"We don't deal exclusively with the members of the Brotherhood, of course," said A. B. Green, one of the vice presidents of the Cleveland bank, in charge of the bond department. "We handle securities just as other banks do; our salesmen have their regular customers among the business community and are constantly adding to their lists of investors. While the combined investment power of the Brotherhood membership is great, comparatively few individual members are classifiable as large investors, and it will be a good while yet before anything like 100 per cent of the membership become investors at all. But the proportion who are saving regularly and putting their savings into the securities we offer is growing satisfactorily. Last year, 1925, for example, we sold through this bank $9,996,300 of securities. About $3,000,000 were sold at wholesale to insurance companies. Of the retail sales about one-sixth, or about $1,200,000, were made to the Brotherhood membership.

"This year, so far, the sales to members have increased steadily. August is always a dull month, but in August, 1926, members of the Brotherhood bought nearly $150,000 of securities.

"Sales to the membership are made entirely by mail. The membership list is jealously guarded, and before this bond department can send out an offering to the members the approval of the advisory board of the Brotherhood has to be obtained and its members satisfied that the securities we propose to offer are precisely what locomotive engineers and firemen ought to invest their money in. We use the Brotherhood of Firemen's list, as well as that of the engineers; but nobody in this department knows the name of a single member until he becomes a customer, or responds to our advertisement in the journals published by the Brotherhoods of Engineers, Firemen and Trainmen and the Order of Railway Conductors."

No Loss to Investors

"Sales of bonds to workers are naturally in small units as a rule—$100, $500 and $1000. But one of the reasons why we get invited into nearly all of the big underwritings is that when we once have a bond sold to a railroad man it usually stays sold. It doesn't come popping back into the market in large blocks to upset prices, as it might if it were in the hands of a business house which is constantly changing its investments. We have made it a rule so far to repurchase bonds bought by our members at the price they paid, if the market has gone down, or at the market if it shows a profit.

"We figure that the possible trifling loss in the rare instances when we might have to take a loss is part of the necessary cost of educating the wage earner into a capitalist. And when a member wants to sell his bonds we try to find out why. If he has a legitimate need for the money, well and good, but if he has been listening to some smooth salesman who is trying to switch him from a sound 6 or 7 per cent investment into a speculative blue-sky promotion, we try to keep him from being switched.

"Mr. Stone not long before his death made the statement that the membership of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers alone was swindled out of more than $7,000,000 in 1922 by blue-sky artists who sold them worthless shares. A very important part of this department's work is advising members, who are getting more and more in the habit of writing to us whenever any sort of an investment is offered to them from any source. Some of their letters are pitiful, telling how they were induced to put their savings into some wild-cat scheme and begging us to tell them how to get their money out. Sometimes it is the other way about. We received a letter not long ago from a member who reported that he had bought twenty-three shares, some years ago, of an automobile concern which is no longer in business. He supposed the stock was worthless, but we were able to assure him that through the merger of the corporation which issued it with a larger concern the shares which had cost him about $2000 were now worth almost $3500 in the open market.

"The great majority of the purchases of securities made by our members are on the installment plan. Of course, anybody can buy good bonds on installments, but few people realize that. Twenty per cent down and 10 per cent a month, with bank interest on the deferred payments, is the usual method. We make it our business to point out to our savings depositors as soon as they have accumulated a few hundred dollars in their savings accounts, that they can get a larger return for their money by making a first payment of $100 or $200 on a $500 or $1000 bond and then making monthly payments on it instead of, or in addition to, regular savings deposits."

A tabulated report of a single day's business of the bank's bond department, picked

This Advertisement Ought to Sell *More Than a Million* FRANCISCO HEATERS

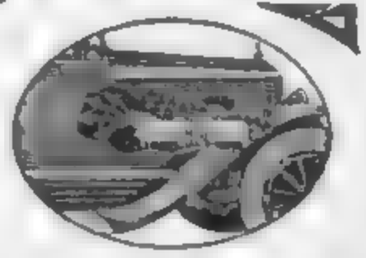
HUNDREDS of thousands of FRANCISCO AUTO HEATERS are sold every year. Millions would be purchased if all motorists realized how simple a matter it is to be absolutely certain of **summer driving comfort in coldest winter weather.** The luxury of riding in cozy comfort—when blizzards blow and all outdoors is held fast in an icy grip—is readily available to owners of both closed and curtained open cars.

The heat is there, so why not use it? Surely not because of high cost. FRANCISCO HEATERS not only cost nothing to operate—they actually pay for themselves by increasing the efficiency of the motor at the same time that they deliver **clean, pure fresh-air heat in gratifying volume.**

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER

For All Makes of Cars.

Protected by Basic Patents



The Francisco Line is complete. There is a FRANCISCO HEATER for every standard make of car. And the FRANCISCO is **guaranteed** to deliver more heat than any other heater built. **The action of the FRANCISCO is almost instantaneous!** The whole car is comfortably warm within a few minutes after the motor is started—even in sub-zero weather!

Nothing to rattle. Nothing to get out of order. No upkeep expense of any kind. And the FRANCISCO will outlast the car. The FRANCISCO takes up fresh air back of the fan, warms it over the manifold and delivers it directly into the front of the car. Easily operated register controls and regulates the amount of heat delivered.

Ventilates While it Heats

The heat which pours into your car in abundant volume almost from the minute the motor is started is clean, pure, fresh-air heat. No exhaust gases can possibly enter the FRANCISCO HEATER. And so positive is its circulation that the air in the car is completely changed every two or three minutes.

Improves Carburetion

The FRANCISCO greatly increases the efficiency of the motor. Because the FRANCISCO encloses the intake as well as the exhaust manifold of the car, it acts as a "hot-spot", bringing the motor up to summer efficiency, improving carburetion and positively increasing motor efficiency. With **both** manifolds covered, the FRANCISCO acts as a shutter device, keeping cold air from the intake and making the motor easier to start. No other heater made performs this important function. The FRANCISCO is the only heater that completely encloses both intake and exhaust manifolds.

The fact that the installation of the FRANCISCO definitely improves motor operation in cold weather has been proved conclusively. Exhaustive tests made by Prof. Jacklin of the Mechanical Engineering Department of the Ohio State University have demonstrated that in continuous running under actual road conditions with a Ford sedan the FRANCISCO HEATER made possible a decrease of 20% in gasoline consumption. Even with the remarkably efficient new Holley Manifold for Ford cars, efficiency gains were conclusively demonstrated.

See Your Dealer Today—or Write

Any garage mechanic can quickly install the FRANCISCO HEATER on your car. No changes necessary in any of the working parts of the motor and no interference in any way. Insist on the genuine FRANCISCO HEATER which covers the entire manifold. Your dealer has a FRANCISCO to fit your car—or can easily get one for you as FRANCISCOS are carried in stock by leading automotive jobbers everywhere.

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER CO.

Dept. 26, Cleveland and Essex Avenues Columbus, Ohio

Francisco Canadian Auto Heater Co., Hamilton, Ont., Canada

C. E. Immel, 616 E. Pine St., Seattle, Washington

FRANCISCO HEATER installed on Dodge.

My Dealer's name is:

You may send me information about the FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER.

Name.....

Address.....

Knit shirts and nainsook drawers for college men—sheer knit suits in athletic models—full length sleeves and legs—Carter makes all styles

If underwear were made to your measure . . .

You would get no better fit nor comfort than Carter's—all fabrics, all styles

SUITS, SHIRTS, SHOES—all made to measure. Then fit is easy.

But with knit underwear it's different, because even the most expert tailor can't change the fit after the garment is made up.

The original Carter's Union Suits are tailored on living models of all normal types and they just *have* to fit.

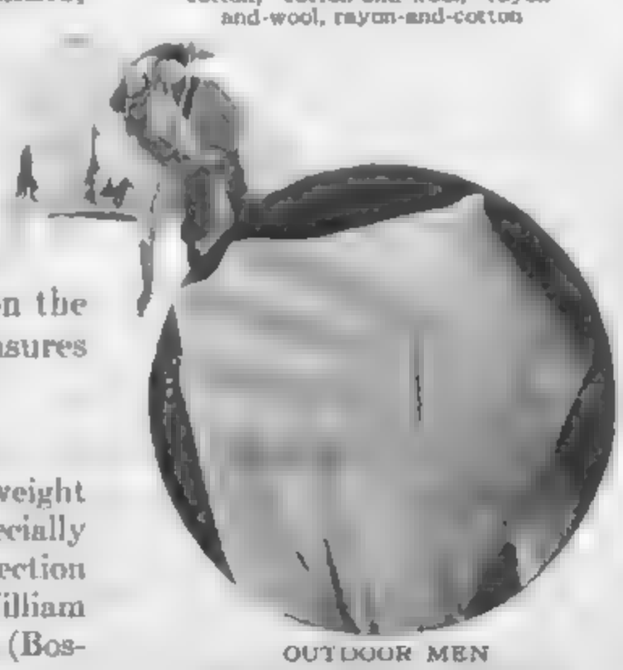
No binding at any point, no uncomfortable wrinkles, no bulging seams. That perfect fit is there to stay—it defies long wear and repeated washings.

Look for these details—flat seams, snug-fitting cuffs at wrists and ankles, military "sag-proof" shoulders, roomy seat with special flap, and buttons put on to stay. They mean real comfort.

The sizes of all Carter's Union Suits are plainly marked on the label. Make sure the clerk measures you from crotch to shoulder.

INDOOR MEN

Indoors men need lightweight union suits. Carter makes them as sheer, almost as fine hosiery. In cotton, cotton-and-wool, rayon-and-wool, rayon-and-cotton



OUTDOOR MEN

Men who work or play outdoors need the protection of medium or thick underwear. Carter's Union Suits are warm but never heavy. In cotton, cotton-and-wool, and wool

Ask at the store to see the new lightweight Carter garments. The fabrics are specially designed to give just the right protection to men who work indoors. The William Carter Company, Needham Heights (Boston District), Mass.

Carter's

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

UNION SUITS *for Men*

at random from the file of the manager's desk, showed sales of $62,000 of widely diversified securities on that date. Of these, $8000 were listed under the name of the salesman who conducts the mail-order transactions with Brotherhood members. All the $8000 so sold were first mortgage bonds of the B. of L. E. Realty Company.

"That is the particular issue we have just been offering to the membership," the mail-order manager explained. "They are bonds secured by first mortgages on improved property in the Brotherhood's Florida real-estate development."

That is the high peak reached so far by the locomotive engineers. With capital pouring into Florida from almost every big pool of wealth in America, for the development of the peninsula's shores and hinterland and the transportation and housing of the multiplying army of tourists and homeseekers, the Brotherhood was not to be left out of that golden opportunity for profits.

The B. of L. E. Realty Company, with $1,000,000 capital stock, held like the rest of its companies, with 51 per cent in the hands of the organization itself and the balance distributed among its membership, bought 25,000 acres of land at Venice, sixty miles south of Tampa, with a seven-mile Gulf frontage, and began last year to develop a city on the waterfront and a series of small farm colonies east of the Tamiami Trail. The double purpose here was, first, to make profits, and second, to be able to offer to its members who wanted homes or farms in Florida, something which could be guaranteed to them as to price, location and stability. To September, 1926, somewhere around $5,000,000 has been invested by the Brotherhood and its members at Venice, most of it underground in extensive drainage, grading and clearing work, some of it in hotels and apartment houses financed by the bonds bought by the members of the Brotherhood.

The Board of Directors

Once the Brotherhood had pointed the way and demonstrated that labor could go into the banking business without interference from big business, other labor banks, now numbering twenty-five, began to spring up. The largest of them all, except the Brotherhood's Cleveland bank with its $26,760,227 of resources at the end of June, 1926, is the Federation Bank and Trust Company of New York. It was organized in 1924, with representatives of some 250 labor unions scattered all over the United States as stockholders. It now has $750,000 of capital stock, $15,441,485 of deposits and total resources of $17,805,691. Like the Brotherhood's Cleveland bank, it has a large national savings clientele; and it follows the same general policy of inducing its depositors to invest their savings in industrial securities. When the Federation Bank decided to change its form and obtain a charter as a trust company, in the spring of 1926, the committee which managed the reorganization included the governor of New York, the mayor of New York City, the president of the American Federation of Labor, a United States senator, a former candidate for vice president of the United States, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, the head of one of the largest electrical industries, and others of comparable importance in business and public affairs, demonstrating the extent to which public confidence had been established.

There are other labor banks, variously owned by local unions and groups of unions, in Bakersfield, California, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Great Falls, Montana, Houston, Indianapolis, Jackson, Michigan, Jersey City, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Newark, New York, Paterson, Pittsburgh, Rogersville, Tennessee, St. Louis, San Bernardino, Three Forks, Montana, Toledo, Tucson and Washington, D. C. Their capitalization ranges from $25,000 to $500,000, their resources from under $200,000 to more than $6,000,000. In Washington, D. C., the machinists' union owns a large part of the $1,000,000 capital stock of the Commercial National Bank, with resources of $17,574,720. In the same category are the Union Labor Investment Corporation, with headquarters in Jersey City and $5,000,000 of capital, and the Dispatchers Investment Company of Chicago, capitalized at $2,500,000.

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers opened their first bank, in New York City, in 1923. Today the Amalgamated Bank of New York ranks third in size among labor banks, with $7,746,605 of resources, including its $300,000 capital stock. The Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago is growing at an almost equal rate, and now has $3,484,182 of resources, with $200,000 capital.

There we have the amazing picture of labor as capitalist, sitting in the game of high finance with a stack of more than $150,000,000 of the counters with which the game is played, a share in another $100,000,000, and playing the game according to the established rules.

Rules That Work

That is the most significant phase of it all, the discovery by labor that the rules of business and finance work precisely as well for it as for capital. The idea that big business always has a few cards up its sleeve, to be used unexpectedly for the discomfiture of the workingman, is a persistent one and not without its justification in the history of industrial relations. So also is the idea, long widely prevalent among capitalists, that labor always wants to introduce a joker or declare deuces wild or in some other radical way disturb the established routine which, on the whole, works better than anything else which human ingenuity has devised. Perhaps the reëducation of capital through its experience with labor as banker and financier is after all the most important part of the whole economic revolution. For that, as Professor Carver points out, is what it all comes to—a revolution, nothing less, although arrived at so peacefully and so quietly that only an insignificant minority of the whole population knew that it was going on.

Part of Lenin's formula for the economic revolution, Marxian style, was to imprison fifty bankers for three weeks and extort their secrets from them, then abolish the bankers. American labor has discovered that the bankers haven't any secrets, and instead of abolishing them has gone into partnership with them. Perhaps it will come to the same thing in the end.

It is hard to determine the precise point at which the worker ceases to be labor and becomes capital. Is it when he gets 51 per cent of his income from the investment of his savings and only 49 per cent from his wages? Then capital becomes labor whenever its individual owner gets more of his income in the way of salary than he does from his investments. He may continue for a while to regard himself as in a different class from the wage earner, and the wageworker will doubtless continue, perhaps for another generation or so, to draw an imaginary and increasingly vague line between himself and his nominal employers.

But there is no doubt whatever that American labor is headed toward the goal of the control of American industry, not alone in the indirect sense in which its collective purchasing power already makes it largely the dictator of what industry shall produce, but by such a degree of actual ownership, as shareholder and bonded creditor, as to insure the stability of its own job, to make the pay roll rather than the dividend the first financial objective of business. The road on which labor has started, with its conversion of workers into capitalists, leads definitely in that direction. Unless an at present unthinkable letting down of the immigration bars or some unforeseeable cataclysm blocks the path, that is where labor seems bound eventually to arrive.

The Sparton 110 AC

At Last ~

NO A batteries to recharge—no B batteries to run down—no eliminators—just plug in to the regular house lighting circuit and enjoy beautiful music and splendid entertainment uninterrupted.

The Sparton 110 AC is truly the ultimate ideal that Radio lovers have been longing for. Nothing else to buy—complete with tubes all ready to enjoy.

Two beautiful two-tone walnut five tube models with the special Sparton balanced circuit and two dial control

Tuning the Sparton is as easy as turning a page. Simply turn the right hand dial until center opening shows the wave length of the station you desire. Turn the left hand dial to corresponding figure in the right hand opening and the program comes in full, rich and perfect. You can throw away the tiresome log book, as your newspapers always print exact wave lengths in their daily programs.

The new feature coupled with the special Sparton method of balancing produces the most perfect reception and tone quality of any one or multiple dial sets of which we know.

In all fairness to yourself see, hear and operate a Sparton before you buy.

Sparton Radio is built by the manufacturers of the world famous Sparton horns for motor cars. Its production is a logical development of the Company's quarter-century of precision manufacture of [illegible] equipment.

AC Cabinet Model, Price $260. AC Console, Price $360.
Full line of battery operated models, $63 and upward.

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THE PATHFINDER OF THE AIR

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Imperial Camel Hair Overcoat may also be purchased at the establishment of an authorized Stein Bloch representative in the principal cities throughout the United States and Great Britain

At home and abroad, Imperial Camel Hair originated by Stein Bloch, is recognized as the year-round coat of the gentleman.
Imperial Camel Hair Overcoats are tailored in standard camel hair colors as well as Glens and Overcheckings in two-tone effects.

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 4

Talk about the Lost Tribe of Israel! Say, they could have been in Russia all this time and never be lost at all, and still nobody would have found them.

Now scramble all that together and let somebody think they can diagnose it. Russia is the boarding-house hash of Nations. Hash, Russia and flivvers are three things nobody has ever been able to catalogue the contents.

Trying to tell what Russia is is like trying to tell the difference between a Conservative Republican and a Progressive Democrat. If you are a visiting Communist, or have Communistic leanings, why, naturally you will write of it from their accomplishment point of view, and are liable to—accidentally—leave out any little defects you might have seen.

Then on the other hand, if you are not the least bit in sympathy with any part of their program, why, you naturally are not liable to let yourself see anything that has any merit in it. So, Boss, if you are looking for me to solve the Russian Problem, you are not going to get it done. Now a Congressman could do it in twenty minutes and a Senator in ten, but it stuck me. But I tell you what I am going to do—I am just going to be like a prisoner at the bar when some wise, old good-natured Judge who wants to get the facts asks, "Will you please tell the Court in your own way and your own language just what happened on the entire night of June the twelfth?" Now that's what I am going to do. I am just going to tell you everything I saw and what happened here in Russia in the last two and a half weeks.

Now the first thing I want to do is to dispel one generally popular illusion that everybody has to watch one's conduct while in Russia. Everybody said: "Be very careful what you say or do while in there; they have spies and secret police all over the place. Every waiter or servant in the Hotel, they let on they don't speak English, but they do, and report everything. It's that G. P. U., or Cheko, the famous secret-service organization of Russia."

Well, they had me so scared that New York third-degree police methods wouldent have got a word from me. If anybody said to me, "It's a nice day today," I would be afraid even to agree with them. I would just nod my head both ways, kind of a half yes and 50 per cent no. I was as agreeable to everybody as an Insurance Agent before he lands you.

Then a lot of friends had said to me, "Oh, you will get many a laugh out of there; I would like to be with you up there."

Funny? Say, I was just about the saddest looking thing you ever saw. Claremore, Oklahoma's, favorite light Comedian was in no jovial mood to derive merriment from an Bolsheviki régime that far away from home. I had seen pictures of long trains wending their way across the Trans Siberian Railway, hauling heavy loads of human freight, when nobody had a return ticket but the Conductor, all perhaps for getting funny with Russia.

So if I thought of an alleged Wise Crack, it was immediately stifled before reaching even the thorax. If somebody was going to pull nifties at the expense of the Soviet Régime, I certainly was not going to be the culprit. The whole system of Communism might have openly appeared to me Cockeyed and disastrous, but if I thought so, I would have said it to myself.

No, come to think about it, I wouldent even have said it to myself. I would have been afraid some thought reader would pick it up. I dident want to do anything or say anything that could be used against me. I wanted to get out in the peaceful way I had got in. I wanted to arrive back home 100 per cent whole this fall, to tell my little wheezes to the dissatisfied agrarian population, or what is mistakenly called the Rube Belt. I couldent think of a single Prohibition joke that I thought would get over around a Prison Camp fire on the shores of the Behring Straits. You know, I don't think there is anything as pitiful or sad as a half-scared Comedian. I looked, I absorbed, but I dident utter.

Then for the next popular illusion I was told by everyone, "Oh, they will take care of you; they will just take you around and show you just what they want you to see. You won't be allowed to see anything. You will be sheperded around to just all the good-appearing things."

Well, here is the funny part about it: I don't think there was a soul in Russia that knew I was in there. In fact it kinder hurt my pride when I found nobody was watching me or paying me any attention. You see, it's so hard to get a Passport in there that I thought when they did give me one I felt kinder like every new Congressman when he first comes to Washington and looks for you and Mrs. Coolidge and the Cabinet and Alice Longworth and Walter Johnson all to meet him at the train. Then he comes and prowls around for a week before anybody but his Landlord knows he is there. In fact some stay there for years and nobody ever knows they are there.

Well, that's the way I felt. 'Course, I dident figure on any public reception. I dident hardly dare to hope for so much as the much-heralded Cossacks to charge and cut the heads off any remaining nobility in Red Square. But I did begin to think if they are going to start showing me about they better be at it. I tell you it was lonesome and humiliating on me. I wanted to hire my own Detective and have him watch me just to keep up the popular tradition.

Well, you know yourself how it was when you first come to Washington as Vice President. Well, that's just the reception I had in Russia. Well, I went all over the country; drove out to villages, went to other towns, got on the train and made a night's journey from Moscow to St. Petersburg—or Leningrad was the name of it that week—and wasent stopped or asked a question; and dident even have my passport, as it had been left with the Hotel to give to the Police, as that is their custom.

I run onto an old American boy that was working for a big mining concern and he and I looked at everything there was to see, and a lot of things that if they had been very careful they shouldent have let us see. I talked to various Government officials connected with their Foreign Department, and everywhere had the greatest courtesy and consideration. They explained anything that I would ask them about the government or the country. One thing, though that a Communist can do is explain. You can ask him any question in the world, and if you give him long enough he will explain their angle, and it will sound plausable then. Communism to me is one-third practice and two-thirds explanation.

I wanted to go in the Kremlin, the old-time Czars' Castle and Fort. It's now where all the Government business is carried on. 'Course, you have to have a permit, but they gave it to me and in I went. They give you a Guide who speaks English to take you through. But that was the only place where they furnished me one. Anywhere else I could mess around all over the place. Lenine's Tomb—the body is just there in a glass case. Well, at the present time you can't go in there, as they are overhauling or upholstering the whole tomb, or the body, or something. It's just a little wooden building outside the Kremlin wall.

I wanted, of course, when I went in there, to see Trotzky. I wanted to write to you about him and tell you how he stacked up with Borah and Young La-Follette and Jim Reed and Al Smith and

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WHEN evening shadows fall, the feet which have walked in Florsheims through the day naturally maintain their well-bred appearance. The "ADAIR" is a much-admired Florsheim. Patent leather for formal wear.

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For burning oil, gas, coke or ANY coal.

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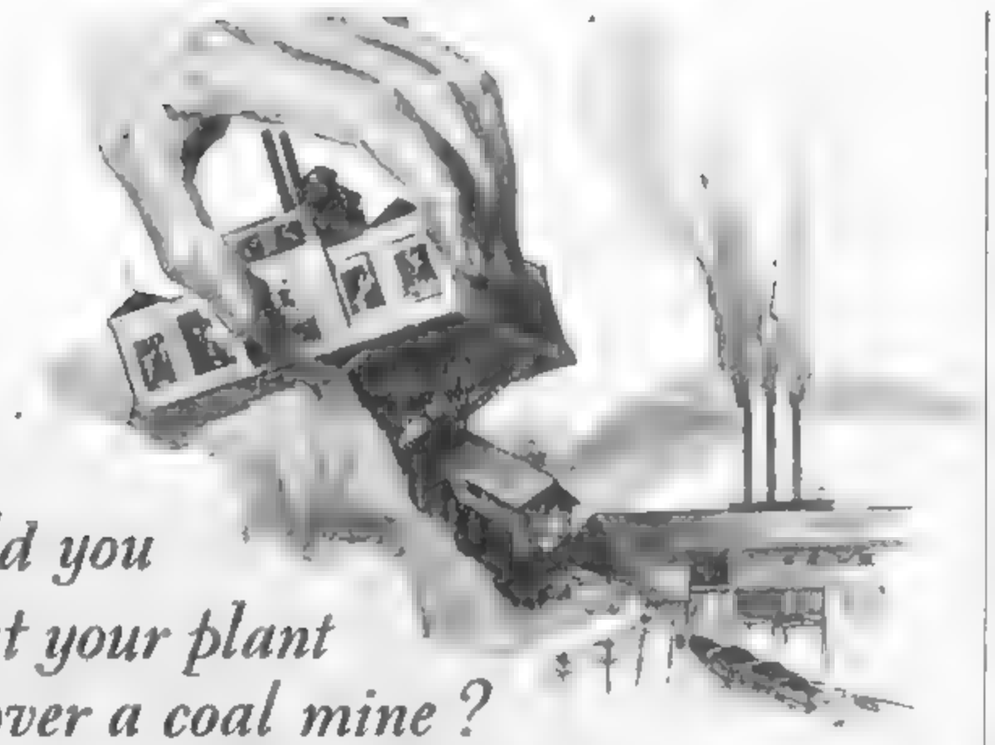

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DELAWARE
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The L&H Electrics Heating Pad

Sol Bloom and the New York Times man in there, Duranty, who has been there for years and is the best informed man in Russia on their affairs, and a fine congenial little fellow and a godsend to visiting English or Americans. Well, Duranty and I went to see a man about seeing Trotzky. A little fellow named Rothstein, who spoke English and used to work on a paper in England, he has to do with censoring all that goes out to the Press. I told him the nature of the visit to Trotzky was to find out just what kind of a Guy he was personally; that I dident want any of his state secrets. I just wanted to see did he drink, eat, sleep, laugh and act human, or was his whole life taken up for the betterment of mankind. I told him that anything that I wrote you would not break up the pleasant relations that existed between our two glorious Nations.

Mr. Rothstein informed me: "We are a very serious people; we do not go in for fun and laughter. In running a large Country like this we have no time for appearing frivolous. We have a great work to perform for the betterment of mankind. We are sober."

Well, I explained to him that I dident hardly expect Trotzky to make any faces for me or to turn a few somersaults or tell the one about two Hebrews named Abe and Moe. I tole him that the man must have some very good human qualities, and on account of being in America at one time, he has always been of especial interest to us; more than anyone else in Russia since Lenine's death. I wanted to tell them that what they needed in their Government was more of a sense of humor and less of a sense of revenge.

I saw that this old boy wasent so strong for me X-raying Trotzky. But I bet you if I had met him and had a chat with him, I would have found him a very interesting and human fellow, for I have never yet met a man that I dident like. When you meet people, no matter what opinion you might have formed about them beforehand, why, after you meet them and see their angle and their personality, why, you can see a lot of good in all of them. You know how it is yourself, Boss. I bet you have had Political enemies and you would think from your impressions of them that they ought to be quartered in the zoo in the reptile house. Yet when you met them you could see their side and find they wasent so bad, and that you were both trying to get about the same thing in the long run.

Rothstein wants me to stay over one day longer, and he would have me see Tchitcherin. He was the Prime Minister, and naturally would be the main one. But it was Trotzky I want to see if possible. These Prime Ministers, they are so sudden that before I can write you about one of them he may be out and be three Ministers removed from his old position.

But I found out the real reason I dident get to see Trotzky. Trotzky is not in so good with the present government. It may seem rather funny to some to hear he is too conservative for them. He has his ideas how things should run, as he is one of the old-timers in the party. He got so bad as an opposition that the Party shipped him away off down in the Ural's to get him out of the way. But he is really strong with the people, and there was such a fuss raised over it that they had to drag him back to the capital again and create a job for him; so they made him Minister of Concessions.

Now, on the face of it, that looks like a pretty soft job, for Russia certainly has lots of concessions to peddle out. But they made it so Red-Tapey that he couldent give out the Vodka-selling privilege at the next Revolution without having it passed by an act of the entire Soviet Council; so it really wasent so much of a job as it appeared on the letterhead. He had charge of the Army for a long time, and built up quite a formidable gang.

The real fellow that is running the whole thing in there is a Bird names Stalin, a great big two-fisted fighting egg from away down in the Caucasian Mountains. He is the Borah of the Black Sea. He is kinder the Mellon and Butler combined of the Russian administration. He is the stage manager of Bolshevism right now. He don't hold any great high position himself, but he tells the others what ones they will hold. He has served his term in Siberia under the Czar. Well, Trotzky is kinder not sitting at his round table at lunch. But the Peasants out in the country are still strong for Trotzky. He sees that there must be some changes made in the way they are running things. The Peasants think they have a kick that they are not getting enough for their grain, and Trotzky is sorter siding with them. So he is called a conservative.

A Conservative among Communists is a man with a Bomb in only one hand; a Radical is what you would call a Two-Bomb Man. They have one in each hand, and will spit a third one at you if possible. But I saw and talked to lots of them in the Government; also met all the gang that they sent out from America that time with Big Bill Haywood—was going to see old Bill, but he was sick in the Hospital and I couldent get to see him. From what I heard, Bill who would like to get back among the gang in Chicago. If I was Bill, and had that opportunity of going from Russia to Chicago I would give it serious thought before I would make the change.

Met the smartest, brightest old Bolshe fellow in there named George. I don't know his other name, but you couldent pronounce it if I wrote it. He said he was one of the twenty-two that Judge Landis sent to Leavenworth to break their jump to Russia that time. He is a bright, smart kind of a Duck, but not what I would call a Landis rooter. Met a big nice jovial fellow from Chicago—forgot his name, said he run for President on the Socialist ticket the year Jimmy Cox did. I told him I could faintly remember Jimmy, for he happened to be a good friend of mine; but I couldent remember him. He said he runs pretty near every year on that Ticket—said, "I may run this year." I told him there was no Presidential election this year unless there was an impeachment.

He said, "Ain't there? Well, mebbe it's next year then; I don't pay much 'tention to what years I am running and what years I am not."

He was feeling pretty good about the whole way things were running in there, and was very enthusiastic about it all; he was strong for 'em. He had a passport back! I bet if you had stole that passport away from that old Boy you would have just had 284 pounds' worth of suicide on your hands. The funny part about it among these American ones you meet over there visiting, they are all so nice and friendly and enthusiastic about it, and believe in it away above our form of government; but they all go back over home. It just looks to me like Communism is such a happy-family affair that not a Communist wants to stay where it is practiced. It's the only thing they want you to have but keep none themselves. Well, this continuous Presidential Candidate was a mighty nice fellow, and I would like to see him get into the finals some day, even if he don't win.

Now I know you want to know what about it, and how is it working, and what is it. Well, I am giving it as much study as a Bird like me could give serious study to anything. Before coming in here, I read everything. I read so many of that fellow Marx's books that I don't want even to see the Marx Brothers, as clever as they are. I have come to the conclusion that the reason there is so many books on Socialism is because it's the only thing in the world that you can't explain easy. It's absolutely impossible for any Socialist to say anything in a few words. You say, "Is it light or dark?" and it takes him two volumes to answer Yes or No; and then I know there is a catch in it somewhere. It's like a long Theatrical Contract. If one of them tells beyond the Salary and the amount of weeks you are to work, why, you might just as

(Continued on Page 233)

Is Boston really a difficult market?

The Boston Retailer says "NO"

His solution of the problem lies in concentrating his advertising upon a 12-mile shopping area

WHY do so many manufacturers regard Boston as a difficult advertising market?

Why do Boston retailers find that same market no more difficult than other retailers find other cities?

The Globe decided to find the answer to these questions.

Investigation showed that most nationally known manufacturers think of Boston as a city with a 30-mile trading radius. But within this 30-mile trading radius, commonly accepted as the Boston market, are five cities that are entities in themselves.

When the Globe interviewed Boston department stores it developed that 64% of the charge accounts in one most representative store and 74% of its package deliveries are *confined to an area within 12 miles of City Hall.* This was further verified by the Parcel Delivery Clearing House which delivers parcels for all the department stores.

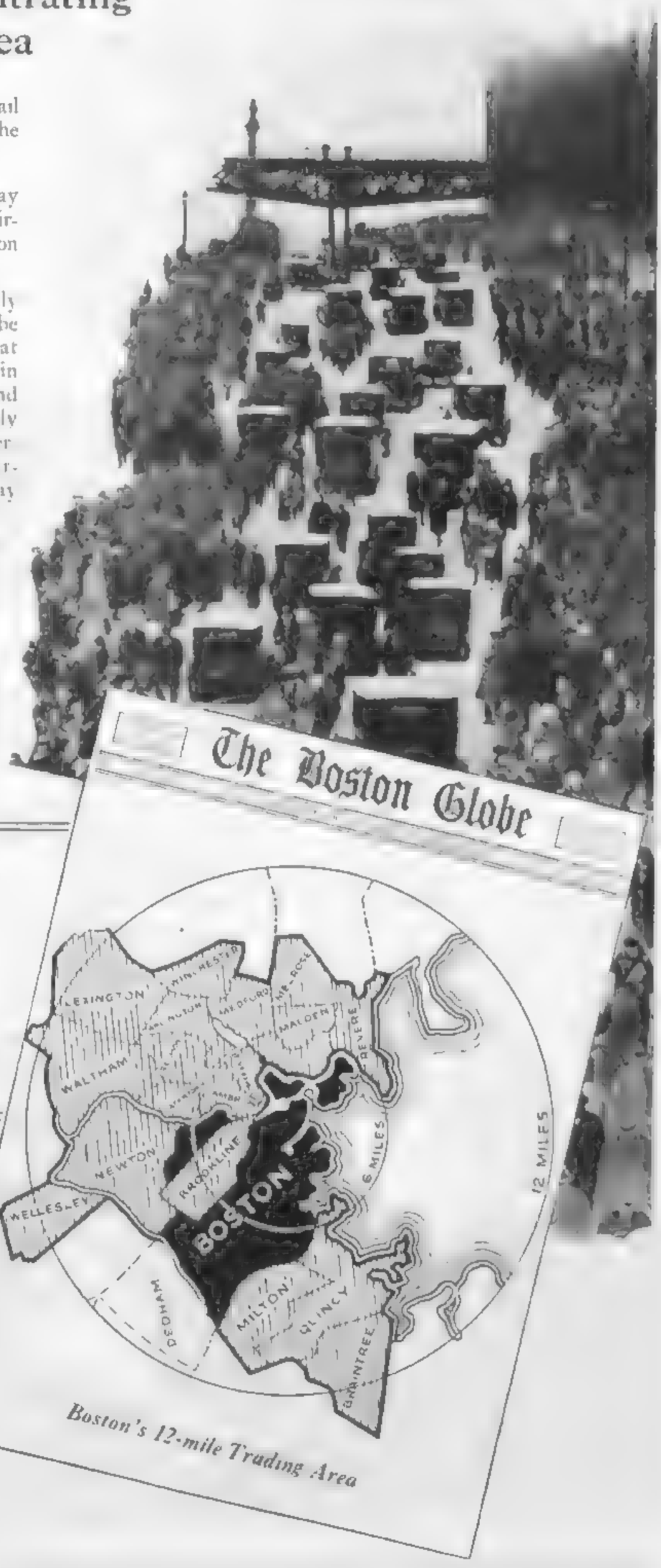
In this 12-mile area—Boston's real trading area—lies 1,567,257 population, with a per capita wealth of nearly $2,000. In this 12-mile area is the largest number of retail outlets in most lines, and nearly all the retail leaders.

IN this key market of Boston the Sunday Globe delivers the largest newspaper circulation—and the sale of the Globe on week-days exceeds that of Sunday.

That is why Boston retailers—especially the great department stores—buy the Globe first. In the Sunday Globe Boston's great stores place as much lineage as they use in all other Sunday papers combined. And during 1925 (and 1926 to date) the daily Globe carried more department store advertising than any other daily paper. Advertisers in the Globe get a uniform seven day concentration upon Boston's key market.

The Globe's great strength among the people of Boston is due solely to its editorial and news merit. It is strictly nonpartisan. And the Globe's features interest every member of the family.

Study the map of Boston's key market on this page. See how the Globe leads in this key market. Note the figures on distributing outlets. Then buy the Globe *first* in Boston.

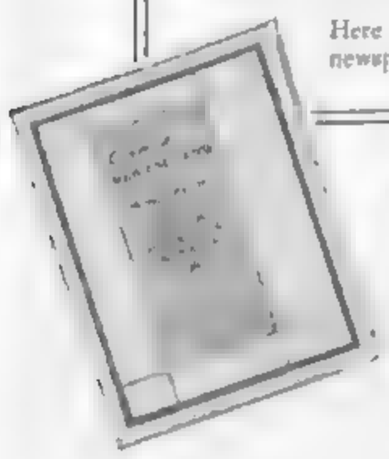


Boston's 12-mile Trading Area

Taking a 30-mile radius as Boston's extreme trading limit the 12-mile area contains—

74% of all department store package deliveries	60% of all hardware stores
64% of all department store charge accounts	57% of all drug stores
61% of all grocery stores	57% of all dry goods stores
	55% of all furniture stores
	46% of all auto dealers and garages

Here the Sunday Globe delivers 34,367 more copies than the next Boston Sunday newspaper. The Globe concentrates in this area—199,392 daily—176,479 Sunday



May we send you this interesting booklet?

If you consider Boston really a difficult market you will be interested in our new booklet—"Looking at New England Through the Eyes of the Sales and Advertising Manager." We will be glad to send you a copy on request.

Total Net Paid Circulation
Daily 280,159—Sunday 332,282

The Boston Globe

The Globe sells *Boston*

GREAT BROADCASTING STATIONS* LISTEN TO THEIR OWN PROGRAMS WITH DAY-FAN RADIO RECEIVERS

So when the Big Broadcasting Station of the Calumet Baking Powder Co. and "Rainbo Gardens," Chicago, wanted to judge the quality of their own broadcast, they installed a

DAY-FAN

How would you like to own the radio receiver the great broadcasting stations use in their listening rooms to judge the quality of their own programs? What tone it must have, to do justice to the music of their great artists! What selectivity, to tune out a station in the same building, and listen to others far away for purposes of comparison! You can have this receiver in your own home.

This final and nation-wide approval of the Day-Fan Radio crowns the record of the receiver which was first to perfect single dial control, first to find all stations at their newspaper numbers, first to publish its own Air Telephone Directory, and which now meets your every need with five, six, and seven-tube sets from $89 to $250.00.

Judge Day-Fan, not as a radio, but as a great musical instrument.

Your name and address on a postcard (address Dept. P. 4, Day-Fan Electric Co., Dayton, Ohio) or on the coupon line below will bring you full information and name of nearest Day-Fan Dealer

**Among the great Broadcasting Stations who authorize us to say that they use Day-Fan Receivers in their listening rooms to test tone quality and clearness of reception are—* WMCA, New York (Hotel McAlpin); WEBJ, New York (Third Avenue Railway System); WQJ, Chicago (Calumet Baking Powder Co. & Rainbo Gardens), WLIB, Chicago (Liberty Magazines), WNAC, Boston (The Shepard Stores), WTAM, Cleveland (Willard Storage Battery Co.); WCAE, Pittsburgh (Kaufmann & Baer Co.), WCCO, Minneapolis and St. Paul (Gold Medal Radio Station, Washburn-Crosby Co.); KFNF, Shenandoah, Ia. (Henry Field Seed Co.), WOWO, Ft. Wayne, Ind. (Main Auto Supply Co.); WOAW, Omaha, Neb. (Woodmen of the World Life Insurance Ass'n., WAAW Omaha, Neb. Omaha Grain Exchange); WEAN, Providence (The Shepard Co.); WCAL, Northfield, Minn. (St. Olaf College); KWSC, Pullman, Wash. (State College of Washington); WCBD, Zion, Ill. (Zion Broadcasting Station).

©DFEC 1926

Name _____ *Address* _____ *State* _____ (Address Dept. P. 4)

(Continued from Page 230)

well light a cigarette with it. More words ain't good for anything in the world only to bring on more argument.

If Socialists worked as much as they talked, they would be the most prosperous style of Government in the World. But the thing is they don't know anything about it themselves. There is not two of them in the world with the same idea of what it is. They say, "All we want is somebody to come in and see with an open mind." Well, if ever a Guy went into Russia with an open mind it was me. It was not only open but it verged on being empty. Lord, if 130,000,000 people that never had it any too soft in their lives are trying to work out a way to better their condition, why, it ain't for a yap like me to come along and tell them that they are all wrong.

You know, I dident have to go to Russia to find comedy or chaos in Governments. If I was looking for governments that wasent just exactly hitting on all six, why, I left one and went through a dozen more going to Russia, so anybody better not start heaving too many rocks at Russia's government—I don't care which country you come from—till you have looked your own over.

Liberty don't work as good in practice as it does in Speech. You got to figure that bunch of fellows are playing with the biggest Toy in the world. They are like a poor old Farmer or Rancher out home in Oklahoma that has a bunch of Kids, and they have never had anything to play with in their lives but an old hound pup; and then Dad strikes Oil, is paid a big bonus, and wanting to do something for his Gang, goes to Tulsa and gets them all the mechanical toys of every description in the world and hands them to them to play with. Well, that is what somebody has slipped these soviet fellows. They have had an electric train thrust into their hands and they had never pulled the string on even a jumping jack before, and they are naturally going to have a lot of short circuits and burned fingers before they get the thing started. Cæsar and Nero and that bunch of boys that got credit for steam-roller measures through the Roman senate were playing county politics compared to these Babies. The whole Roman Empire, in its balmiest days—and it had some balmy days—that little Minor-League Empire would have got so lost in Russia that Columbus, De Soto and Lewis and Clark couldent have found it.

Now handing this bunch of fellows Russia would just be like Judge Gary coming backstage at the Follies and saying, "Here, Will, you and the Girls take over the Steel Corporation and run it." Now you have to have some kind of training to handle something big or else you have to do a lot of practicing on it after you get in, which is generally pretty expensive. Most of these fellows were on little Communist Newspapers.

Now America has withstood some pretty rough handling at times, but I sure would hate to see it fall under the management of a troop of our Dissatisfied Newspaper men. Put it in the hands of an old hard-headed Farmer or a small-town Merchant, but deliver it from Editors. They would have more Theories how to run us than the Communists. So you got to give these fellows a little bit of the benefit of the doubt. They are practicing and are trying to do the best they can, but unfortunately they are practicing on 130,000,000 people that have to remain the horrible example till these Guys find out themselves just what it's all about.

'Course, it won't be such a terrible disgrace—on them—if they don't make it, for there is Nations with men trained from childhood in government that looks like they were getting practiced on. It's just tough on the people, that's all. It's no disgrace not to be able to run a country nowadays, but it is a disgrace to keep on trying when you know you can't. 'Course, things look pretty bad there. You see, this is '26 and the war started in '14. That means twelve years that trains, street cars, Public Buildings, and in fact everything, has not had a thing done to it since the day the Czar's forces marched off to fight Germany; no painting, no streets fixed up to amount to anything. Most of the streets are, however, kept clean. You see a great deal of poverty among the people along the streets, a great many ragged little children begging. 'Course, you can see these things in lots of cities besides Russian ones, but it's worse in there.

I never saw a pair of silk stockings on a single lady on the street. Everything is very expensive. Most all the manufactured things have to be imported, as their factories, very few of them are operating. The Factories are there, but the machinery is all rusted and spoiled in all these years of no usage; and they have to get in new machinery, and it costs a lot of money to reëquip all those. Food things shouldent be so high, for they raise everything in the world up there; but it seems to cost them a lot to handle it through the stores. They have these coöperative stores; in fact everything is supposed to belong to the government, but they are changing now and allowing private ownership and cutting prices over each other.

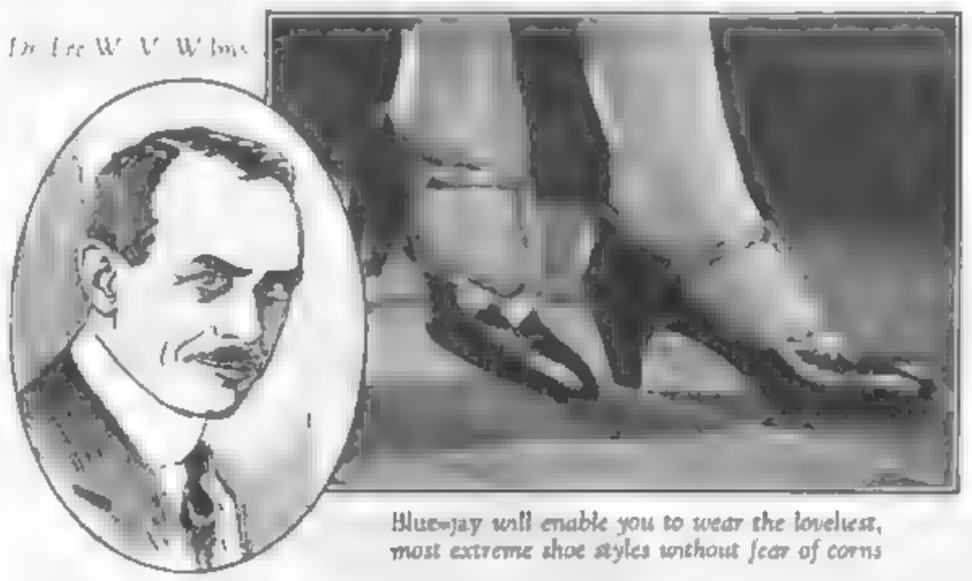
You see, the Communism that they started out with, the idea that everybody would get the same and have the same—Lord, that dident work at all. That has all been changed—the idea that the fellow that was managing the bank was to get no more than the man that swept it out. That talked well to a crowd, but they got no more of that now than we have. I don't suppose there is two men in Russia getting exactly the same salary. They get what they can get, and where they can get it. When the government runs anything, as they do practically everything over there, there is always about twice or three times as many working in the place as would be found in private enterprises.

During these hard times they have had so much dishonesty among the people working where they could get their hands on any money that it takes about two to watch one, and then four others to watch those two. There is also an awful lot of unemployment.

Taxes are very high. They have succeeded in stabilizing their money—that is, inside the Soviet Union. The Ruble is worth 50 cents, which is the par value of it. The Chervonetz, or sort of a little pocket Chevrolet, is worth just about five dollars, and compares with the English pound. Right after the Revolution, when they were operating their money like a lot of these Countries over here do, on just a Printing-Press basis, why, they had bootleg money-makers just like they do over home with—alleged—booze. If you needed any money, you would go to your Currency Bootlegger and buy it. Each one claimed to make Nothing but Prewar stuff. Now they got it stabilized, but it's up so high nobody can get any of it.

I asked an official of their Foreign Office how they maintained it at standard, and he said: "We balance our budget. We estimate how much will come in during the year and don't spend any more than that. We make our exports and imports balance, and that is one reason we cannot bring in as many things as we would like to."

But another very prominent man who had been in there off and on for years, doing a big business in there, said: "'They originally started out with a bunch of Gold that they inherited from the original Government, and what they had confiscated from various ones during and after the Revolution, and they took that to England and borrowed its equivalent in money on a loan against the gold. Well, they took this money and come back home and issued more currency against what they had brought from England, saying, 'It's all backed by our gold reserve.' They would issue another batch against the last one, just pyramiding, all backed up by this original that was in hock to England. But anyhow, they have kept it steady, and you



Blue-jay will enable you to wear the loveliest, most extreme shoe styles without fear of corns

"A dangerous practice—home corn-paring," warns the chiropodist

"Lots of men think, because they can use a razor on their face, they are qualified to pare their own corns," is the observation of Dr. Lee W. V. Wilms, a well-known chiropodist of Chicago.

"Did they realize how dangerous a practice corn-paring at home really is, they would never attempt it, but instead go to the chiropodist for treatment."

Should you want to end a corn safely at home—just apply a Blue-jay corn plaster. For 26 years, Blue-jay has been recognized as the safe and scientific way for removing, quickly and easily, corns at home.

A soft, cool pad fits over the corn, relieving the pressure and pain at once. In 48 hours, the corn comes out—unless unusually stubborn. Then another Blue-jay plaster is usually all that's required to rout the old offender. At all drug stores.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© 1926

Shall we wait any longer for the Joneses? The guests are beginning to look very hungry
They've probably had another blow-out You ought to tell them that they have 84 chances out of 100 of getting more mileage if they'll use Michelin Tires
MICHELIN TIRES
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

84% SAY MICHELIN TIRES ARE BEST

★ THIS STATEMENT IS BASED ON FACTS. WE PICKED AT RANDOM 1500 MOTORISTS WHO WERE TESTING MICHELIN TIRES. 84% SAID THEIR TESTS PROVED THESE TIRES BETTER THAN ANY OTHERS.

MICHELIN—THE WORLD'S FIRST PNEUMATIC AUTO TIRE—1895 AND NOW

The FLORSHEIM FEETURE ARCH

Walking with Florsheim Feeture Arch Shoes is a *real* pleasure —they *support* the arch and *improve* your stride. As light and flexible on your feet as a regular style—with *greater* comfort.

COMBINATION No. 17 ~ *Style S-167* ~ $11

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers · CHICAGO

PATENTED Florsheim Feeture Arch FLEXIBLE RIB & SHANK

Miami *by the Sea*

THE CITY THAT NEVER STOPS

Mayor E. C. Romfh of Miami in an official statement made September 24th, six days after the storm, following a thorough inventory of the damage, declared:

"... 150 hotels in Metropolitan Miami and Miami Beach and 60 apartment houses suffered no damage to any great extent ... were operating as usual. Of the 1200 apartment houses ... 600 received little damage. All hotels and apartment houses will be completely repaired and put in first class condition within 60 days.

"I want to give positive assurance that our friends will find Miami this winter the same enjoyable, hospitable, comfortable vacation city it has always been."

... to normal has even been faster than predicted. ... resort ever planned will be carried through without change.

Eleven sporty golf courses, with many ... horse racing on a million dollar track, thrilling dog ... Spanish Jai Alai contests. Surf bathing daily, or your choice of pools in magnificent casinos.

... of smooth, daintiest motor roads. Game fishing, ... yachting ... boating ... polo.

PRYOR'S BAND—Daily Concerts in Royal Palm Park

Millions of Dollars have been spent this summer in improved motor highways.

Direct de luxe trains to Miami from New York, Chicago and Detroit. Through Pullmans from all principal northern cities. Speedy ocean voyage in the finest coastwise steamship service in the world direct from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

HOTEL RATES - 37,000 rooms

Single $3, $4, $5, $6, $8 per day
... $5, $6, $8, $10, $12, $14 per day.
Many rooms at lower prices.
... rates guaranteed by Greater Miami Hotel Association

... MONTHS ...

... $40 ... $ ...
... $ ...
... $ ...
... $ ...
... $ ...

*A unit to use room, kitchenette and bath or two or more rooms for housekeeping

For handsome illustrated booklet address—

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, MIAMI, FLORIDA

This advertisement authorized by City Commissioners of Miami

don't have to read the papers every day to see what you have."

Of course, anyone going in will ask, "Is it working? Is everybody happy?" Well, they are not. Over 90 per cent of the population in Russia are farmers, and live out in the country and Villages. The Revolution was to get the Peasant the land. They took all the land and everything that the rich or even fairly prosperous had away from them, and it's owned by the Government. They give it to the Peasant, but it's only his as long as he lives on it and tends it. He can't trade it off or sell it. The real deed to the land is held by the Government.

'Course, that beat the old way of being under the thumb of the Landlord. But now that the Peasant owns it, he has to pay the taxes on it. Before, it was the Landlord had to pay them. So the difference in what he pays the Government and what he paid the Landlord is so little that he can't hardly see where he comes in to be much better off.

But that is not the real and the serious trouble there. It is this: The Government tells the farmer what he shall get for his products—based, of course, on the market value at that time. Well, he is not kicking so much on that as he is on this: When he sells his grain, he can't take the money and go buy what he needs. He can't buy his plows and his wagons and his harness and many other things that has to be made by a factory. They cost him more than his grain brought him; and if he did happen to have enough, then the things are not to be found to buy. They have to import most of them and the cost to the farmer is tremendous. So what does the old Farmer do? He won't sell them the stuff.

The Russian Peasant may be Illiterate, but he is not what you would call Dumb. He knows something about this Guy Marx's theories himself. He knows what's the use raising anything if you can't trade it or sell it for what you want. So he is just raising for his own use. And living on what he raises. If he does raise more, when they say, "You have so much wheat here; you must sell that," he illiterately replies, "No, I eat that. My family very big bread eaters, eat lots of wheat. I have none for sale."

Sometimes he hides it; but, anyhow, he is not selling it, and that has got the whole Communistic Party about cuckoo right at this minute. Their problem is to satisfy him. They have to get him some stuff in there cheaper than they can afford to, or make it, or pay more for his grain than they can get for it in outside world markets. Somebody is going to lose some money on the thing, and it ain't going to be old Mr. Peasant. He can set and live on just exactly what he raises. But the old Boys in town has got to get enough nourishment from what the farmer raises to make those brotherhood-of-man speeches on. The old farmer just grinds his extra up into Vodka, lays in a lot of wood and hibernates for the winter.

If you got that Vodka for a companion you got a mighty ally on your side when it come to forgetting your troubles. The old Peasant has gone through many of these same winters. He knows it's not going to make much difference with him who is in. You see, there is only 600,000 Communists in the whole of Russia, and they are ruling over the other 130,000,000. So this 600,000 have got to figure out some way to sorter half satisfy this small minority.

You know how it is yourself, Mr. Coolidge. Those Pheasants out in the West and Middle West are either hollering for higher prices for their grain or cheaper prices for flivver parts, phonograph records, Crystal sets, cheaper movie admission and Government instruction in Black-bottom dance steps. So, you see, Russia's problem is about your problem, only Russians can get along without all these necessities. They can live on what they raise, and drink the surplus and enjoy it. But you have got to supply your pheasants with these essentials, for they can vote and the Russians can't—they can vote, but they can't get them counted.

So, after all, the world is just about the same whether it be on the banks of the Vulgar or the Potomac. So we are not in a position hardly to blame the Communists for not finding a solution when we pay 600 men $10,000 apiece a year and they can't find out.

So, as I said before, I dident have to go to Russia to find humor in Government.

Now there is just an awful lot of things in there that I want to tell you about yet. But I better split it up in another letter in case those G. P. U., or Cheko, police land this one. Too much information in one dose, that Cabinet of yours couldent digest it. I want to tell you about a trip to Leningrad, the Czars' Palaces, the Red Army Religion—they are telling people over here what to think and what not to think religiously, just reminds me of over home—the Museums, Schools, Playgrounds, and oh, lots of things. But you got more in here now than you will remember.

Well, regards.

Your devoted Château in Europe.

COLONEL ROGERS.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Rogers. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE QUALITY OF JUSTICE

(Continued from Page 50)

then the onerable Amos Tuck asted him if the italian man did ennything elce and Beanys father said no. then the onerable Amos Tuck asted him if the munky screemed with pane and Beanys father sed he chittered like a red squirril and evrybody laffed and the Jug pounded on the table and glore round at them.

then the onerable Amos Tuck sed well mister officer, whitch was Beanys father you know, if you compianed that this man did 12 things to this munky and now you say he only done 1 thing to him then you must agree that this whole thing is only 1-12th as serius as you sed in your complant and Beanys father scrached his head and sed that was so. gosh i gess there aint mutch chanct to get our munky.

then Gimmy Josie whitch was with Mike Prescott befoar he was threw out, gumped up and hollered bully boy with the glass ey, you had him where the hair was short, and the Jug ordered the polisemen to arest him and put him in the lockup and old Mad and old Misery grabbed him and throwed him out and took him to the lockup.

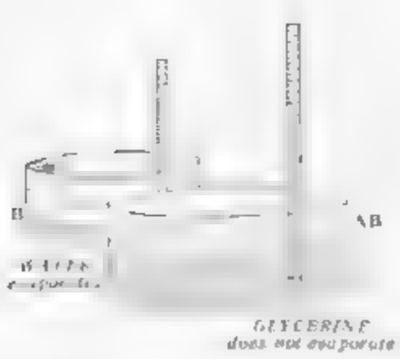
then Mister Wood, Pile Woods father, had sum other men to tell about it and he and the Onerable Amos Tuck kep jawing and stopping them and reading from law books and waiving their arms and hollering at eech other and evry minit it seamed as if they wood fite. evry time mister Wood, Pile Woods father, wood say ennything the onerable Amos Tuck snore at him and the moar Mister Wood, Pile Woods father, told him not to sneer at him the moar he snore. i dont think he had augt to be aloud to sneer like that. if it keeps up we wont get our munky and our hand organ.

then when mister Wood, Pile Woods father, had got throug with his testifyers the onerable Amos Tuck stood up and begun his speach. then Mike and Gimmy which were in the lockup under the hall begun to sing when Jonnie comes marching home again hooray hooray as loud as they cood in 2 diferent keys. and jest befoar the battle mother and i am a raw recruit with a bran new suit, only they called a dam new suit. well the onerable Amos Tuck begun to laff and stoped his speech and evrybody laffed and the Jug banged the table and hollered silence and then he sent old Misery and old Mad Sleeper down stares to maik

(Continued on Page 237)

RADIATOR-
Glycerine
ANTI-FREEZE SOLUTION

The anti-freeze that won't evaporate



A remarkable property of Radiator Glycerine

The sun "drawing water" was a standard picture in the old-time text book. Most liquids are quickly taken up by the air. Radiator Glycerine is an exception. The laboratory says it will not evaporate, so that when properly used for automobile radiator anti-freeze solutions, it never needs replacement if kept from leaking away. (See instructions below.)

SET a dish of glycerine in the open and it will never evaporate. Properly combine glycerine with water and the solution will not freeze even at low winter temperatures.

These properties of glycerine are a boon to the motorist who faces cold winter driving, with the risk of freezing his car during long waits in the open or during long nights in a cold garage.

A single treatment of Radiator Glycerine in a *glycerine-tight car* (see instructions below) means continuous protection against freezing throughout the winter because glycerine will not evaporate. On warm days there is no steaming out or loss of glycerine, no weakening of its protection.

Some motorists leave it in the radiator all the year 'round. You can put it in early in the season without fear of loss and be ready for the first cold snap when it comes.

Bland and harmless, glycerine is often used in the foods you eat. It will not attack metal or rubber and even if spilled on the new type lacquer motor car finishes it may be wiped off without injury. It is non-poisonous and free from objectionable odor.

Safe

Radiator Glycerine solutions will protect your car against freezing at temperatures as low as thirty below zero. And even where the thermometer occasionally drops below this, it is still safe for it does not freeze suddenly and destructively as water does but gradually congeals without doing any mechanical injury to your car.

Then, too, it will make your motor run better. Glycerine's boiling point is slightly higher than that of water which permits higher, more efficient operating temperatures than with more volatile solutions, without danger of overheating.

Economical

Naturally it is economical to use Radiator Glycerine because you don't have to keep on replacing it if your cooling system does not waste it by leakage or overflow. Just be sure your cooling system is glycerine-tight—not just water-tight. This is an easy job for your garageman.

Radiator Glycerine solutions circulate freely in all types of cooling systems. Automotive engineers have recognized their value and used them long before their many advantages were pointed out in a bulletin issued by the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

READ THESE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS

—so that you won't lose Radiator Glycerine from your Motor Car cooling system

Although the permanence of Radiator Glycerine makes it cheaper in the long run, its first cost is greater than that of other anti-freeze agents, so it is of prime importance to prevent its waste.

Above all, be sure the cooling system is tight. Remember glycerine takes advantage of minor leaks. Your garageman can easily flush all dirt and sediment from the cooling system, tighten hose connections, cylinder head gaskets, and pump packing so there can be absolutely no question that the system is leak proof.

Before you use Radiator Glycerine be sure the cooling system is glycerine-tight—not just water-tight. This is an easy job for your garageman.

Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3 inches of the top of this pipe (Fords 4 inches). This allows the solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.

Remember only leakage or overflow can impair the permanence of glycerine's protection. No replacement for evaporation is necessary except an occasional replenishment of the *water* in the solution as in summer. You can prepare for cold weather with it in advance without fear of loss by evaporation.

Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine solutions vouched for by a reliable maker and be sure your car is carefully serviced according to the instructions. You can then drive your car in all kinds of weather free from all worry over the possibility of a frozen motor.

100 million feet of Southern Pine

in Concrete Forms at Muscle Shoals

FOR nine-tenths of a mile across the valley of the Tennessee, the dam at Muscle Shoals towers more than a hundred feet above the workmen in the river bed below.

Into forms constructed entirely of Southern Pine, have been poured a million and a quarter cubic yards of concrete.

Here, where millions of dollars are involved, where perfection only would mean future efficiency, every foot of the concrete forms was built of Southern Pine—5000 car loads of Southern Pine.

No chances could be taken with the wood that might yield under the load, that might buckle or warp in the moisture, that could not be fabricated into forms sometimes approaching the accuracy of pattern work. Thus once again, in its hundred years of dominance as the supreme structural wood of the world, Southern Pine proved its right to that title.

In centuries to come this dominance will be unthreatened. Millions upon millions of trees grow bigger and stronger every year in the wonderful climate of the south.

The finest Southern Pine our mills ever produced is now available at any lumber yard east of the Rockies. You can tell Southern Pine by its trade-mark. You can judge it by its grade-mark.

Whether you plan factory, power plant or home, you should have a copy of the booklet,

Southern Pine—What It Is—What It Is Used For

This book discusses the stresses and strains to which the wood in your structure may be subjected. It recommends correct uses of Southern Pine. It is a recent publication and it is free. Send for it. Build right—and know you are right.

Special Notice—For engineers, contractors, architects and others especially interested in Southern Pine for concrete forms, a new booklet is being prepared. It will be sent, when completed, to those who ask for it.

* These letters at the right of "SPA" identify the grade. The designation here is one of 18 grade-marks appearing on lumber from Southern Pine Association mills.

Southern Pine Association
136 Interstate Building
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Southern Pine—The *Supreme Structural Wood* of the World

(Continued from Page 234)

Mike and Gimmy shet up and they went down and Mike and Gimmy shet up. i hoap they will keep quiet becaus if evrybody gets laffing the Jug will let the italian man go and we will lose our munky and our hand organ.

then the onerable Amos Tuck sed the italian man was a hard wirker and if evrybody dident think so he had better try to lug a hand organ 30 or 40 miles a day and he wood find out. and he had a perfect rite to keep a munky and he wasent obliged to be bit or knawed or scrached or et by it and it was not only his rite but his duty to maik his munky mind and to whip him. jest as mutch rite as enny farmer had to whip a kicking or biting horse or to put a curb bit on a runaway horse or to jab a ox goad with a brad in it into a yoke of oxen to maik them pull a lode.

then he called old John Sullivan the hosler and old Harrison Rundlett and doctor Rowe to show that what he sed was true. well he wood ask them questions first and then Mister Wood, Pile Woods father, wood holler and the lawyers wood holler and read from books and sumtimes they wood sass eech other untill the Jug wood rap on the table and stop them. well onct when they was doing this sum feller in the crowd hollered taik him Tige, sick him Bose and then he yelped like a dog. well the Jug pounded the table and told the polusemen to arest that man. well they hunted and nobody gnew whitch feller sed it. so bimeby they grabbed 2 or 3 stewd cats whitch hadent enny biziness to be there and throwed them out.

then the lawyers went at it again and this time they was asking old Francis sum questions and they went for him baldheaded whitch pleezed me and Pewt and Beany and all the other fellers. this was the ferst time sumbody elce besides old Francis had sumthing to say, and one time mister Wood, Pile Woods father, told him to anser questions and not maik a speech and shet him up pretty quick.

well when mister Wood, Pile Woods father, and the onerable Amos Tuck was saling into eech other good and the Jug had stoped them Gimmy Josies voice come up throug the register and sed shay, fellers, if you are a going to fite why in hel dont you fite and not talk so mutch about it. so down went old Mad and old Misery to give him a bat on the head and maik him shet up. i hoap they hit him a good whang in the head.

well it was noon time and the Jug sed we will adjirn for dinner, then the onerable Amos Tuck gave Beanys father sum money to get the italian sum dinner. a good menny brougt their dinners and et them in the hall and the onerable Amos Tuck and Mister Wood, Pile Woods father, went up to Hirveys resturant talking and laffing together jest like the best of frends and calling eech other Alvy and Amos. me and Beany asted Beanys father if he thougt the italian man wood be sent to jale and he sed he dident like the way things was going.

well after dinner evrybody went rite into the hall and set down and at 1 oh clock the Jug came in and banged on the table and hollered coart is setting and then he set down befoar ennybody cood call him a liar because he wasent sitting when he was standing, now was he. i gess the onerable Amos Tuck notised it becaus he and Mr. Wood, Pile Woods father, smiled at eech other.

then the onerable Amos Tuck called doctor Augustus Bickford and old Gus Bickford stood up and held up his hand and swore. then the onerable Amos Tuck asted him a lot of questions slow and distinck. question, where do you live. answer, Stratham. question, are you a vetering sirgion. answer, i be. If he had lerned grammer like me he wood have gnew better then to say I be. question, what sort of anmils have you treeted. anser most evrything from a sick kitten to a 7 foot ox. question, have you had enny xperience with vicius annimals. anser, lots of xperience. question, have you had enny xperience with munkys. anser, i have. question, are munkys vicious. anser, not verry, but you cant tell jest what a munky will do. question, is a large animil moar dangerous than a small one. anser, no, not always. question, give a xample. anser, a 4 year old bull is most always dangerus and you sumtimes have to clime a tree to escaip but a rattlesnaik is always dangerous and if he bites you you always clime the golden stares. there aint no getting out of it.

question, if a munky bit you what wood you do. answer, 1st i wood lick him until he had enuf. then i wood drink a glass of whisky. then i wood birn out the bite with lye and then drink 2 or 3 moar glases of whisky. and evrybody laffed and the Jug banged the table. question, is the bite of a munky dangerus. anser, yes. question, what is the danger. anser, well the wirst that can happen is to have hydrophoby and there aint no cure for that. then if the munky come from Asia you may get asiatic cholery and die. if he came from the south part of Africy you may get gungle feever. if he came from Chiny you may get leprusy. question, in your xperience have you found ennything for these dizeezes. anser, there aint no cure for hydrophoby, and only one for the others. question, what is that. anser, a drink of old Rufe Cuttlers rum. gosh it looks bad for me and Beany and Pewt. I have almost gave up hoap.

then evrybody laffed even the Jug and when they stoped laffing the onerable Amos Tuck told Mister Wood, Pile Woods father, he cood ask him questions. so mister Wood, Pile Woods father, only asted him a few questions whitch I have rote down jest as he asted him and the ansers two. question, you say doctor Bickford that the dizeazes you get from the bite of a munky depend upon the country he came from, do you. anser, yes sir, i do. question, and if it came from Asia you may get Asiatic cholery. anser, yes sir. question, and if it come from Africa, you may get African Gungle fever. anser, yes sir.

question, and if it come from China you may get chinese leprusy. anser, yes sir. question, then if that is the case and the munky whitch bit you came from India you might have a verry serius attack of Indian mutiny. anser, yes sir, and you probly wood. question, and you might die of it. anser, yes sir, you probly wood die.

i gess mister Wood, Pile Woods father, got the best of old Gus this time.

then muster Wood, Pile Woods father, sed that is all and then evrybody begun to laff and stamp and shout and the onerable Amos Tuck throwed his head back and laffed the loudest of ennyone to see how old Gus had got caugt and the Jug laffed two.

then mister Wood, Pile Woods father, called old Gus back and sed you spoke of drinking several glasses of whisky, mister Bickford, you dont mind that do you. anser, no, sir, i am willing to taik a glass. question, and you woodent mind having a glass after this case is over, wood you. anser, i wood be very mutch pleased Squire Wood. i thank you verry mutch sir. i will wate round for you.

then evrybody laffed as loud as they cood and mister Wood, Pile Woods father, got the wirst of it that time, but he laffed jest like the onerable Amos Tuck laffed when he got the wirst of it. then the Jug whitch had laffed hollered silence and banged the table and then mister Wood, Pile Woods father asted old Nick Tattersall what sort of blows the italian give the munky and old Nick sed he gie im a graidly clout wi a stick. an he asted Jonny Lord whitch saw it what the italian did and Jonny sed he give him 3 or 4 ungodly welts with a stick. then the onerable Amos Tuck asted them what they wood do if a pett dog bit them and Jonny sed he wood whale hel out of him and Nick sed he wood fix im so e wood na do it mair and the onerable Amos Tuck sed i thougt so, that is all thank you gentlemen.

gosh evry time mister Wood, Pile Woods father, gets in a good one the onerable Amos Tuck gives him a good one back.

then there was no moar testifyers and the Jug sed perseed with your argiments gentlemen and the onerable Amos Tuck got up

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PUT 'EM ON!

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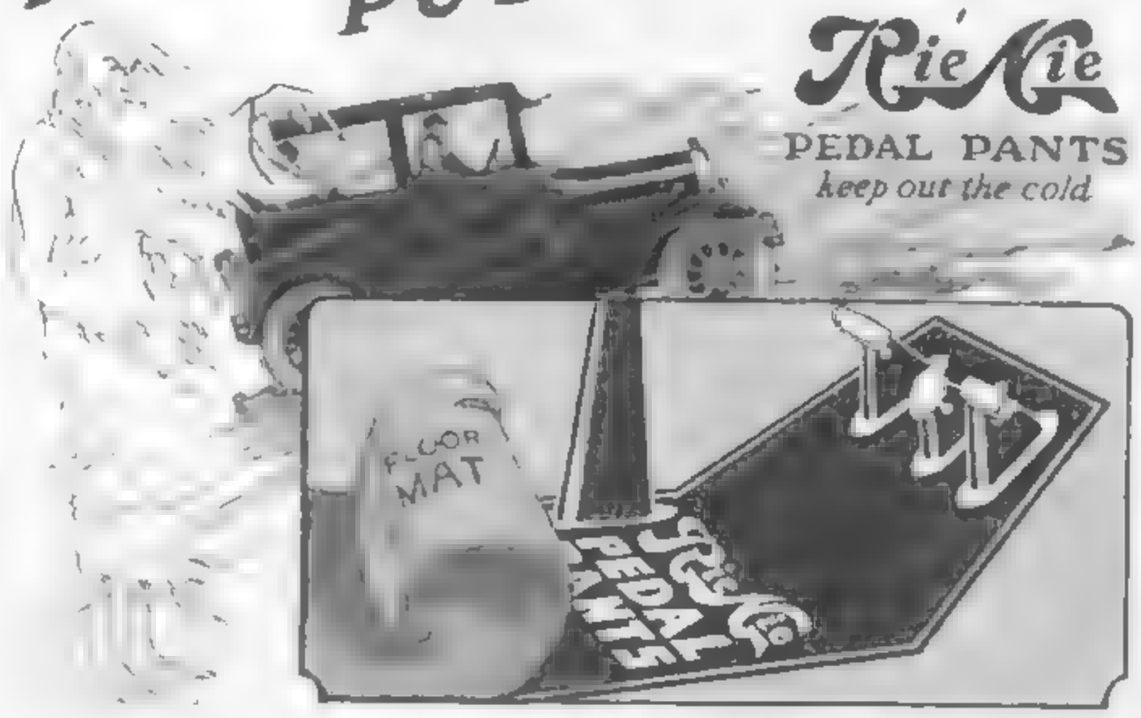
keep out the cold



NOW is the time to equip your car with Rie Nie Pedal Pants. Don't let winter's icy winds go whizzing up the open spaces around the pedals and brake levers!

In just two minutes—without a tool—this durable, practical rubber protector can be slipped into place. Its base is hidden under your floor mat; its sleeves fit snugly over the pedals and levers, closing all the openings. No chance for cold heat, water or dust to seep in, yet no interference with pedal operation.

Rie Nie Pedal Pants will give you a new idea of winter driving comfort. If your dealer cannot supply you, send dealer's name and money direct to us, specifying make and year of car. Use the coupon! $1.25 for Ford Cars; $1.50 for the following: Chevrolet, Star, Overland 4, Overland 6, Whippet, Pontiac, Oakland, Dodge.

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$1.25 EQUIPS YOUR FORD

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Hundreds of our workers will enjoy $50.00 or more

AT first reading of the question above you may murmur, "No such luck." But wait a minute—it may easily be true! If you will but ask us—*today*—we will promptly send you full details of three sure ways to profit: (1) Forwarding the renewals of present readers in your locality for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*; (2) securing new subscriptions, and (3) accepting the orders of folks who desire to send subscriptions as Christmas gifts.

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If we could get together and talk this over, we could doubtless quickly convince you how easily you may win an extra $50.00 between now and Christmas, but time is short. So take the first step by mailing the coupon.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
648 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send to me by first class mail everything I'll need to make an extra fifty before Christmas.

Name _____ Age _

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Keeps Your Hair Neat—
Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week—or after shampooing—and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

A generous sample FREE upon request.

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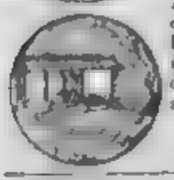

A SEMI-ANNUAL application of NO BLUR on your windshield will enable you to enjoy the safety and convenience of clear vision through the ENTIRE windshield each time it rains ... invisible after being app... will not wear or wash off. A quality product that is being welcomed by motorists everywhere. Regular 2 oz. size sufficient to ... life of your car. Price $1.00 at your dealer's or sent postpaid direct. Results guaranteed.

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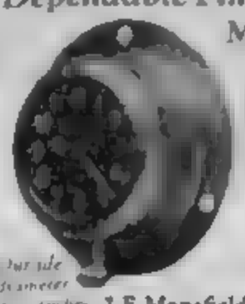
Dependable Time Always in Sight



Mansfield
Motor Clock
GLOWNITE $4.50

You can attach this accurate radium dash clock in a few minutes—yourself. Bright Nickel or Satin Black finish. Vibration proof and guaranteed. 30 hour movement. At dealers' or direct from us.

Outside diameter 2 inches

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NOW is the Time to Start!

We have a plan which hundreds ... men and women to make extra money. It's a good honest-paying ... year long. It's *doubly profitable* between now and Christmas. You will not ... to know what it is—so just write Box 1624, % The Saturday Evening Post, 647 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

and begun to talk. he sed he came into the case because ferst the defender was a strainger in a strainge land. he sed it reminded him of that butiful himm we all gnew

i am a pilgrim and i am a strainger
i can tarry, i can tarry but a nite

but he sed this pilgrim, this strainger, this man who cood not speek our langage had been maid to tarry, not only a nite but a hoal day in the ruthles grasp of the law. and for what, for what, i say, for having tride to pertec the public by a ack of dissipline, of necesary dissipline sutch as evry school teecher in the town is aloud and incuriged to apply to sutch of our children as need it. what wood happen if our beluved frend, our beluved old school master, Mister Francis, was took and struck with a billy and hancuffed and put in a filthy lockup and be forsed to asociate with the class of ofenders whitch disturbed this onerable court today and receeved merited dissipline of another kind. what wood hapen, i say. why the townspeeple wood rise in their rath and wood pull this bilding down brick by brick to rescu their beloved teecher.

i sed to Beany that i gnew sum fellers that woodent and Beany he sed he gnew sum two.

then the onerable Amos Tuck kep on talking. sum times i thougt i wood cry he maid me feal so sorry for the italian man and sum times he maid me feal so mad with Beanys father for aresting him and i almost maid up my mind to get up and tell what maid the munky bite him. but i dident dass to for that wood be telling on Pewt, and then again it wood be all up with our munky and hand organ. but if i had hit that munky with a sling shot i gess i wood have up and told even if i lost the munky and hand organ.

well he kep talking for most a hour and i never herd so good a speech. when he got throug i gess most evrybody wanted to let the italian man and the munky and the hand organ go but the Jug had to wate and hear what mister Wood, Pile Woods father, sed about it.

well then mister Wood, Pile Woods father, got up. he is a big man and has lots of hair standing up and he can look verry fearce. but he is auful good natured most of the time. he sed your oner the grate Shakspere says the quality of mersy is not straned. whatever may have been the case in his day it isent so now. for in evry case of crime a large majority of the public show vasly moar simpathy for the criminal than they do for the officers of the law, whitch, sworn to perteck the public, risk life and limm evry day in the heroick performence of their duty. the quality of mersy is straned to the braking point. the blind simpathy for the criminal will, if carried to the limit, maik a farse of our administration of the law.

gosh i bet the italian man will be sent to jale for life and we will have our munky and our hand organ for life. hooray.

then mister Wood, Pile Woods father, went on and sed your oner we are here not to be governed by pasion, not to be softened to mersy, but to obtain justise to the criminal and pertection to the publick. well then he talked splendid for a hour and a haff and pretty near broke down the table banging it. he told of Beanys fathers bravery in the war. you wood have thougt old Isrile Putnam whitch clim into a gristly bares den and killed him with his naked hands wasent haff so brave as Beanys father when he grabed the italian and the munky and the hand organ. you wood have thougt that Beanys father won the war himself. you wood have thougt the only onnest man in the wirld was his testifyers and the wirst men in the wirld was the testifyers on the other side xcept the italian man and he was the wirst man in the hoal wirld.

well when he got throug i was glad i hadent told what maid the munky bite the italian man becaus i dident understand what a auful feller he was and i wood have lost the munky. i bet we will have our munky and our hand organ now.

well then the Jug looked over what he had rote down and rote sum moar and then he sed this is a case of importance to the defender and to the public. on the one side the defender is intitled to the pertection the law gives to them whitch is accused of crimes, on the other side the public is entitled to the pertection that the statues of the stait of New Hampshire give. the statue governing this case is as follows. then he red most a page out of a big book about what shood be did to a man whitch was found gilty of cruilty to animals.

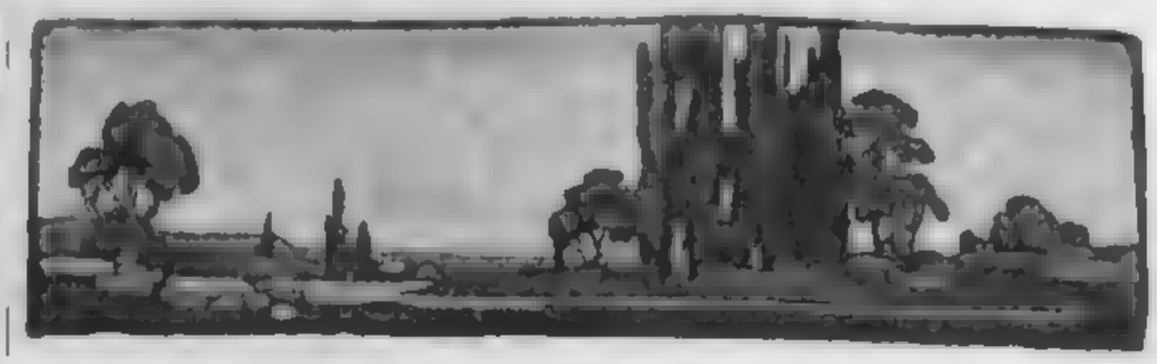
then he talked a long time. sumtimes he wood say sumthing in favor of the italian man and we wood be mad enuf to bite him, and then he wood say sumthing in favor of Beanys father and then we wood feal pretty good, and you coodent say whitch way he wood deside. well while he was talking the italian man whitch coodent understand a wird had fell asleep and dropped the munkys string and the munky clim up on the Jugs table jest as the Jug was saying that he cood not beleeve it was necessary to a 200 lb man to do what he had did to maik a little munky mind, that he must have been cruil to him for a long time. i bet he was rite. then he looked up and there was the munky setting on his tale and waching him and he sed dangirous, that is ridiculus, and he reeched out to pat the munky on the hed when the munky chittered, gumped on his sholder, scrached him and pulled off his wigg and wood have bit him if the italian man hadent come out of his pen like a cat and grabbed the munky whitch gnew better than to bite him again, but held onto the Jugs wigg until the italian man opened his claws.

well evrybody gumped up and there was grate xcitement but the Jug pounded the table and maid them set down and sed coart is not adjirned yet until i have maid a decision. then he put his wigg on again kind of one sided and sed i was about to deside against the defender but it is a well gnew fac in law that the best evidence must be obtained if posible. i can no longer dout that this munky needs dissipline and i rule out all evidence to the contrary and i order that this defender be discharged.

then the peeple begun to clap and the Jug pounded the table and sed it isent rite to have the authority of the coart and the dignity of his offic set at nougt by ennyone and he shood fine the munky $10 dollers for contemp of coart.

then the onerable Amos Tuck sed your onner suppose the munky cant pay the fine what shall you do and the Jug sed i shall confissicate the munky and the hand organ, and if he does that Beanys father will have the munky and the hand organ sure. and then the onerable Amos Tuck sed well i never herd of a case jest like it but i think that Alvys speech is wirth $25. dollers and i have had moar fun today than i have had for years. so he paid the munkys fine and the italian man took his munky and his hand organ and the last we saw of him he was going down Kensington road as fast

(Continued on Page 242)



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Radio Power Improved

Vesta Radio Units Bring *New Vitality* to Your Radio

It is a well known fact that radio instruments and the principle of radio have been highly perfected. What remained to be done was to improve the units that go with the set—such as tubes and batteries, or the power units—for in these units is the heart of the Radio.

Tubes and power units supply the vitality—the very life—to the radio. Without them the finest set is worthless. The better the power units the better the radio. Vesta presents remarkable improvements in tubes and radio power. Radio owners may now have and enjoy the clear, pure tones of the broadcast with all annoyance removed and cost of operation greatly reduced.

Vesta
Quality Tubes
The quality you have desired for pure Tone Reception
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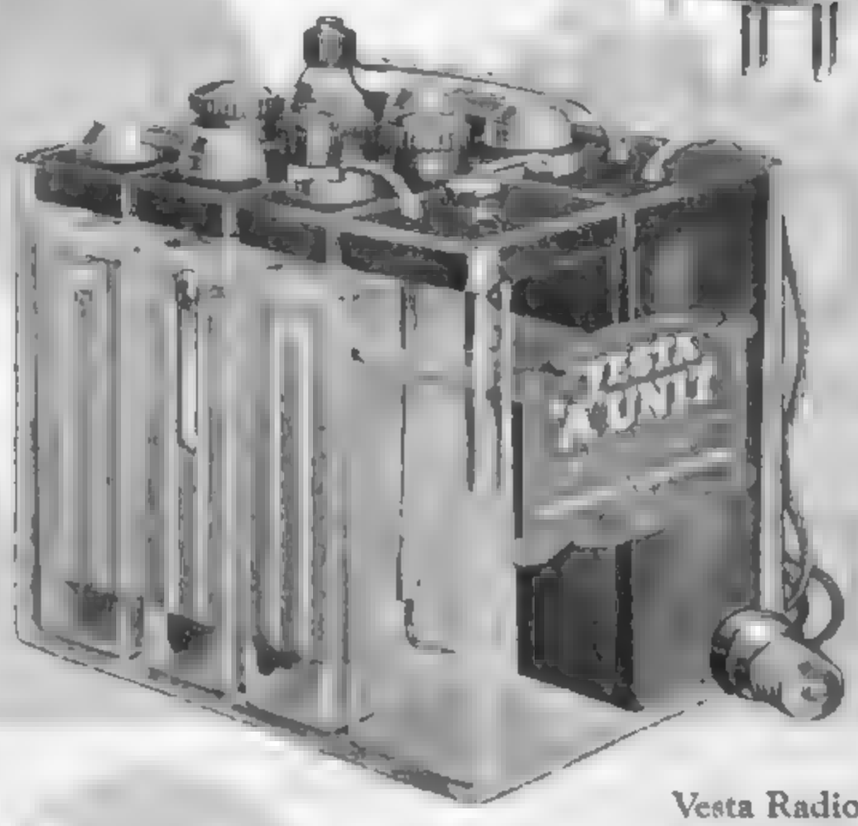
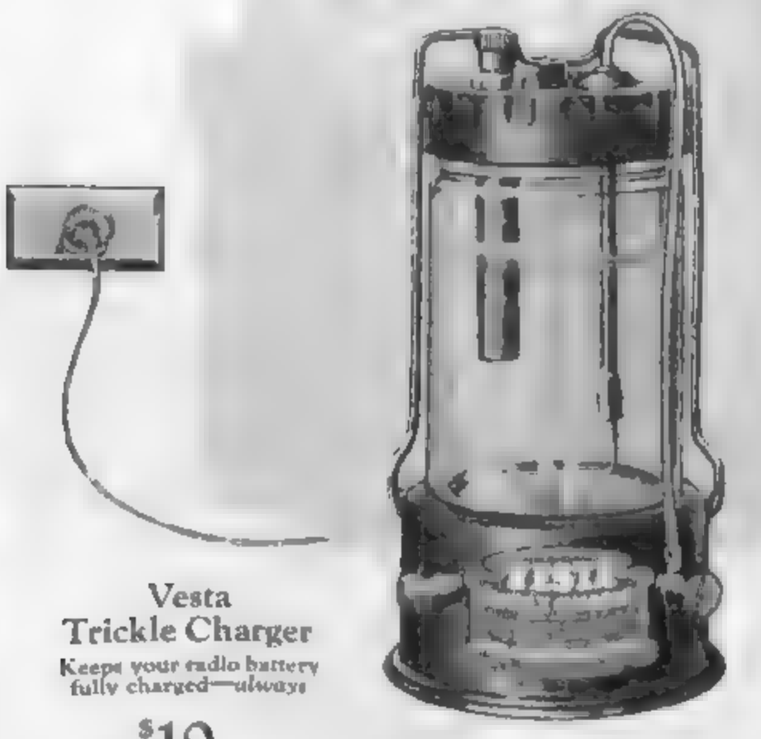
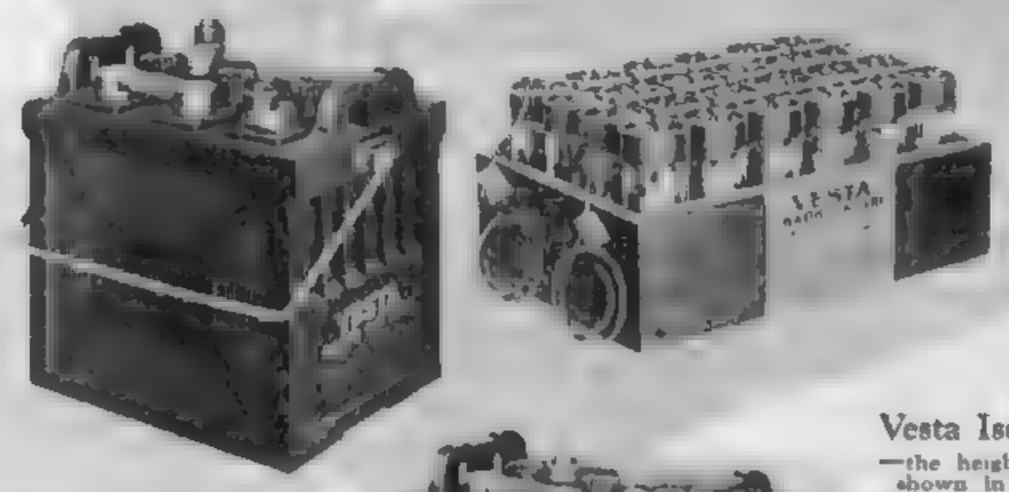


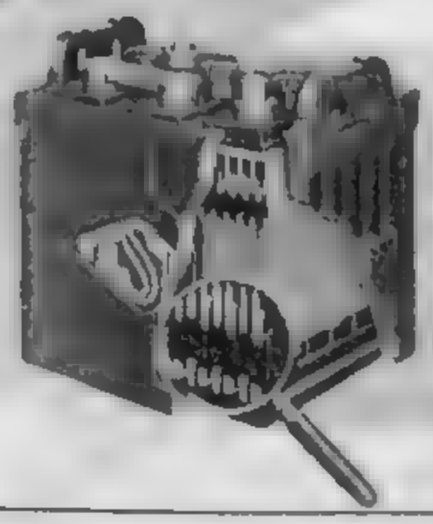
Vesta Radio "A" Unit
Perfect power, three-in-one, "A" Battery, Trickle Charger and Built-in Hydrometer in a Clear Glass Case
With 25 Ampere Battery, $25
With 50 Ampere Battery, $27.50
Pacific Coast, Add $1.50



Vesta
Trickle Charger
Keeps your radio battery fully charged—always
$10
Pacific Coast $10.50



Vesta Radio
"A" and "B"
Batteries
The quality radio batteries



Vesta Isolator Auto Battery
—the height of quality. Isolators—as shown in magnifying glass—keep the plates apart—a patented Vesta feature—minimizing buckling and short circuiting which is the cause of 50% of battery trouble.

Vesta Radio Products

Radio "A" Unit
Trickle Charger
Radio Tubes
Radio "A" Battery
Radio "B" Battery

Vesta Auto Products

The famous ISOLATOR Battery for automobiles—the highest quality.

The Vesta VACO auto battery—standard construction—for low price.

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION
2100 INDIANA AVE., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

THERE IS A VESTA DEALER NEAR YOU

VESTA

AUTO-RADIO PRODUCTS

Vesta for Vitality

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION, 2100 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill. S.E.P.—11-26
Please send me your folders on Vesta Auto-Radio Products, particularly the one about

Name

Address

City State

849,796

Copies of *The Country Gentleman*
Were Sold in September 1925

And More Than

1,300,000

Copies of *The Country Gentleman*
Were Sold in September 1926

A GAIN OF ALMOST 500,000

IN ONE YEAR FOR

The Country Gentleman

A NEW EDITORIAL APPEAL that interests worthwhile farmers generally—that reaches beyond the mere daily routine of farm duties.

A BREADTH OF INTEREST that reaches the *whole* family. Out of twelve thousand letters received recently more than half specifically stated that *every* member of the writer's family was a regular reader of *The Country Gentleman*.

A STANDARD OF CONTRIBUTORS, both of fiction and of special and agricultural articles, of the very highest—national figures in their various fields.

A BEAUTY OF APPEARANCE which sets *The Country Gentleman* squarely on a par with the great national magazines.

These are four of the factors that have won for The Country Gentleman this great and rapidly growing circulation. And the character of this circulation is the additional factor that has given The Country Gentleman its overwhelming leadership in the amount of advertising carried.

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The Modern Magazine for Leadership Farm Families

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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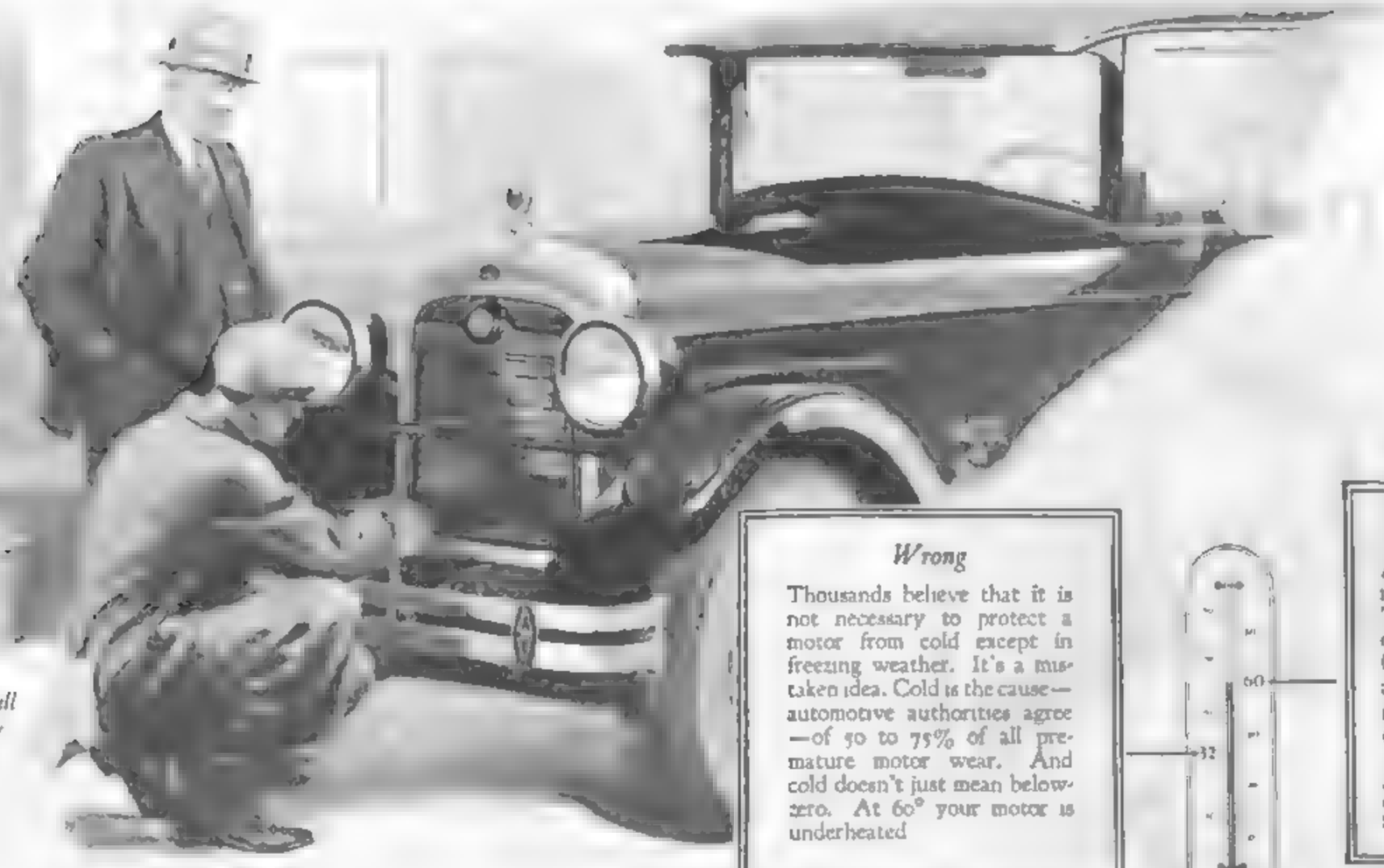
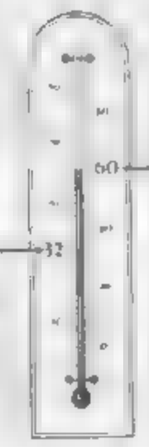


Your dealer will install Winterfront on your car in ten minutes

Wrong

Thousands believe that it is not necessary to protect a motor from cold except in freezing weather. It's a mistaken idea. Cold is the cause—automotive authorities agree—of 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear. And cold doesn't just mean below-zero. At 60° your motor is underheated



Right

At 60° Fahrenheit your motor needs Winterfront protection That's when cold starts its work of destruction. Makers of many fine cars provide Winterfront radiator protection the year 'round, guarding the motor against the damage wrought by cold

That first "choke" morning is when damage begins when you must "warm-up" with the "choke" out. That's when your motor needs Winterfront protection

Don't give cold a chance at your motor

Correct this *grave error* to which automotive authorities attribute 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear

COLD is here—the arch-enemy of every motor. It is the cause—automotive experts agree—of 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear.

Every spring finds thousands of motorists seeking the cause of motor trouble. Yet in the fall—following summer months of constant use—few cars require attention.

That first "choke" morning is when damage starts

The "choke" a cold-weather menace

Many automotive authorities agree it's the "warming-up" period in chill and cold weather that causes greatest damage. The "choke" period—when, to get your motor operating smoothly, you drive miles with the "choke" open.

Unconsciously you are flooding your motor with raw gasoline that will not vaporize until the motor is hot. It washes cylinders and cylinder walls clean of the oil film of protection, bringing metal to metal contact that scores and pits metal surfaces. It flows down into the crankcase, excessively diluting the oil you depend on for lubrication Extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear follow. Gasoline consumption is increased at a tremendous rate.

This is the danger period that Pines Automatic Winterfront eliminates

With your car Winterfront equipped—the "warming-up" period is cut to seconds. You form the habit of using the "choke" as it should be used—*for starting only*. Your motor is kept *always* at the correct temperature for highest operating efficiency. You experience a new degree of gasoline economy—increased warmth inside your car—summer-time smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

What the Winterfront is and what it does

The Pines Automatic Winterfront is a thermostat controlled shutter that fits snugly over the radiator. The thermostat control fits flush with the radiator. Temperature changes in the motor are transmitted through the thermostat to the automatic shutters Thus, when more heat is needed, the shutters close themselves. When cool air is required they automatically open to the exact angle desired. Pines Winterfront is the only automatic radiator shutter on the market. There is nothing to get out of order—nothing to remember. You put Winterfront on and forget it. It will improve the appearance of any car—outlast the car itself.

Many fine cars provide this protection

Pines Automatic Winterfront has been adopted as standard equipment on Packard "8," Pierce-Arrow, Peerless "8" and Peerless De Luxe "6," Willys-Knight Big "6" and Wills Ste. Claire, model T "6."

Makers of these fine cars have stopped the damage done by cold—saving their owners millions annually.

You can have this same protection for a fraction of what it will cost to repair the damage cold will do.

Not an accessory—a necessity

When outside temperature reaches 60 degrees or lower—Pines Automatic Winterfront is a necessity. Put one on—the first morning you are forced to drive with the "choke" open. That's when damage starts. It means you are flooding a cold motor with raw gasoline, washing the film of oil protection away from friction parts—*hastening big repair bills.*

Note then the remarkable difference in your motor—the added comfort inside the car—the absence of draughts—the keen pleasure of driving on cold days—with summer operating smoothness and efficiency.

Put on in ten minutes

Don't make the mistake of waiting until cold weather. Your motor is underheated at 60° outside temperature. Your dealer will put a Winterfront on your car in less than ten minutes—giving you this vital protection that is saving car owners millions. *Models for all cars, priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, Chevrolet and Dodge, priced $15.00, $17.50, $20.00. Prices slightly higher in the Rocky Mountain area and west.* Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Blvd., Chicago.

PINES WINTERFRONT—*IT'S AUTOMATIC*

Won't DRY on the Face

Why this means better, quicker shaves

YOU will notice that men say they like Williams Shaving Cream because it won't dry on the face. Why should this be so important?

It is the moisture in the lather that softens the beard. Williams long-lasting, bulky lather is *saturated with moisture.* It holds its moisture right where you want it—on the beard bristles. Holds it there until you are through shaving. The more moisture a shaving lather holds and the longer it holds it, the softer the beard—the smoother the shave.

This pure, uncolored shaving cream shortens the shave; while you are working up the lather, the mild ingredients whisk away the water-resisting oil-film from the beard, then the tremendous moisture of Williams drenches the hairs through and through. *The razor just glides along*—no possible pull.

Williams leaves the skin glove-smooth, makes you feel as if you'd had an expert barber's massage.

Save Money

Williams Shaving Cream in the big double-size tube sells for 50c. It holds twice as much as the regular large-size tube at 35c.

Let us send you a week's FREE sample tube of Williams. Prove what we say. Send the coupon below, or a postcard, TODAY.

"See that moist, heavy lather?"

The tube with the Unloosable Hinge-Cap

"My! It makes shaving easy!"

FREE~ Mail this coupon NOW!

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. 411-A
Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Name

Address

City

S. E. P. 11-6-26

AQUA VELVA IS OUR NEWEST TRIUMPH, A SCIENTIFIC AFTER SHAVING PREPARATION. WE WILL SEND A GENEROUS TEST BOTTLE FREE. WRITE DEPT. 411-A.

(Continued from Page 238)

as he cood go and looking back to see if ennybody was following him. gosh darn it aint that jest our luck.

then mister Wood, Pile Woods father, and the onerable Amos Tuck shook hands with the Jug and went off laffing and bending over and slapping their legs and evry now and then leening agenst fensea to laff. and mister Wood, Pile Woods father, would say i had you beat Amos, if that cussid munky hadent taken a hand, and Amos would say yes Alvy but i beat you.

gosh i gess if he gnew he had beat us he woodent have felt so mutch like laffing.

well i never had sutch a xciting time in my life. if it hadent been for losing our munky and our hand organ it wood have been the best time me and Pewt and Beany ever had. i have about desided to give up playing in a curcis band for a living and be a lawyer.

well tonite Beany come over and sed his father is thinking of giving up his gob. he says if the coart dont back him up when he risks life and limm for the public then it aint enny use. gosh i hoap he wont give it up for me and Pewt and Beany wont have enny frend on the forse. peraps he wont.

well we have lost our munky and our hand organ and a lot of fun and peraps a good deel of money becaus we cood have had shows and charged for tickets. but ennyway i dont beleeve i cood have slep if that italian man had been sent to jale. i know Beany woodent because he is kind-harteder than i am. i dont know whether Pewt wood or not.

Friday, June 6, 186—i gess it is all rite about Beanys father becaus father told him evrybody sed he done his duty and was a credik to the town of Exeter. so he is going to hang on to his gob.

Saterday, June 7, 186—well what do you think had hapened now. you woodent gess in 2 million years. today a polise offiser from Kingston brougt the italian man and the hand organ and the munky to the polise station and gave them to Beanys father to taik to jale. he had been arested for sleeping in a mans barn in Kingston and had been tride in a nother coart and sent to jale for 60 days. the onerable Amos Tuck dident know ennything about it until it was two lait.

so Beanys father took him to jale and old Sam Levitt whitch is jaler sed he woodent have a dam munky on his premises or a hand organ eether. so he took the italian man and put him in a cell and maid Beanys father taik the munky and the hand organ home.

Beanys father has got the munky tide in the barn in a horse stall and me and Pewt and Beany have been over to see him. the hand organ is in the house and we can play it. gosh i bet we will have fun.

Editor's Note—This is the eighteenth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Why your speaker is vital to your enjoyment of radio

BY

A. Atwater Kent

TODAY, when you ask people what they want in a radio set, most of them answer: "Tone." They may call it "clear reception" or "a natural quality," but however they describe what they want it always means *tone*.

They realize, as we do, that the purpose of a radio receiving set and its companion, the radio speaker, is to connect your home *clearly* with all the broadcasting stations within range.

Therefore, the set and speaker which do their work clearly and naturally with the truest tone are most desirable.

But many a good receiving set has been blamed when the fault was in the speaker, for a radio speaker is the instrument that gives voice to the receiving set. It can make or mar a good radio program—for it can make or mar *the tone* that you hear.

All Atwater Kent Radio Speakers are the horn type, because we believe that this type gives a quality of tone superior to any other.

To assure natural tone, a speaker must have size and weight. It must have enough room to translate a great many minute vibrations into music or a true reproduction of the human speaking voice. It must produce true and clear tones without hollow, drumming sounds. And it must be so constructed that the tone will not deteriorate as time goes on.

In our laboratories we have fully tested every type of speaker. Today no other design gives such a faithful, satisfying tone as the one which we recommend. When we find that any other type of speaker will produce better results, we will make it.

Of course you'll want a speaker as good as your set. With an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker you are sure of natural tone and all the volume you wish. Model L shown at right; finished in dark brown crystalline, $16.00.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING:—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF	*New York*	WGN	*Chicago*
WJAR	*Providence*	WFI	*Philadelphia*
WEEI	*Boston*	WCAE	*Pittsburgh*
WRC	*Washington*	WGR	*Buffalo*
WSAI	*Cincinnati*	WOC	*Davenport*
WTAG	*Worcester*	KSD	*St. Louis*
WTAM	*Cleveland*	WWJ	*Detroit*

WCCO . *Minneapolis-St. Paul*

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada
Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

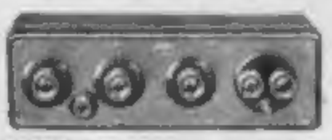
ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4703 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A good set deserves a good speaker—that means nothing less than an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker. It is the standard of good tone reproduction everywhere. Model H shown at left; finished in dark brown crystalline, $21.00. Model G, same design in amber buff and sage green, $25.00.

Model 32, the extra powerful seven-tube ONE Dial receiver, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $140.00.

Model 30, six-tube ONE Dial receiver, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $85.00.

Model 35, six-tube ONE Dial receiver, shielded cabinet, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $70.00.



Model 20 Compact, five-tube Three Dial receiver, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $60.00.

At last—a frying pan of GENUINE STAINLESS STEEL

WHO wouldn't feel pride in adding such a beautiful piece to her cooking equipment? The new Polar Frying Pan transforms a humble, hard-working utensil into one of the handsomest in the kitchen. Genuine Stainless Steel has endowed it with matchless beauty and unrivaled serviceability.

This new Polar Stainless will outlast several ordinary frying pans—and *it retains its beauty.* Water cannot rust it; acids corrode; or heat cause scale to form. Flame merely tints the bottom a delicate straw color, which contrasts agreeably with the bright shining sides and handle.

It cooks with an even heat and has the indestructible strength of true Stainless Steel. The handle stays cool. But the outstanding virtue that wins the hearts of thousands of American housewives—is, *it is as easy to keep clean as your Stainless Steel Cutlery.*

It took years to develop—but *at last you can secure it in* leading stores all over the country. Be sure to see the Polar Stainless—*the frying pan* that is made from *genuine* Stainless Steel.

As easy to keep clean as your Stainless Steel Cutlery. Little or no scouring is needed. There is no rust, stain or scale.

The handle doesn't get hot. Housewives are enthusiastic about this feature as it often prevents painful burns, and avoids spilling food.

POLAR WARE COMPANY
Makers of Famous Polar Enamelware
SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN

Frying pans usually look ugly. This one is beautiful. But—it heats more evenly and is stronger than the ordinary pans.

POLAR STAINLESS STEEL FRYING PAN

If your dealer can't supply you—mail this coupon

Coupon

POLAR WARE COMPANY SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN

Please send me your Polar Stainless Frying Pan, prepaid, for which I enclose $3.85.

Name _____

Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH

for those who *know*

ALWAYS at hand—any time, in any place—always fresh and sweet and rich and clean—

RICH enough to use in place of cream—at less than half the cost of cream—

EASILY diluted to suit any milk need—costs less than ordinary milk—

GIVES cooked dishes substance and flavor that nothing else can give—and saves butter—

BLENDS perfectly with orange juice to make a drink that delights children—

PURE and clean and wholesome enough for baby's bottle—

MORE easily digested than ordinary milk—

THESE are the qualities that have made Pet Milk the favorite cream and milk supply for every use for hundreds of thousands of women all over America.

ORDER Pet Milk from your grocer. You'll know a new convenience and economy—a new wholesomeness in food.

WE WILL send free on request our new book, "You can save on your milk bill."

Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Razor Pull *Banished*

Softened by this new method every hair receives a sharp clean cut...no catching or dragging

QUICKLY, this new-type lather goes deep down to the base of your beard and soaks it soft with moisture right where the razor does its work.

HERE are two of the most remarkable photographs ever made under the lens of a microscope. They explain the cause and effect of "razor-pull" in a way that words can never describe. These are not drawings, but actual photomicrographs.

They show clearly and convincingly why a Colgate shave is so remarkably smooth and comfortable.

Photomicrograph of a hair that was not softened at the base. Note how the razor scraped, leaving a ragged edge.

Photomicrograph of a hair that was properly softened at the base with Colgate lather. Note the sharp, clean cut.

Note the hair at the right—cut off clean and smooth. Contrast it with the jagged, nicked, and broken hair at the left.

The sharply cut hair was properly softened at the base. The other was improperly softened. Here the razor, seeking a soft spot, slid up along the hair, jumped, dragged, and scraped. "Razor-pull" was the result.

The cause of "Razor-Pull"

When the beard is softened at the base by the Colgate lather, the razor glides across your face, cutting the hairs off at almost right angles close to the skin surface. This gives a smooth, close shave with a feeling of comfort.

But if you do not saturate the *base* of the beard with moisture, the razor meets with resistance. It slides along the hair until a soft spot is reached. Then the hair is cut at a very acute angle—leaving a rough, ragged edge.

This, according to eminent scientific authority, is the real cause of "razor-pull." (Note: No shaving cream, however efficient, can make up for a dull razor.)

What happens when you shave?

If you could look at your beard through a powerful microscope you would see each hair covered with a coating of natural oil.

But for shaving, this oil film must be removed before you can soften the beard. That is because water is the real softening agent, and oil stops moisture penetration.

Colgate chemists have found a scientific way to break up this film of oil. The instant Colgate lather reaches your beard, it clears away the oil surface—dissolves it into countless tiny particles. (This is what chemists call emulsification.)

* * *

After the oil has been removed, the beard is ready to soak up moisture.

Colgate's is shaving cream in concentrated form—super water-absorbent—making a lather of the finest texture.

In this lather, the bubbles are smaller, thus providing two distinct advantages: (1) Small bubbles hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact. (2) They permit greater penetration down to the base of the beard.

Softens the beard at the base

Some lathers merely cover the horny surface of your beard. Others go partly through. But with Colgate lather, thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles quickly penetrate deep down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work. They bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened at the base, where the razor does its work.

Razor path is lubricated

In addition, Colgate lather lubricates the path of the razor—lets it glide across your face without catching or dragging. And it leaves your skin cool and comfortable throughout the day.

If you think all shaving lathers are alike, just look at the two photographs in the circles below, taken through a powerful microscope.

Notice the fine, closely knit texture of Colgate lather. Notice how compact it is—how close these tiny bubbles nestle to the hair.

COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

And then compare it with the coarse texture of the other lather. Those large-sized bubbles you see are filled with air. They merely hold air instead of water against the bottom of the hair—thus, the beard cannot become properly softened at the base.

Make this test

These vital improvements in shaving are so easy to prove that we urge you to make a test. We urge you to compare Colgate's with any other shaving method you may have used before.

Clip and mail the coupon printed at the left—and note the difference in the comfort of your morning shave when you lather up with Colgate's.

Softens the beard at the base

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806
NEW YORK

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COLGATE & CO. Dept. 140-K, 581 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name .....

Address .....

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